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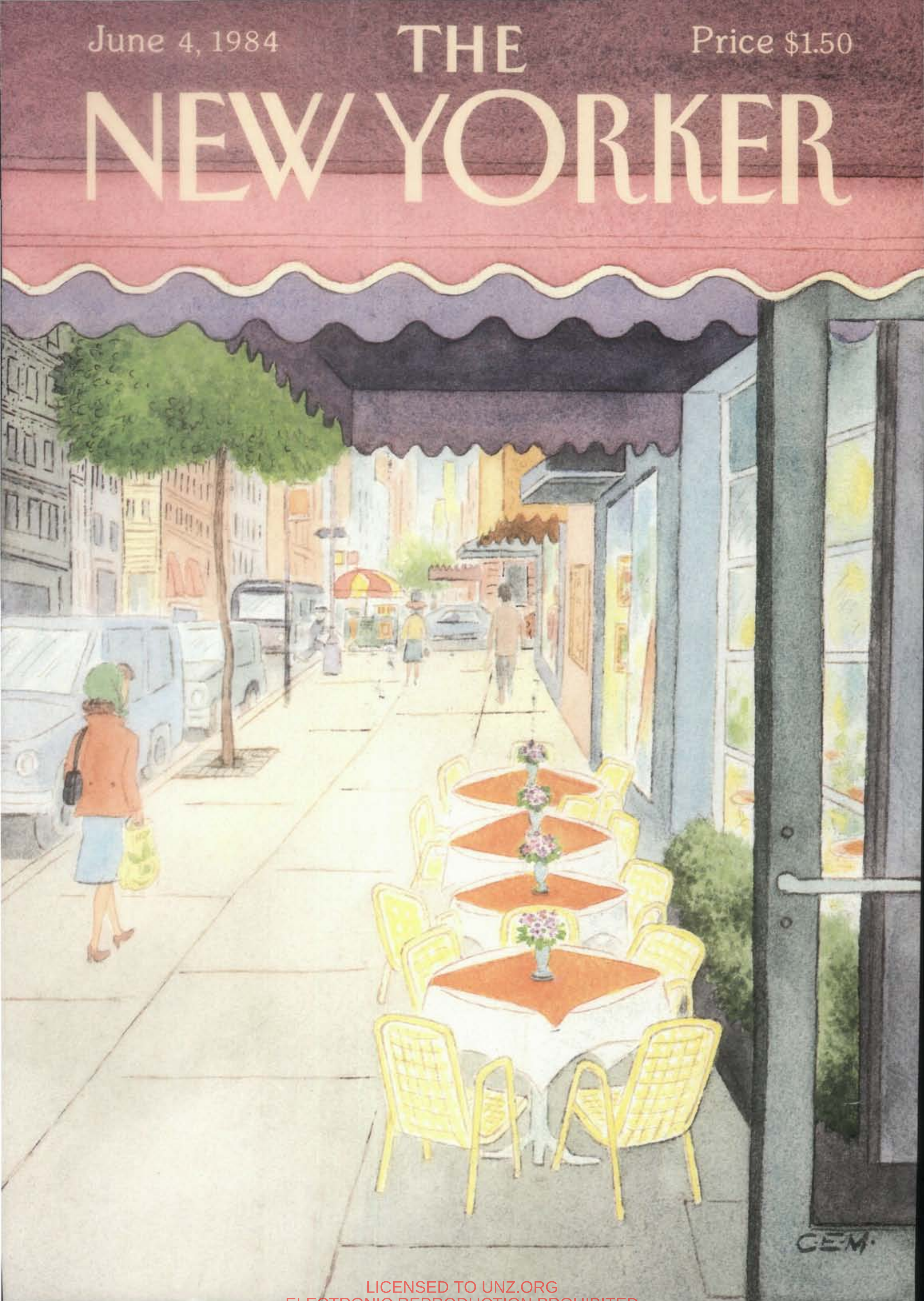

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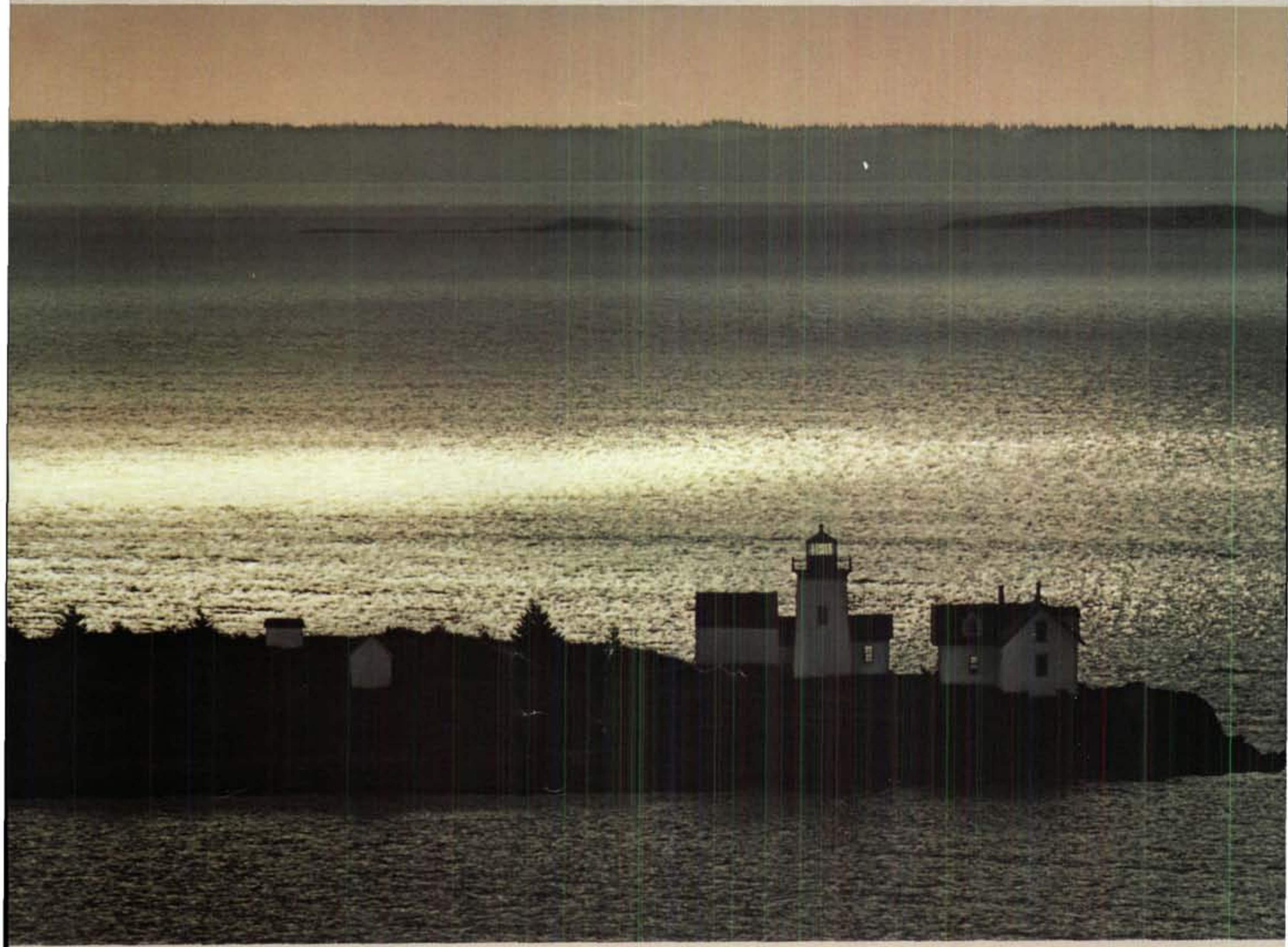

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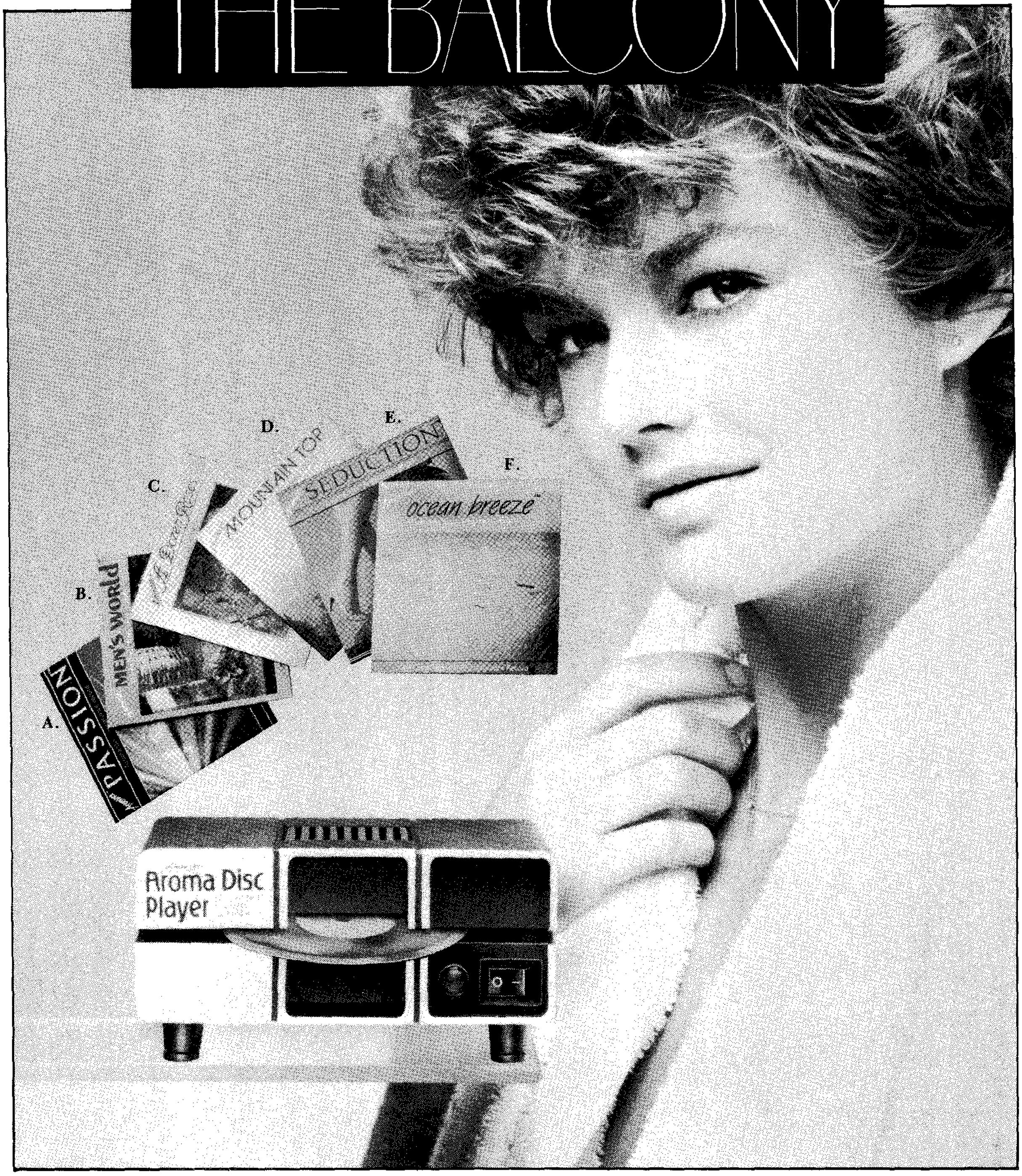

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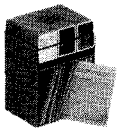

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Baby—An unpleasantly clinical musical about having babies. One might as well be in the hospital. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/12/83.) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A revival of **BALM IN GILEAD**, by Lanford Wilson. Preview Wednesday, May 30. *Opens officially on Thursday, May 31, and will run through Sunday, June 17.* (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Saturday, June 2, at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Saturday, June 9, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3, and Saturday, June 2, at 2. Special performance Monday evening, June 4.)

Death of a Salesman—A sentimental and yet oddly moving account of Willy Loman, a man who thinks success consists of being well liked and who is dismayed to discover that this goal is, as a goal, *unachievable. Dustin* Hoffman is a superlative Willy. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Empress of China—A play by Ruth Wolff, with Tina Chen and Ernest Abuba. Tisa Chang is the director. (Pan Asian Repertory Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

End of the World—John Shea, Barnard Hughes, and Linda Hunt star in a new comedy by Arthur Kopit which has for its subject matter the very topic mentioned in the title. In spite of grimness, much of the author's customary grace and humor is present. (5/14/84) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "Jazz," by Elizabeth Albrecht; "Been Taken," by Roger Hedden; "A Sense of Loss," by Mark Malone; and "Vermont Sketches," by David Mamet: Wednesday evening, May 30; Saturday evening, June 2; Sunday matinée, June 3; Thursday and Friday evenings, June 7-8; and Saturday matinée, June 9. . . . ¶ "Saxophone Music," by Bill Bozzone; "I Have a Dream," an adaptation of the Reverend Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.,'s speech; "Ariel Bright," by Katharine Long; and "Raving," by Paul Rudnick: Thursday and Friday evenings, May 31–June 1; Saturday matinée, June 2; Sunday and Monday evenings, June 3-4; Wednesday evening, June 6; and Saturday evening, June 9. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Closes Monday, June 18.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical **PAL JOEY**, for which John O'Hara wrote the book. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A dark comedy by David Mamet, about a handful of desperate real-estate salesmen in Chicago. Their language is harsh, filthy, and funny, and the actors portraying them are worthy of the highest praise. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Isn't It Romantic—A spirited revival of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. The script has been somewhat revised and the production, under Gerald Gutierrez's direction, is much fuller than it was originally. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Peg Murray, Jerry Lanning, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 3: Rudolf Friml's **THE VAGABOND KING**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 6: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mirror Theatre Company—A season of revivals in alternating repertory: Susan Glaspell's **INHERITORS**; Clifford Odets' **PARADISE LOST**, starring Geraldine Page; John Colton and Clemence Randolph's **RAIN**; Henrik Ibsen's **GHOSTS**, translated by Eva Le Gallienne and starring Geraldine Page; and John Patrick's **THE HASTY HEART**. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Mondays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—A play by Beth Henley. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mr. & Mrs.—The remarkable Peter Friedman is Mr., *and the delightful Polly Draper is Mrs.* in Kevin Wade's light-fingered farce. David Trainer was the deft director. (WPA Theatre, 138 Fifth Ave., at 18th St. 691-2274. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 10.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—The rickety O'Neill melodrama, given more passion than it possesses by Kate Nelligan and Jerome Kilty. (5/14/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Nite Club Confidential—*An amiable salute*—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for

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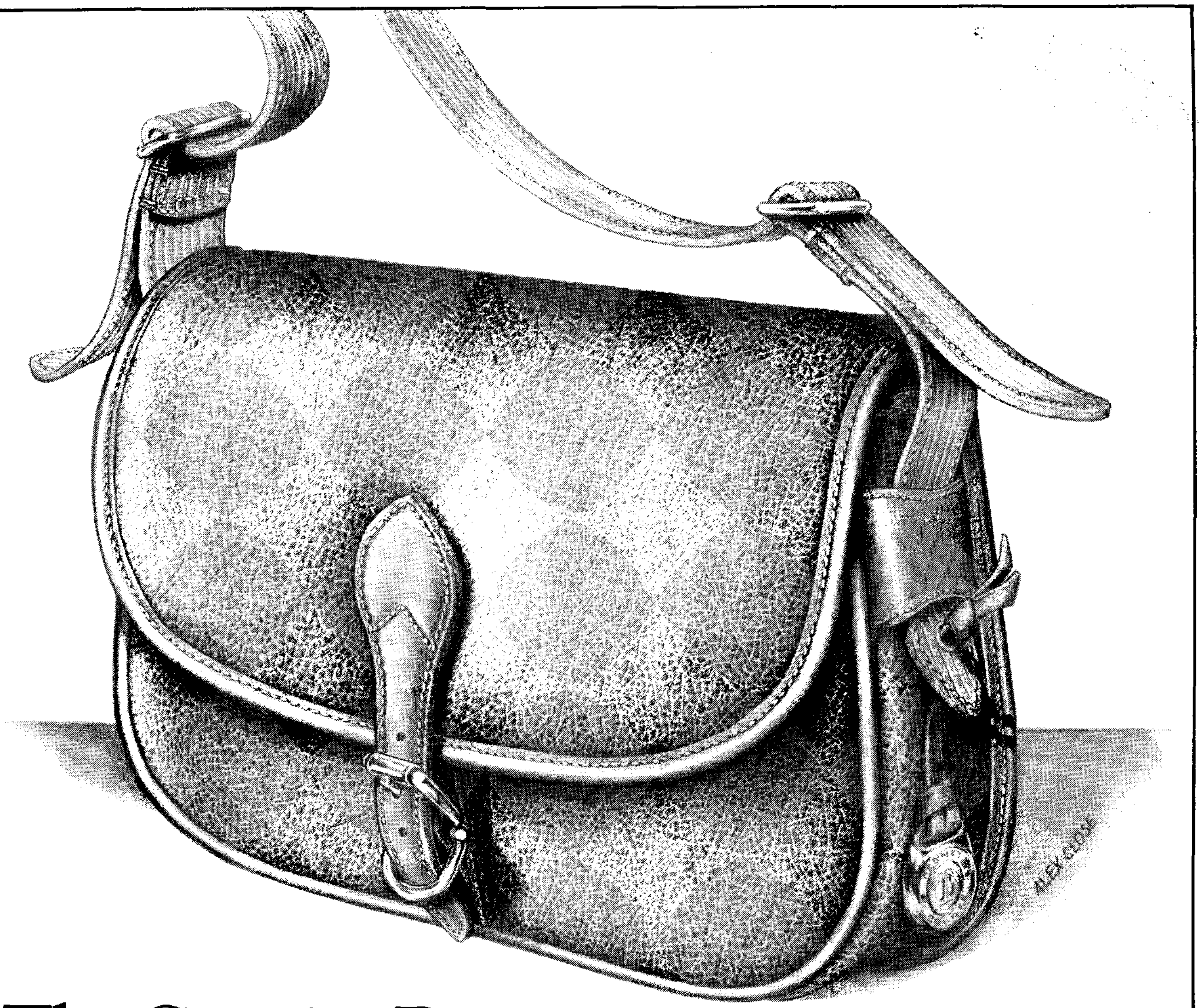

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the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few, brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Noises Off—As funny a farce as one could ask for. The author is Michael Frayn and the director is Michael Blakemore. The cast includes Paxton Whitehead and Douglas Seale. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—The hero of Tom Stoppard's new comedy is a clever and highly popular playwright, though not, from the evidence, a very good one. He wishes to be loved, but his own capacity for loving is meagre indeed. Jeremy Irons is charming in this essentially charmless role. Glenn Close is the playwright's mistress and eventual wife, who proves to be even more selfish than he is. An exemplary production, directed by Mike Nichols. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A conscientiously depressing musical about how painful life can be. A few sunny glimpses are provided by Chita Rivera and Liza Minnelli, as well as by Peter Larkin's marvellous setting. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb and are up to their high standard. The book is by Terrence McNally. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

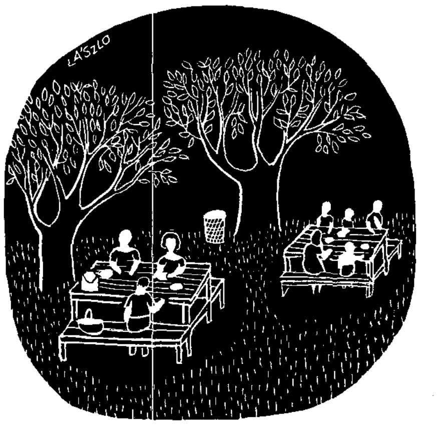
Second City Company—There is a scattering of bright, clever moments and some evidence of talent, especially that of Meagen Fay, in this only so-so revue, imported from Chicago. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—Nothing is less needed in the world than a didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Wiz—A revival of the 1975 musical version of "The Wonderful Wizard of Oz," with a book by William F. Brown and music and lyrics by Charlie Smalls. This production has the original star, Stephanie Mills, and director, Geoffrey Holder. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—One can hold out one's hands to Anthony Quinn, the star of this not very lively revival of a 1968 musical, as to an open fire; almost everything else is ashes. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,024 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MY ONE AND ONLY:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy in a newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **'NIGHT, MOTHER:** Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Daniel Stern and Tim Matheson. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Final performances of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's annual wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 30, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 31, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, June 1, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, June 2, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, June 3, at 1 and 5:30.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 8; Saturday, June 2, at 3 and 8; Sunday, June 3, at 2; Friday, June 8, at 8; Saturday, June 9, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 10, at 2 and 7.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. Opens Friday evening, June 8. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 30: "In G Major," "Réjouissance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 31: "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 1: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Sonatine," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 2: "Agon," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 2: "Kammermusik No. 2," "A Schubertiad," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, June 3: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Tarantella," "In G Major," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, June 3: "Agon," "Réjouissance," and "Scotch Symphony." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 5: "Concerto Barocco," "A Schubertiad," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 6: A preview of a new unnamed ballet and other works, to be

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announced. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," and the unnamed ballet (première). . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and the new ballet. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "A Schubertiad," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "Concerto Barocco," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and the new ballet. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 24.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée, May 30: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 30: "Bach Partita," "The Little Ballet," "Sinatra Suite," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 31-June 1; Saturday matinée and evening, June 2; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, June 4-5: "Cinderella." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, June 6: "Les Sylphides," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Bach Partita." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 6: "Les Sylphides," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Triad" (company première), and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 7: "Paquita," "Les Noces," and "Billy the Kid." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 8: "Les Sylphides," "In a Country Garden," "Triad," and "Paquita." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 9: "Raymonda," "Les Noces," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 9: "Les Sylphides," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Triad," and "Paquita." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 16.)

Joyce Theatre—Performances by three companies. **ODC/SAN FRANCISCO:** Thursday and Friday, May 31-June 1, at 8. . . . **MARGARET JENKINS DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, May 30, and Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, at 8. . . . **BALLET-THEATRE JOSEPH RUSSILLO:** The first performances in a two-week engagement by this French company. Tuesday, June 5, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, June 6-8, at 8; and Saturday, June 9, at 2 and 7:30. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Phyllis Lamhut—Presenting a new full-length work, "Collapsing Spaces, Tilting Times." (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Thursday through Sunday, May 31-June 3, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Kathakali—South Indian dance dramas by a company from the Kerala Kalamandalam. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Friday through Sunday, June 1-3, at 8. Before the dance program, the audience is invited to watch the ritualistic preparation of makeup at 7:30. For tickets, call 288-6400, Ext. 286.)

Kabuki Dance Troupe of Tokyo—Two performances. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday, June 1, at 8, and Saturday, June 2, at 2. For information about tickets, call 924-0077.)

Ritha Devi—Two performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, June 2, and Saturday, June 9, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

Jill Becker and Dancers—"Action Drive," "Dream Planet Rock," "Four Lonely Guys," and "Storytelling." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, June 7-9, at 8, and Sunday, June 10, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage American popular tunes in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, crowded, nautical (schooner-era) bar and restaurant—it feels sort of like the We're Here with jazz. Pianist **ERROL PARKER'S** trio is aboard on Friday and Saturday, June 1-2; pianist **JOHN HICKS** will come in with his trio on Friday and Saturday, June 8-9. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bitter End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A rock, folk, folk-rock, and comedy club. The schedule: Wednesday, May 30, bassist **DAVID FRIESEN'S** quartet, the Lights, Peter Stevens, and Fastbreak; Thursday, May 31, Gabriel's Horns, Big Deal, Circle of 5, and the Silent Men; Friday, June 1, Rip Taylor and Michael Shaw; Saturday, June 2, Rip Taylor and Nancy Parker; Sunday, June 3, Cab Lucky and the Tornados; Monday, June 4, Deep Cover, Who's Your Daddy, and Page 3; Wednesday, June 6, Shadow Theory, Peter Bliss, and Left Hook; Thursday, June 7, Jersey Jo A-Go Go, Sway, Heartbeat, and Vinyl Virgin; Friday, June 8, Dean Friedman, the Few, Richard X. Heyman, and Boys with Toys; and Saturday, June 9, Dean Friedman, the Adults, Right of Way, and Ortho-Rocco. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Drummer **JACK DE JOHNETTE & SPECIAL EDITION** perform through Sunday, June 3; Monday, June 4, will be claimed by Cindy Devereaux and the Ink Spots; and on Tuesday, June 5, longtime tenor-sax buddies **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN** will arrive with their quintet. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, May 30, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS;** Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, **NRBQ;** Thursday, June 7, Ralph McTell; and Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, Ed Sanders, Tuli Kupferberg, and a 1984 edition of the Fugs, the poetic, offensive, and loud band from the sixties. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (their names are sometimes posted on a little piece of paper taped to the back of the pay phone) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **WALTER DAVIS, JR.,** the all-smiles hard-bop pianist, is here with bassist **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, June 2; Sunday, June 3, will belong to pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** and on Monday, June 4, pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will arrive for a six-night visit. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is back, holding court in the Café Carlyle. In attendance are his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER,** his drummer, **ROBBIE SCOTT,** and his admirers, too numerous to mention here. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Just around the block from Carnegie Hall you can hear pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ,** who was inspired by Chopin (Fred) and Tatum (Art). He plays nightly, except Sundays, from nine until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry: Wednesday, May 30, Ata-tat, Route 66, and They Might Be Giants; Thursday, May 31, the Seclusions, the Choppers, and Crazy Sunday; Friday, June 1, the Drongoes, the Shakes, New Men, and ibm; Saturday, June 2, the Catholic Girls, Cool It Reba, the Cutaways, and the Privates; Sunday, June 3, Squeaky Clean; and Tuesday, June 5, Nervous Soldier, the Objects, Modern Café, and In and Out. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Fridays, Conway & Ryan; Saturday, June 2, Becum A; and Saturday, June 9, Cloud Valley. Mondays are Irish-music nights. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek hangout for traditional jazz. The house sextet plays Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sunday, June 3, the **WAYNE ANDRÉ** Trombone Septet will perform a salute to the late Kai Winding. Mondays and Tuesdays, Ed Polcer's quintet performs. Music from eight-thirty to two. Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays during the same hours Danny D'Imperio's trio is present. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—Guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** performs fervent jazz disguised as hotel music with his trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz stars' room. Percussion wiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA'S** band works through Sunday, June 3; on Tuesday, June 5, baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will arrive. Mondays are devoted to guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin at eight-thirty. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, May 30, at nine and eleven, Ellen Foley with Tom Mandel, and R. Stevie Moore; Saturday, June 2, at eight and eleven, **MIMI FARIÑA;** Tuesday, June 5, the Sleazebuckets; Wednesday, June 6, at nine, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** Thursday, June 7, Betsy Rose and Fred Small; Friday, June 8, guitarist **JOHN FAHEY;** and Saturday, June 9, **GEORGE GERDES** & His All-Male Vegetarian Orchestra. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

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(925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The schedule: pianist **DANNY MIXON** through Thursday, May 31; Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER**, bassist **RUFUS REID**, and guitarist **TED DUNBAR**; Sunday and Monday, June 3-4, singer Lori Jaroslow; Tuesday through Thursday, June 5-7, pianist **ALBERT DAILEY**; and Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, pianist, singer, and composer **AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS**. Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Wednesdays through Sundays, singer-pianist Joe Derise and bassist Frank Tate work together; Mondays, singer-pianist **BROOKS KERR** teams up with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten. Mondays through Fridays from five to ten, pianist Don Golson has the floor. Sundays, Mr. Kerr plays mostly in a stride style and sings mostly in his own style from five to ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A dining room with a view of a pianist. Henry Francis is the pianist through Saturday, June 2; then, Tuesday through Saturday, June 5-9, **JOHN EATON** will take over the piano bench. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald is at the piano, and Mondays are the property of **DICK HYMAN**. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. The good reasons are **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE**, who play piano-bass duets Tuesdays through Saturdays from about ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness—you can tell the atmosphere is more like Austin than Dallas or Houston because there are no freeways in here. The performers: Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, Blue Cheer and the Spencer Davis Band; Sunday, June 3, **TOM PAXTON** and the Bermuda Triangle in a benefit for the New York Folk Festival; Monday, June 4, ex-Byrd and ex-Jim **ROGER MC GUINN**; and Tuesday, June 5, and Thursday, June 7, **COMMANDER CODY & THE LOST PLANET AIRMEN**. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Pianist **JOHN HICKS'** sextet is onstage through Sunday, June 3; Monday, June 4, will belong to the Widespread Jazz Orchestra; and starting Tuesday, June 5, **EMILY REMLER**, a fine young guitarist, will take charge. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Tuesdays through Saturdays are the property right now of **DICK HYMAN** and **ROGER KELLAWAY**, seated at the twin pianos. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

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MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, May 30, Myno Jackson; Thursday, May 31, saxophonist **STEVE GROSSMAN**; Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON**; Monday, June 4, Jump Street; Tuesday, June 5, the Fort Greene Project; Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7, Joe Kool; and Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '84 **JAZZ MESSENGERS**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—A three-story club for r. and d., r. and r., R. and R., and R. & B., *if* you have a proper I.D. Friday, June 1, Opposition and X-Davis; Saturday, June 2, the Rescue and Lions & Ghosts; Friday, June 8, Urban Blight and Trigger & the Thrill Kings; and Saturday, June 9, the Neats and Crossfire Choir. Live music from about eleven-thirty. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. Drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN'S ORCHESTRA** salutes Benny Goodman, with some vocal help from **HELEN FORREST**, through Sunday, June 3, and beginning Tuesday, June 5, will salute Glenn Miller, aided by **JOHNNY DESMOND** vocals. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, June 7, Thomas Dolby, the English high-tech rock singer. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, Robin Beck; Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, trumpeter **SHUNZO ONO**; Sunday, June 3, *Mark Levy & Foreign Exchange;* Monday, June 4, Mike Copobianco; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 5-6, Michel Camilo & Undercover; Thursday, June 7, pianist Vladimir Shafranov; and Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, Diane Green. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO**; Friday, June 1, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**; Saturday, June 2, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Tuesday, June 5, saxophonist **BOB MINTZER'S** Big Band; Wednesday, June 6, pianist **JORGE DALTO**; Thursday, June 7, the Nigerian music of **SONNY OKOSUN & THE OZZIDDI BAND**; Friday, June 8, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION**; and Saturday, June 9, Sweet Talks. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **PHINEAS NEWBORN** is here until Sunday, June 3; on Tuesday, June 5, vibraharpist **BOBBY HUTCHERSON** will bring in his band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A friendly, unassuming music hangout. Wednesdays, rock singer and guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Thursdays through Saturdays, Buster Poindexter; and Sundays, the Delancey Street Hawaiians. On Monday, June 4, Loup Gurou, a Cajun band, will be present, and on Tuesday, June 5, the Drivers, an R. & B. group, will drop in. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On June 4, **LARRY HARLOW & ORQUESTA HARLOW, ORQUESTA OCHENTA QUATRO**, and guest jazz soloist, tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE**, will all be present. On Friday, June 1, at ten-thirty, the **ROY HAYNES** band will trade sets with trombonist **CRAIG HARRIS'S** band. And starting at nine-thirty out on the Terrace the music chores are handled by pianist **DICK WELLSTOOD** and soprano saxophonist **KENNY DAVERN** through Sunday, June 3, and by pianist **RAY BRYANT** starting Tuesday, June 5. And jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops by on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN** co-pilot their stirring quintet through Sunday, June 3; on Tuesday, June 5, electric violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK** will move in along with saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, drummer **LENNY WHITE**, and bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** is Monday's tradition. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. The performers: Frank Jolliffe on the Chapman Stick and Joe Ruddick on piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Joel Forrester. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, May 30-31, guitarist **CHRIS FLORY**; Friday and Saturday, June 1-2, saxophonist Haywood Henry; Sunday, June 3, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ**; Monday and Tuesday, June 4-5, trumpeter **JON FADDIS**; Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**; and Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, Phil's Blue Rhythm Band. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A roster of

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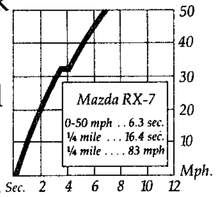

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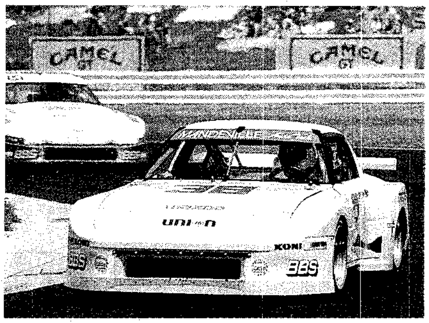

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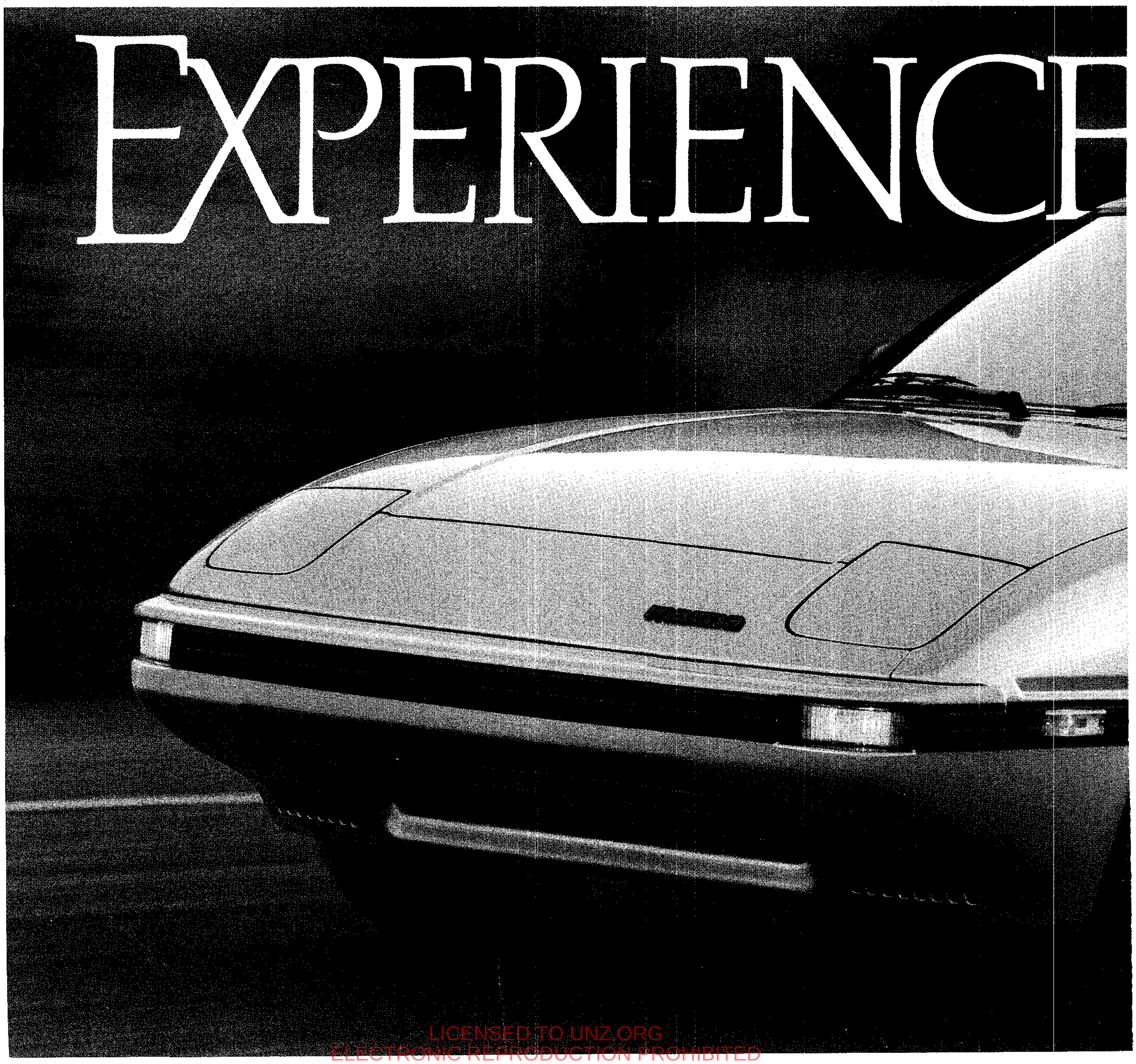

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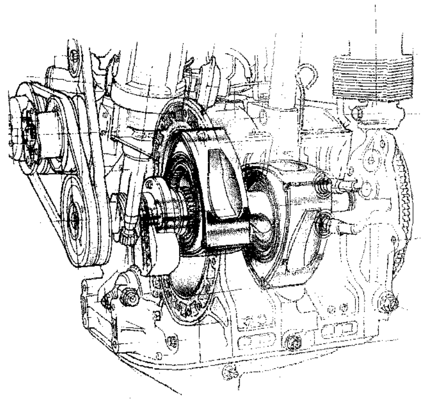

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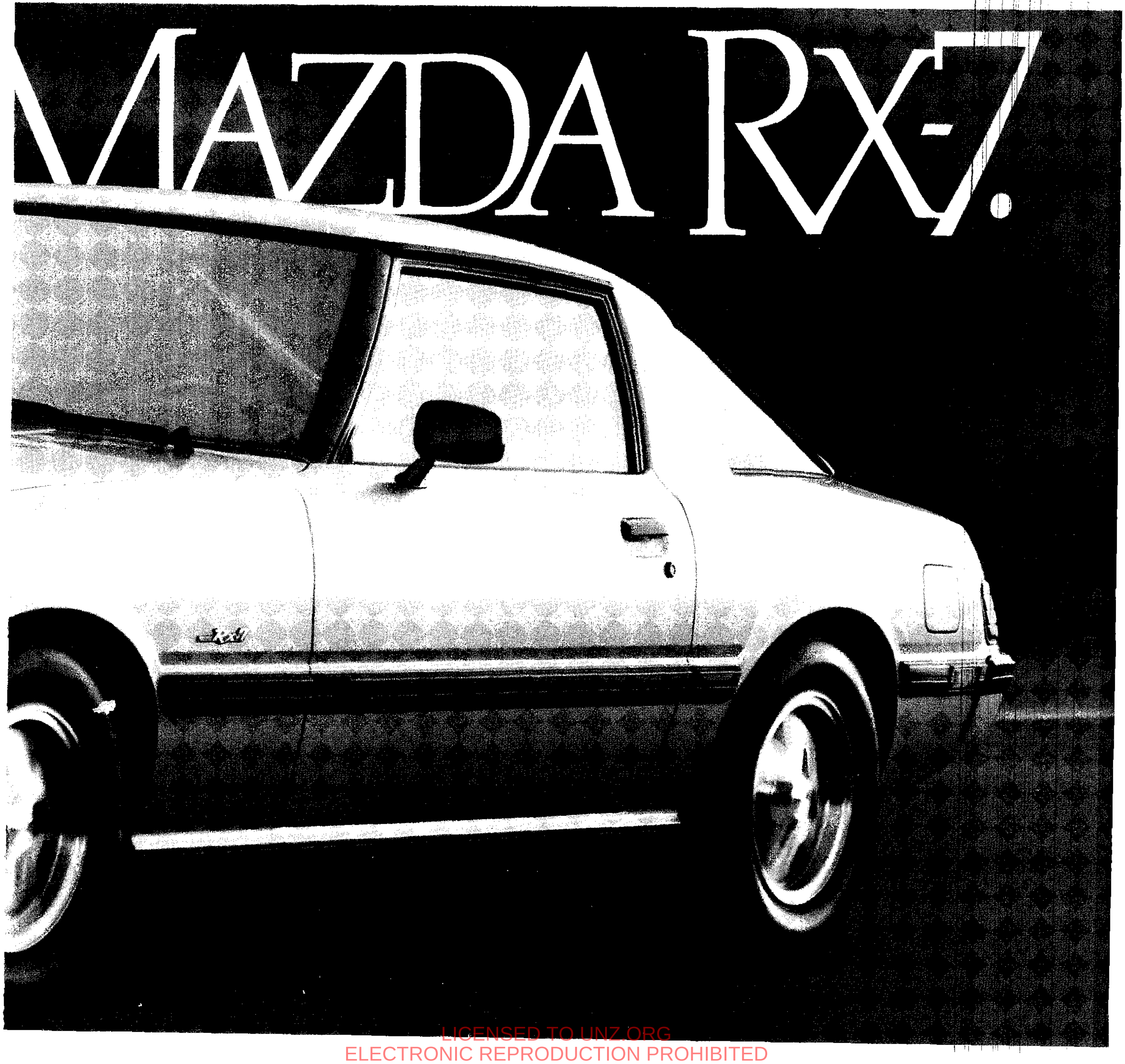

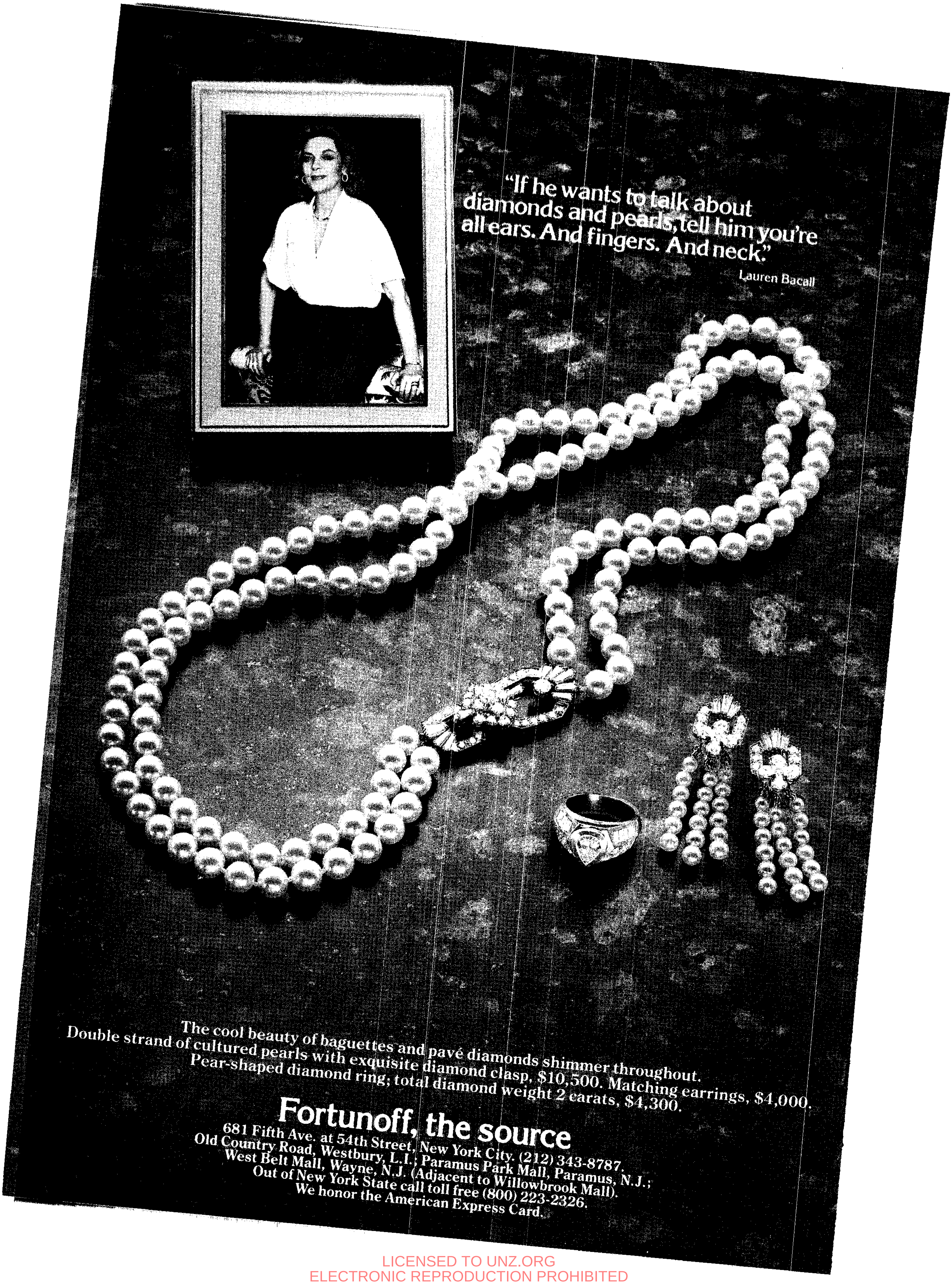
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

duos: pianist Vladimir Shafranov and bassist Buster Williams through Saturday, June 2, and pianist Michael LeDonne and bassist Phil Flanigan beginning Tuesday, June 5. Monday's music is provided by pianist Jim Roberts. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

NANA MOUSKOURI—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.

BOB & RAY—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 31, and Saturday, June 2, at 8.

STRING TRIO OF NEW YORK—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, June 1, at 8.

ADAMO—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, at 8.

MILTON NASCIMENTO—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 2, at midnight, and Sunday, June 3, at 8.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—A program entitled "I Remember Johnny: The Magic of Mercer," with Margaret Whiting, Julius La Rosa, Carol Woods, Marlene VerPlanck, and the Tex Arnold quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, June 3, at 2:30, and Monday, June 4, at 8.)

FRANK SINATRA—With Buddy Rich and his band. (Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, June 4-5—benefit concerts—and Wednesday, June 6, through Sunday, June 17. Nightly at 8.)

ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK—Gershwin Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday, June 5, through Sunday, June 17. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SCORPIONS—With Bon Jovi. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, June 7, at 7:30.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Scott Hamilton, Warren Vaché, Norris Turney, Doc Cheatham, Barbara Lea, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Friday, June 8, at 8.)

YEHORAM GAON, NAOMI SHEMER, AND YOSSI BANAI—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, June 9, at 10, and Sunday, June 10, at 2:30 and 8. For tickets, call 246-4500.

BENEFIT CONCERT—Herman van Veen performing for the benefit of the United States Committee for UNICEF. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 1, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JAMES BOHARY / DON DE MAURO—Large, richly colored abstract paintings that reflect the artist's apprenticeship in de Kooning's studio. / Expertly rendered oil portraits, including some of the artist and some of his wife, plus preparatory charcoal drawings. Through Friday, June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER (1898-1976)—Nearly a dozen small sculptures executed in Venezuela in 1955, and on view here for the first time. Through June 16. (Rachel Adler, 58 E. 79th St.) . . . ¶ The Whitney Museum has mounted some Calder pieces, at 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.

WILLEM DE KOONING—Woman is still the main theme in these new paintings, but the lines are broader and clearer and the color bolder than in the past. There are also new charcoal drawings and enlargements of his bronze sculptures. Through June 23. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JOHANNES DÖRFLINGER—Abstract pastel drawings whose surfaces have a hard, almost ceramic quality. Through Friday, June 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

RAOUL DUFY (1877-1953)—Brisk watercolors and drawings, notably of top-hatted *turfistes* at Ascot, and the good life in the South of France. Through Saturday, June 9. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

MICHIO IHARA—Delicate sculptures with stainless-steel bases and movable brass or copper parts. Through Friday, June 1. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

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WALT KUHN (1877-1949)—Still-lifes, landscapes, and even a couple of abstract paintings, but most of all his cool-eyed circus women in their showy uniforms. Through June 30. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

ROGER MÜHL—Luminous paintings that evoke the tranquillity of the South of France. Through Saturday, June 2. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstractions, yes, but the colors are heightened and the usual grid nearly absent. Through Saturday, June 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

EMIL NOLDE (1867-1956)—A selection of springlike works, mostly watercolors, including several rapidly drawn heads and some particularly colorful groups of flowers. Through June 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

REEVE SCHLEY III—New watercolor landscapes. Through Friday, June 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MICHAEL TETHEROW—Semi-abstract paintings of enormously elongated heads. Through Saturday, June 2. (McCoy, a gallery newly opened to the public at 19 E. 71st St.)

JOHN WESLEY—Recent gouaches and acrylics by a Pop artist who believes that the comics have a lot to say. Through June 23. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CHRISTOPHER WHITE—Landscapes reduced to abstractions. Through Saturday, June 9. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

TOD WIZON—Surrealist landscapes in which bodies of water collide with bodies of land and an occasional volcano erupts. Hints of figures and architecture can also be discerned. Through June 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—A retrospective of paintings in oil and watercolor. Through July 14. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: An artists-choose-artists exercise involving fourteen painters and sculptors, two works by each. Susan Rothenberg chose Albert York, for instance, and Jedd Garet chose Lucas Samaras. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: A nice selection of English watercolors, including a landscape by Sir Edwin Landseer, which he painted in ink, sealing wax, and coffee, using his finger and the stump of a pen, as an after-dinner stunt for his host, Richard Sheridan. Through Friday, June 8. . . . **DIAMOND,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: About sixty Americans (abstractionists, chiefly), among them George Ault, Elsie Driggs, I. Rice Pereira, and William Zorach, are represented by paintings and sculptures. Through June 16. . . . **HOFFELD,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale paintings by Calder, Chia, Albers, Matisse, and others. Through Saturday, June 9. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Watercolors and drawings, primarily by early-twentieth-century Americans; included in the roster of twenty are Benton, Dove, Joseph Stella, and Marguerite Zorach. Through Friday, June 8. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A tender Modigliani portrait of a young woman, several pen-and-ink sketches by Matisse, and a vintage Utrillo are included in an all-star show. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A landscape by Milton Avery is in the company of works by other Americans and by Europeans, among them Picasso (represented by a good number of paintings and works on paper) and Schwitters. Through Saturday, June 2. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

FRANCIS BACON / JAMES ROSATI—Eleven recent paintings. Through Tuesday, June 5. / Monumental sculptures. Through July 6. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

EDGAR BUONAGURIO—Recent paintings. Through Friday, June 8. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

ANTHONY CARO—The artist's sixtieth birthday is the occasion for a two-gallery exhibit of his recent output. Massive steel sculptures and small painted-lead-and-wood table pieces. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . ¶ Large-scale freestanding bronzes, plus smaller works in steel. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through June 29.

ANN CHERNOW / HENRY MOORE—Studies of women. / Sculptures and prints. Through Saturday, June 2. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

CHUCK DUGAN—Large abstract paintings with small islands of recognizable objects. Through Friday, June 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

CORNELIA FOSS—Delicately tinted paintings and drawings of female nudes. Through Saturday, June 2. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

LEE HALL—Landscapes in New England and the Southwest are reduced almost to abstractions in these paintings, yet they are a good deal more representational than her previous works. Through Saturday, June 2. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

DOUGLAS HIGGINS / LESTER VAN WINKLE—Freehand paintings of Grecian urns, with collateral sketches and graffiti in the background. / Wood sculptures, painted in bright enamels, of highly imaginative objects and creatures, one of them based on Carmen Miranda. Through Saturday, June 2. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

GEORGES HUGNET (1906-74)—Frisky Surrealist collages by a Parisian poet, critic, and artist, including a parody he did of the *Guide Michelin*. Through Friday, June 1. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

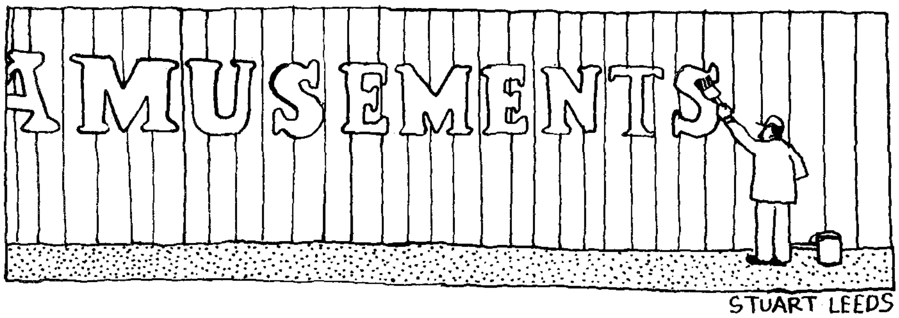
ELLSWORTH KELLY—Fourteen elegantly shaped lengths of raw, sanded wood. Through Saturday, June 2. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

FRANZ KLINE (1910-62)—Paintings. Through Saturday, June 9. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KORTLANDER—Southeastern Ohio scenery reproduced in acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, June 2. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

LEON KRIER—Architectural drawings, including the layout for a whole new town in Bavaria. Through Saturday, June 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

MARISOL—New works centered on a marvellous



rendition of "The Last Supper," which is thirty feet long and carved from old telephone posts, beams salvaged from demolished buildings, and plywood, all touched up with paint. The figure of Christ is in brownstone, and the table settings (plywood cutouts) are faithful to da Vinci's original, down to a slice of lemon recently revealed in a cleaning of the work. Through Friday, June 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Sculptures (ceramic and cast bronze) executed between 1949 and 1981. Through June 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Richard Mock—Large, vigorous Expressionist paintings with a wild variety of themes—African music, duck hunting, Mickey Mouse, and so on. Through June 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Yvonne Muller / Fairfield Porter (1907-75)—*Acrylic color-field paintings.* / Paintings and drawings (landscapes, seascapes, interiors, portraits) in a show that will coincide with the Porter retrospective at the Whitney Museum. Through June 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Camille Pissarro (1830-1903)—Drawings, pastels, and watercolors. Through Friday, June 8. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Sigmar Polke—New paintings. Through Saturday, June 9. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

François Rouan—Paintings made up of countless slips of paper, each covered with an abstraction, and all fitted together in mosaic patterns. Representational figures of men and beasts occur in some of them. Through Saturday, June 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jerald Silva—Outsize watercolors, most showing a young female nude painted with virtuoso realism, who is accompanied by a semi-abstract figure of evil aspect. Through Saturday, June 9. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Landscapes, street *scenes, and portraits (paintings, chiefly) done* in Santa Fe during the summers the artist spent there from 1916 to 1947. Through June 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

T. L. Solien—Large autobiographical paintings done in symbols—arrows, fish, skulls, bull heads, bottles. Through Saturday, June 2. (Getler-Pall-Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Among the works on paper are studies for a project he left unfinished called "The Underground Cathedral." Through June 15. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

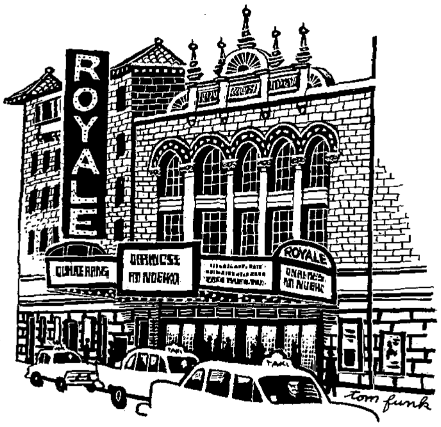
Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings in which varnish is a principal medium. Through June 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

William Tucker—Four large and four small bronzes, several plaster maquettes, and drawings by an abstractionist. Through Saturday, June 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thornton Willis—A dozen watercolors in a group succinctly entitled the Zigzag series. Through June 23. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of wall *pieces, ranging from small, bright-colored* paintings to huge polystyrene reliefs. Most of the smaller works are at the Washburn gallery at 42 E. 57th St., and most of the big ones at the downtown Washburn, at 113 Greene St. Through June 15.

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Large-scale drawings by Don Dudley, Jonathan Santlofer, and Barbara Zucker. Through Saturday, June 2. . . . **associated american artists,** at its new address at 20 W. 57th St.: Prints of New York City, a hundred and eighty of them, by artists from Grace Albee and Harold Altman to Hank Virgona and William Walcot. Through Friday, June 1. . . . **deutsch,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by American abstractionists, primarily from the first half of the twentieth century, among them O'Keeffe, Bolotowsky, Diller, and Gorky. Through July 18. . . . **donson,** 24 W. 57th St.: Flemish and Dutch landscape prints and drawings of the late sixteenth through the seventeenth centuries. Through June 30. . . . **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Surrealist and Surrealist-influenced artists, including Ernst, Magritte, Man Ray, and Motherwell. Through June 30. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Gallery artists Edward Betts, Bruce Currie, Maurice Freedman, William Palmer, Gregorio Prestopino, and William Thon showing landscapes in varying degrees of representation. Through Saturday, June 2.



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GALLERIES—SoHo

James Biederman—Colored drawings in mixed mediums by a sculptor. Through June 16. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Brett De Palma—Semi-abstract collage paintings, some of them with symbolic references to the Wild West—horses, Indians, covered wagons. Through Saturday, June 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Phyllis Gaughran / Martha Bjoza Reinken—Abstract paintings and collages on paper pairing simple forms and warm and cool colors. / Large-scale collages incorporating calligraphy. Through June 17. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Kathryn Halbower—Paintings in which simplified athletic figures are shown adapting themselves to a given space—a cube, say, or a circular float in a swimming pool. Through June 16. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Craig Langager—Figurative wall sculptures. Through Saturday, June 2. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Richard Long—New works by a British artist, including a long row of cantaloupe-size gran*ite rocks and a twelve-foot circle applied to a* wall and filled in with concentric rings of muddy handprints. Through Saturday, June 2. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Helmut Middendorf—Large, solitary Neo-Expressionist figures that stand out against backgrounds of lurid colors. The artist is a West German. Through Saturday, June 2. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Richard McDermott Miller—Nudes in cast bronze, plus maquettes. Through July 1. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Joe Nicastri—Formal and informal portraits of the artist's friends (and patrons) done in acrylics on wet plaster. Through Wednesday, June 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Halina Rusak—Acrylic paintings interpreting rugs and other textiles of Byelorussia. Through June 20. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Starrett—Neat, mannered paintings in which crosses, swastikas, chairs, and combs are said to be symbols expressing the artist's conviction that an accommodation existed between the Vatican and the Nazis. Throug Saturday, June 2. (Concord, 451 Broome St.

Racelle Strick / Bill Durham—Landscapes don in loosely handled oils and acrylics, a marke departure from the disciplined striations o her former work. / Flamboyantly colorful abstractions. Through Sunday, June 3. (Arbitrage, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon Thursday through Sundays.)

Richard Thompson / Papo Colo—Paintings of eccentric figures in fantasy predicaments, b an artist who says the forms derive from desert cactuses. / Paintings and drawings don in a deliberately primitive manner. Throug Saturday, June 2. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.

Clover Vail—Abstract works made up of chip of torn and painted museum board assemble in layers and framed. Through Saturday June 2. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Grace Bakst Wapner / Sharon Gold—An eight panel teak-and-copper screen. / Abstrac paintings and works on paper. Through Jun 16. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Joan Witek—Elegant, formal repeat pattern applied to raw canvas with black oil stic *and rubbed-in graphite; the works seem t* take Minimalism into new territory. Throug June 23. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Handmade Furniture—Some shows by contemporary artisans who make furniture. A **henoch,** 80 Wooster St.: David Ebner, Joh Dunnigan, and Richard Scott Newman Through June 17. (Opens Sundays at 1.) . . **meisel,** 141 Prince St.: Eleven practitioners including Judy Lictenstein, Andy Pawlan and Dakota Jackson. Through June 16. . . **milliken,** 98 *Prince St.: Wendell Castle, Wend* Stayman, and others. Through July 6.

Group Shows—At the **bonnier,** 420 West Broadway: James Rosenquist, Jim Dine, Christo and Julian Schnabel are among the thirtee artists represented by paintings. Throug July 28. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Green St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings fro the Victoria and Albert Museum in a sho that systematically covers practically ever aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepol *and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Throug* July 28. (Open Wednesday evenings unti 8.) . . . **thorp,** 103 Prince St.: Recent painting by David Deutsch, David True, and Anto van Dalen. Through June 16.

Sculpture—Works by Carl Andre, Donald Judd and Tony Smith. Through June 22. (Cooper 155 Wooster St. Open Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Clyde Connell—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by an eighty-two-year-old wisp of a woman who lives on the banks of remot Lake Bistineau in the Louisiana bayo country and listens to the swamp sounds which she transcribes into private hieroglyphics and puts down on paper. The sculptures, dedicated to the victims of Centra American violence, include a rustic shrin made of cedar boards topped with Spanis moss and strung with figures made of pebbles. First solo show in New York. Through June 23. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., tw blocks below Canal St.)

Owen Morrel—Preparatory drawings for sculptures, most of them for a monumental outdoor piece that is currently on view ten blocks southwest of the gallery, at the intersection of West Broadway, Varick, and Franklin Streets. Through June 28. (Greenwald, 181 Mott St.)

Norman Tuck—Sculptural works that move, by motor or clockwork or a hand crank; they *are hard to distinguish from machines, except* that their motion is for looks only. Through Saturday, June 9. (Art Galaxy, 262 Mott St., just south of Houston St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Ursula von Rydingsvärd / Georgia Marsh—Recent large-scale architectural sculptures in cedar. / Bannerlike abstract gouaches. Through June 30. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

Group Shows—At the **bouckaert,** 100 Hudson St.: Artifacts by tribal West Africans mixed with paintings and sculptures by an indigenous downtown tribe; among the latter artists are Alex McFarlane and Gilles Jean Giuntini. Through June 16. . . . **city gallery,** 2 Columbus Circle: Recent works (primarily paintings) by artists who worked for the W.P.A., including Chaim Gross, Peter Agostini, and Alice Neel. Through June 29. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Drawings and a painting completed in the early seventies by Alfred Leslie, four charcoal drawings by Myron Stout, and a single steel sculpture by Mark di Suvero. Through June 16. . . . **PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER GALLERY,** 160 Lexington Ave., at 30th St.: "The Art of Satire," a survey of caricatures and political cartoons from Delacroix to Picasso; among the surprises are works by Juan Gris and Claude Monet. The Americans include Marsh, Bellows, Sloan, and Ad Reinhardt. Through June 16. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

WILLIAM CLIFT—Landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes by a photographer from Santa Fe; first one-man show in New York. Through June 30. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St.)

LOTTE JACOBI / TOM BARIL—Photographs of Germany between the wars. / Prints of local diners. Through June 23. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

RAY K. METZKER—Black-and-white studies of sharp contrasts, most of them photographed on city streets. Through Saturday, June 2. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

SHEILA METZNER—Color portraits and still-lifes that have been seen on the pages of, for instance, *Vogue* and *House & Garden*. Through June 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

FRANCESCO SCAVULLO—Portraits. The photographer's works silk-screened onto canvas and then painted over with enamel: Princess Grace, Lena Horne, Elizabeth Taylor, and others. Through Saturday, June 2. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

JUDY SEIGEL—Tourist-type photographs (views from the World Trade Center, or in Monet's garden at Giverny) developed in such a way that some sections have an iridescent, metallic quality. Through June 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

BRUCE WEBER—Recent photographs of athletes at Olympic training camps in Texas and Los Angeles. Through June 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MARION POST WOLCOTT / SONIA GECHTOFF—A selection of F.S.A. prints (some vintage, some recently reproduced by the photographer). / This artist professes an affinity for the old buildings near her lower Manhattan studio, and that interest is evident in most of these new colored drawings, done from her photographs. Through June 30. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Cranbrook Academy of Art. Furniture, objects, and drawings by first-generation faculty and students, including Eliel Saarinen, Charles and Ray Eames, Knoll, and Bertoia. There is also an assortment of sculptures, paintings, and textiles. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Impressionist William Merritt Chase (1849-1916). Through Sunday, June 3. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld have been mounted in the department's new home on the second floor. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Spanish Cubist Juan Gris has more than eighty paintings, drawings, and collages from throughout the artist's brief career. Through July 8. . . . ¶ Complementing the Gris show is "Painting in Paris 1909-25," which has thirty-five works (from the museum's collection) by some of his School of Paris contemporaries—Braque, Picasso, Léger, and others. . . . ¶ Four large-scale sculptures by Michael Singer, one installed in the museum's rotunda; also, a dozen drawings. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter, a realist who had his first one-man show at the age of forty-four, in 1951, at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St., where a complementary exhibit of paintings and drawings is currently on view. Starts Friday, June 1. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by five contemporaneous New York artists—Brad Davis, Bill Jensen, Elizabeth Murray, Gary Stephan, and John Torreano. Through June 17. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through July 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through July 15. . . . ¶ American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through July 29. . . . ¶ A show of Jim Dine's intaglio print series "Nancy Outside in July." Through July 1. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of works by newly elected members and recipients of honors and awards in the arts and literature. Manuscripts and scores by George Kennan, Paul Theroux, Lewis Thomas, Amy Clampitt, Andrea Lee, Jamaica Kincaid, Denis Johnson, David St. John, Don Delillo, Bobbie Ann Mason, David Del Tredici, and others. Mary Frank, Al Held, and Chaim Gross are among the artists represented by paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through June 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit, organized by the Denver Art Museum, examining the predominance of the circle as a motif in the religious and domestic designs of the Plains Indians in the mid-nineteenth century. More than a hundred and fifty objects, including tepees, toys, beaded saddle blankets, a war headdress, and a ghost-dance dress. Through July 15. . . . ¶ A show of silver jewelry (primarily Navajo) from the Southwest, 1860 to the present. Through July 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of terra-cotta bibelot sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Starts Saturday, June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, except June 5, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Tuesday, June 5, from 1 to 6.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibition of robes worn by ladies of the Japanese aristocracy, sixteenth century to nineteenth. Through June 17. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. (Open daily except Saturdays and Wednesday and Thursday, June 6-7. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9 (but only until 7 on Tuesday, June 5); Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

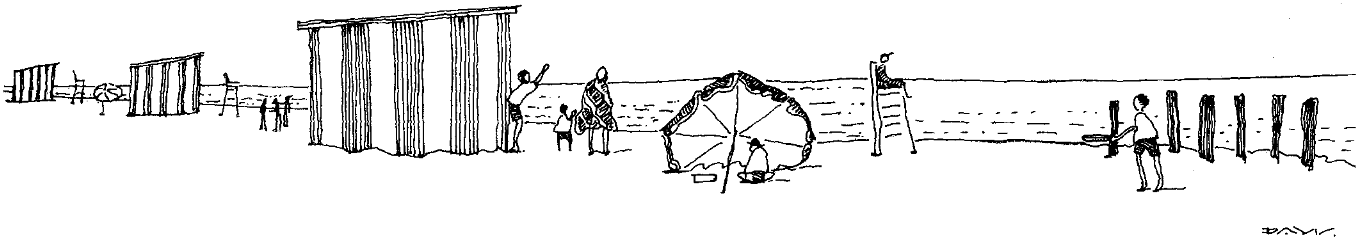
MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—The library has much to show for its sixty years, and in that spirit offers two anniversary exhibits from its collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and a display of illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, in temporary quarters at 125 W. 55th St.—Among the textiles, domestic objects, and artifacts on display from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. James O. Keene are an 1850 Baltimore album quilt and ten carved-wood pieces by Wilhelm Schimmel. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Two rooms from the John D. Rockefeller, Sr., residence which were saved when the house was demolished in 1937 (to make room for the Museum of Modern Art's Sculpture Garden), have been reinstalled. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by the seasons of the year. Starts Friday, June 1. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970), a prominent ceramist (a large nude meant for the wall of a shower serves as one example) who during his long life wore many hats—painter, muralist, teacher. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

W., at 77th St.—A wine-splashed document authorizing the 1803 sale of the Louisiana Territory (Napoleon apparently was overcome) is included in a show that illustrates three centuries of events in American history via the written or printed word; all the items come from the society's collection. Through July 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—On Friday, June 1, the Gottesman Exhibition Hall, occupying the library's original main exhibition area (but closed since the Second World War), will open with "Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an inquiry whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open weekdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of contemporary artists from the West. Through Saturday, June 9.

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St., and a new, additional location, at 223 West Broadway. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—This enterprise is giving itself a pat on the back on its tenth anniversary with a show of sixty-five artists who got a start here. Each painter and sculptor is represented by an early piece and a recent one. Troy Brauntuch, Stephen Frailey, Rebecca Howland, Tom Otterness, Christy Rupp, and others. Starts Thursday, May 31.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—A show of books and other works on paper by artists from Iceland. Through July 28.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Paintings by Anton van Dalen, Jennifer Bolande, and others. Through Saturday, June 2.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The main exhibition is one of paintings by Australian artists Mike Parr, Imants Tillers, and Ken Unsworth. . . . ¶ The second *floor is given over to contemporary portraits* by more than a hundred artists. Both shows through June 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is 874-2424 and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Amato Opera Company—Verdi's "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Yuval Waldman conducting Marchetti's "Ruy Blas," staged by Elizabeth Szczygielska. (Jesse Strauss School, 270 W. 70th St. Saturday, June 2, at 8, and Sunday, June 3, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Presenting works by American composers: "Adam and Eve III," a one-act opera by Lor Crane; songs by John Cooper; and Elias Tanenbaum's "Last Letters from Stalingrad," for chamber ensemble and baritone. (Mercer Street Theatre, 19 Mercer St. Thursday and Friday, June 7-8, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 691-6105.)

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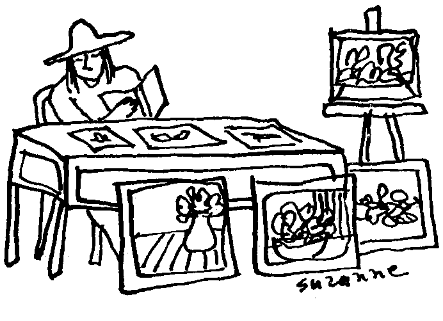
ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Horizons '84, the New Romanticism—A Broader View—At Avery Fisher Hall—Thursday, May 31, at 8: Hans Werner Henze and Krzysztof Penderecki each conducting the New York Philharmonic in a performance of one of his own works. With Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1, at 8: Experimental composer-performers Stuart Dempster, trombone; Jon Deak, contrabass; and Diamánda Galás, soprano, in a program of their own compositions, plus works by Robert Erickson, Kenneth Gaburo, and George Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 2, at 8: Leonard Slatkin conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by Christopher Rouse, Robert Beaser, Thea Musgrave, and Donald Erb. With Jan Opalach, bass-baritone, and the Bergen Youth Orchestra. In addition, the American Brass Quintet will perform a work by Elliott Carter. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 3: A program entitled "Music from Computers," with works by Michael McNabb, Laurie Spiegel, Joji Yuasa, Charles Dodge, and John Chowning. With Alan Feinberg, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 3, at 8: Harvey Sollberger conducting the Group for Contemporary Music in a program of chamber music with computers, composed by Iannis Xenakis, Jean-Claude Risset, Paul Lansky, and York Hoeller. . . . ¶ Monday, June 4, at 8: Charles Wuorinen conducting the American Composers Orchestra in a program of orchestral music with computers, composed by Milton Babbitt, Roger Reynolds, and Mr. Wuorinen. With Harvey Sollberger, flute. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 5, at 8: A second concert featuring experimental composer-performers, this one with Joan La Barbara, soprano; Robert Dick, flute; and Newband performing works by Dean Drummond, Martin Bresnick, Salvatore Martirano, Miss La Barbara, and Mr. Dick. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 6, at 8: Gilbert Amy conducting the New York Philharmonic in a performance of one of his own works, plus music by Betsy Jolas, George Walker, and Pierre Boulez. With the Speculum Musicae; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano; Eric Bartlett, cello; and Anand Devendra and Stanley Drucker, clarinets. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 8: *Arthur Weisberg and Zubin* Mehta conducting the New York Philharmonic in a George Crumb–Oliver Knussen program. With Karen Beardsley, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 8, at 8: Larry Newland conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by Anthony Davis, Harrison Birtwistle, Peter Sculthorpe, and Irwin Bazelon. With Susan Belling, soprano; James Newton, flute; Abdul Wadud, cello; and Mr. Davis, piano.

New York Opera Repertory Theatre—Leigh Gibbs Gore conducting the New York première of Robert Ward's "Abelard and Heloise" in concert form, *with Phyllis Hunter*, soprano; Mark Jackson, tenor; and Lawrence Cooper, baritone. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Thursday, May 31, and Saturday, June 2, at 8.)

All-Bach Concert—Warren George Wilson directing the Boys Choir of Harlem and the Orchestra of St. Luke's *in a benefit concert* with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Janice Taylor mezzo-soprano; Walter J. Turnbull, tenor and William Warfield, bass-baritone. (Alic Tully Hall. 362-1911. Sunday, June 3, at 8.)



Dessoff Choirs—Amy Kaiser directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House Thursday, May 31, at 8.)

RECITALS

Elizabeth Rich—The last in a series of concert presenting the cycle of Mozart piano sonatas (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodma House. Wednesday, May 30, at 8.)

Patricia Neely—Viola da gamba, *with assistin* artists. (St. James Chapel, Cathedral of St John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112t St. Wednesday, May 30, at 8. Tickets at th door on the night of the concert.)

John van Buskirk—Fortepiano, with assistin artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459 Thursday, May 31, at 8.)

Marie-Claire Alain—Organ. (St. Thoma Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Tuesday, Jun 5, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night o the concert.)

Joy Simpson—Soprano, in a recital postpone from March 17. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247 *7459. Wednesday, June 6, at 8.)*

Phoenix—An early-music group. (St. Joseph' Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Wednesday, June 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of th concert.)

Composers' Forum and New and Newer Music—A program of music by Daria Semegen, Matthew Harris, and Jerold Ordansky. (Chris and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St Thursday, June 7, at 8. Tickets at the doo on the night of the concert.)

Harmonie Wind Ensemble—Steven Richman conducting, with Charles Kavalovski an Stewart Rose, horns. (Merkin Concert Hall Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 9 at 9.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Dieg Wednesday, May 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ St. Louis Thursday, May 31, at 7:35; Friday, June 1 at 8:05; Saturday, June 2, at 7:35; and Sunday, June 3, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yanke Stadium: Vs. Boston, Monday throug Wednesday, June 4-6, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto Friday and Saturday, June 8-9, at 8.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Associatio Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, May 31-Jun 2.) . . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Sunday, June 3, starting at 11; varsity race at 12:30.)

Golf—Westchester Classic. (Westcheste Country Club, Harrison. Thursday throug Sunday, June 7-10.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesday through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05 through Monday, July 30. The Red Smit Handicap, Saturday, June 2; the Nassa County Handicap, Friday, June 8; and th Belmont, Saturday, June 9. (Frequent train leave Penn Station for the track Monday and Wednesdays through Fridays betwee 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **monmouth park** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; throug Saturday, Sept. 1. (A special train leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays a 11:30.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturday at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1.

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to seven thousan women participating, will start at ten-thirty on Saturday, June 2, in Central Park nea the Tavern-on-the-Green, and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowland —Italy vs. the United States National team Wednesday, May 30, at 9. . . . ¶ The fina games in the Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup series, involving the Cosmos, Barcelona Udinese, and Fluminense, Sunday, June 3, at 1:30. (For information about tickets, cal 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

ET ALIA

PROSE READINGS—James McCourt reading from his own works. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, May 31, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Ann Beattie and Bobbie Ann Mason reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Monday, June 4, at 7:30.)

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, May 30, at 7, and Thursday, May 31, at 2: Eighteenth-to-twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 2. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 7, at 10:15 and 2: Modern and contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 2. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 31, at 10:30: Latin-American paintings, drawings, and sculptures, among them works by Matta, Diego Rivera, and Ernesto Icaza. . . . ¶ Friday, June 1, at 10 and 2: American paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 6, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 2.

WASHINGTON SQUARE OUTDOOR ART EXHIBIT—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, June 2-3, and Saturday and Sunday, June 9-10, from noon until sundown.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

AUTOMOBILE RACING—At the Meadowlands: United States Grand Prix, July 1.

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, June 10 (day). Baltimore, June 15 (night), June 16 (at 4), and June 17 (d). Detroit, June 25-27 (n). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, June 11-13 (night). Philadelphia, June 19-20 (n) and June 21 (day). Montreal, June 22 (n) and June 23-24 (d). Atlanta, June 28-30 (n) and July 1 (d). Houston, July 2-4 (n). Cincinnati, July 5 (n), July 6 (twi-night doubleheader), July 7 (n), and July 8 (d).

CREW—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 28-July 1.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. June 14-17.)

RACING—At **BOWIE,** Md.: June 11-July 24. . . . **ASCOT,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 19-22.

SOCCER—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Chicago, June 10. Toronto, June 17. Tulsa, June 24.

TENNIS—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 25-July 8.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: June 18-Aug. 4.

YACHTING—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, June 22.

MUSIC—The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 19 ("Rinaldo") and June 26 ("Ernani"). . . . ¶ The English National Opera, at the Metropolitan Opera House (362-6000), June 20-30. . . . ¶ Goldman Memorial Band, in Damrosch Park, June 20-Aug. 12. . . . ¶ Kool Jazz Festival (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, a Staten Island Ferry, and Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J., among other places), June 22-July 1. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, June 24-Sept. 7. . . . ¶ Tanglewood Festival, Lenox, Mass., June 28-Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 30-Aug. 26. . . . ¶ The New York City Opera will open at the New York State Theatre (870-5570) on July 6 with a new production of Rossini's "The Barber of Seville," and will run through Nov. 18. . . . ¶ Mostly Mozart Festival, at Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), July 9-Aug. 25.

OTHER DATES—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Friday, June 15. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Wednesday.

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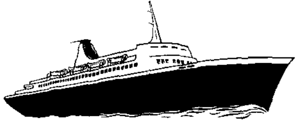

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through May 31: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Beauty and the Beast" (†).
June 1-3: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Orpheus" (†).
June 5-7: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Testament of Orpheus" (†).
From June 8: "Les Parents Terribles" (†) and "Les Enfants Terribles" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through May 31: "Finders Keepers" (directed by Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo.
From June 1: "Romancing the Stone" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 31: "Silkwood" (†) and "Blame It on Rio" (†).
From June 1: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 31: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through June 7: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 31: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
From June 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), *with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.*
Theatre 2: Through May 31: "Romancing the Stone" (†). From June 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Natural" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through June 7: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 8: "Splash" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Natural" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Romancing the Stone" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Heat of Desire" (Luc Béraud; in French), with Patrick Dewaere.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day. June 1-7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Splash" (†). From June 8: "Gremlins."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: "Racing with the Moon" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
Theatre 2: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo. From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through May 31: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).
From June 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee. (No performances on Thursday, May 31.)
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through May 31: "Zappa" (Bille August; in Danish).
From June 1 (tentative): "El Norte" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Moscow on the Hudson" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Cold Feet" (Bruce vanDusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Sixteen Candles" (†).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.
Theatre 2: Through May 31: "Breakin' " (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 31: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore.
From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Police Academy" *(Hugh Wilson), with* Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), *with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee.*

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590 Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through June 5: "In Heaven There Is No Beer?" (1983; directed by Les Blank) and "Sprout Wings and Fly" (1983; Les Blank), both documentaries. From June 6: "The Guest" (1977; Ross Devenish), with Athol Fugard.
Theatre 2: Through May 31: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (1954; Luis Buñuel), with Dan O'Herlihy and James Fernandez; and "The Criminal Life of *Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel;* a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Ernesto Alonso. June 1-2: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975), performed by the BBC-TV Python team; and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman and Terry Gilliam. June 3-4: "They Don't Wear Black Tie" (1983; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Pixote" (†). June 5: "La Soufière" (1977; in German), "Huie's Sermon" (1980), and "God's Angry Man" (1980), all directed by Werner Herzog. From June 6: "El Norte" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 7: "The Revolt of Job" (Imre Gyöngyössy and Barna Kabay; in Hungarian).
From June 8: "Tibet: A Buddhist Trilogy" (1980; Graham Coleman), a four-hour film.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Terms of Endearment" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Splash" (†). From June 8: "Ghostbusters" (Ivan Reitman), with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "*Moscow on the Hudson*" (†).
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.
Theatre 3: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 4: "Le Bal" (Ettore Scola).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 7: "Splash" (†).
From June 8: A program of Donald Duck cartoons.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"*Terms of Endearment*" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 2: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
From June 3: "Edith and Marcel" (Claude Lelouch; in French), with Evelyne Bouix and Marcel Cerdan, Jr.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Mission" (Parviz Sayyad; in Farsi).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Racing with the Moon" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-*2280)*
Theatre 1: "Erendira" (Ruy Guerra; in Spanish), with Irene Papas.
Theatre 2: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French).
Theatre 3: "Irezumi" (Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock),

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Cold Feet" (Bruce vanDusen), with Griffin Dunne and Blanche Baker.
Theatre 2: "Tomorrow" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Natural" (†).
Theatre 4: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins. From June 8: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: Through May 31: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore. June 1-7: "Streets of Fire." From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 8: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart and Doris Day.
Theatre 3: Through June 7: "This Is Spinal Tap" (Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 4: Through May 31: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. June 1-7: "Executioner 2." From June 8: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†). From June 1: "Once Upon a Time in America" (directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.
Theatre 2: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Scarface" (†).
Theatre 4: "Alphabet City" (Amos Poe), with Vincent Spano.
Theatre 5: Through May 31: "Hollywood High, Part 2." From June 1: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
Theatre 6: Through June 7: "Finders Keepers" (Richard Lester), with Michael O'Keefe and Beverly D'Angelo. From June 8: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Splash" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 31: "Friday the 13th—The Final Chapter" (Joseph Zito). From June 1: "Executioner 2."
Theatre 3: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 7: "Terms of Endearment" (†). From June 8: "Ragtime" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (Steven Spielberg), with Harrison Ford.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Making the Grade" (Dorian Walker), with Judd Nelson and Jonna Lee. From June 1: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and DeForest Kelley.
Theatre 2: "The Bounty" (Roger Donaldson), with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 31: "Sixteen Candles" (†).
From June 1: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Footloose" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Firestarter" (Mark L. Lester), with David Keith and Drew Barrymore. From June 8: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).

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Theatre 2: Through May 31: "The Final Terror" (Andrew Davis), with John Friedrich and Rachel Ward. June 1-7: "Being." From June 8: "Beat Street."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 31: "Breakin'" (Joel Silberg), with Lucinda Dickey. From June 1: "Streets of Fire" (Walter Hill), with Michael Paré and Diane Lane.
Theatre 2: "The Natural" (†).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through June 7: "Fleshburn." From June 8: "Gremlins" (Joe Dante), with Zach Galligan.
Theatre 2: Through June 7: "Police Academy" (Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall. From June 8: "Gremlins."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Seeing Red: Stories of American Communists" (1984; directed by Julia Reichert and James Klein), a documentary.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; Liliana Cavani; in Italian), with Erland Josephson.

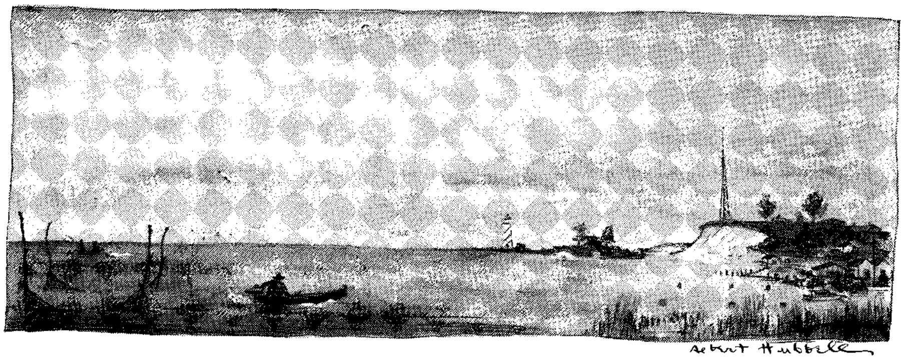
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 31: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea.
June 1-2: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
June 3-5: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Graduate" (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.
June 6-7: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
June 8-9: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Bruce Spence, and Vernon Wells; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 31: "Wild Style" (1983; Charlie Ahearn).
From June 1: "Flashdance" (†) and "Footloose" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
May 30: "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), all with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
May 31-June 2: "Altered States" (1980; Ken Russell), with William Hurt, Bob Balaban, Charles Haid, and Blair Brown; and "Excalibur" (1981; John Boorman), with Nicol Williamson and Nigel Terry.
June 3-4: "The Oklahoma Kid" (†), "The Roaring Twenties" (†), and "Angels with Dirty Faces" (†).
June 5-6: "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie; and "Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars" (1983), a film of a 1973 concert, with David Bowie.
June 7-9: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972), "Love and Death" (1975), and "Annie Hall" (1977), all directed by, and with, Woody Allen.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 31: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
June 1-2: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, Ken Wahl, and Danny Aiello.
June 3: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.
June 4-5: "Brimstone and Treacle" (1982; Richard Loncraine), with Sting, Joan Plowright, and Denholm Elliott; and "Breaking Glass" (1981; Brian Gibson), with Hazel O'Connor.
June 6-7: "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and John Lithgow; and "Dressed to Kill" (1980; Brian De Palma), with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy Allen, and Keith Gordon.
June 8-9: "An American Werewolf in London" (1981; John Landis), with David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, and Griffin Dunne; and "The Howling" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through May 31: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French).
June 1: "La Chinoise" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French); and "Band of Outsiders" (1964; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina and Sami Frey.
June 2: "Wild Style" (1983; Charlie Ahearn); and "Flashdance" (†).
June 3: "The Fly" (1958; Kurt Neumann), with David Hedison, Patricia Owens, and Vincent Price; and "Journey to the Center of the Earth" (1959; Henry Levin), with Pat Boone, James Mason, and Arlene Dahl.
June 4: "A Fistful of Dollars" (1967) and "For a Few Dollars More" (1967), both directed by Sergio Leone, with Clint Eastwood.
June 5: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "The Wrong Box"



(1966; Bryan Forbes), with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Lawson, and Michael Caine.

June 6-7: "El Bruto" (1952; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado; and "The Criminal Life of Archibaldo de la Cruz" (1955; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Ernesto Alonso.

June 8: "Sudden Impact" (1983; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood; and "Ms. 45" (1981; Abel Ferrara), with Zoë Tamerlis.

June 9: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 30: "That Touch of Mink" (1962; Delbert Mann), with Cary Grant, Doris Day, Gig Young, and Audrey Meadows; and "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau.

May 31-June 2: "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Aflred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

June 3-4: "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien, and Mary Astor; and "Words and Music" (†).

June 5-6: "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924; Victor Seastrom; a silent film), with Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, and John Gilbert.

June 7-9: "I Love You Again" (†); and "Woman of the Year" (*1942;* George Stevens), with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Fay Bainter, Reginald Owen, and William Bendix.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 30: "Sun Legend of the Shogunate's *Last Days" (1957; in Japanese); and* "Irezumi: The Spider Tattoo" (1966; Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese).

May 31: "The Bride and the Beast" (1958), with Lance Fuller; and "Wrestling Women vs. the Aztec Mummy" (1964).

June 1-2: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog; in German), with Bruno S.

June 3-4: Two programs of cartoons by Chuck Jones.

June 5: "Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song" (1971; Melvin Van Peebles); and "Cooley High" (1975; Michael Schultz), with Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs.

June 6: "Freud" (†); and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

June 7: "On Approval" (†); and "I'm *All* Right, Jack" (1960; John Boulting), with Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael, Terry-Thomas, and Margaret Rutherford.

June 8: "Raging Bull" (†); and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with *Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.*

June 9: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 30: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Two Women" (1961; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

May 31: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, and James Gleason; and "Home from the Hill" (1960; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Mitchum, Eleanor Parker, George Hamilton, and George Peppard.

June 1-2: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

June 3: "East of Eden" (†) and "Rebel Without a Cause" (†).

June 4: "The Big Deal on Madonna Street" (*1958; Mario Monicelli; in Italian*), with Marcello Mastroianni, Totò, Claudia Cardinale, and Renato Salvatori; and "Marriage—Italian Style" (†).

June 5: "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill) and "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy *William Neill), both with Basil Rathbone* as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

June 6: "Glorifying the American Girl" (†) and "The Hollywood Revue" (†).

June 7: "Witness for the Prosecution" (†); and "Witness to Murder" (1954; Roy Rowland), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, and Gary Merrill.

June 8-9: "Double Indemnity" (†); and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—May 31 at 2:30 and 6: "A Nineteen-Year-Old's Map" (1979; directed by Mitsuo Yanagimachi; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Yuji Homma, Keizo Kanie, and Hideko Okiyama. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "The Plow That Broke the Plains" (1936; Pare Lorentz) and "The River" (1939; Pare Lorentz). . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "The Navigator" (1924; Donald Crisp and Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton and Kathryn McGuire. . . . *¶ June 2 at 2:30: "Million Dollar Legs"* (1932; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Jack Oakie. . . . ¶ June 2 at 5: "Flowers of Saint Francis" (1950; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Aldo Fabrizi. . . . ¶ June 3 at 2:30: "The Projectionist" *(1971; Harry Hurwitz)*, with Chuck McCann, Ina Balin, and Rodney Dangerfield. . . . ¶ June 3 at 5: "Rashomon" (1950; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Toshiro Mifune, Masayuki Mori, and Machiko Kyo. . . . ¶ June 4 at 2:30: "Sunrise—A Song of Two Humans" (1927; F. W. Murnau; a silent film), with George O'Brien, Janet Gaynor, and Margaret Livingston. . . . ¶ June 4 at 6: "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Carlo Battisti and Maria Pia Casilio. . . . ¶ June 5 at 2:30: A program of short films from Biograph, made by D. W. Griffith, 1909-10. . . . ¶ June 5 at 6: "Miss Lulu Bett" (1921; William deMille; a silent film), with Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, and Theodore Roberts. . . . ¶ June 7 at 2:30 and 6: "Simone Barbes" (1980; Marie-Claude Treilhou; in French, with English subtitles), with Ingrid Bourgoin, Martine Simonet, and Michel Delahaye. . . . ¶ June 8 at 2:30: "L'Avventura" (1960; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Lea Massari. . . . ¶ June 8 at 6: "The Projectionist." . . . ¶ June 9 at 2:30: "The Navigator." . . . ¶ June 9 at 5: "Sunrise—A Song of Two Humans." (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of *the showing.)*

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Two of three programs of films directed by Oscar Micheaux. Through June 3, "Ten Minutes to Live" (1932), with Laurence Chenault and A. B. Comathiere, is being shown daily at 12:30; and "Swing" (1936), with Cora Green, Hazel Diaz, and Carmen Newsome, is being shown daily at 3. . . . ¶ Starting June 5, "Lying Lips" (1940), with Edna Mae Harris, Carmen Newsome, and Earl Jones, and "The Underworld" (1936), with Bee Freeman, Oscar Polk, Ethel Moses, and Sol Johnson, will be shown daily at 12:30; and "God's Step Children" (1938), with Jacqueline Lewis, Gloria Press, Alice B. Russell, Ethel Moses, and Carmen Newsome, will be shown daily at 3 (and Tuesday at 6). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Angels with Dirty Faces (1938)—An entertaining picture lurks behind that uninviting title. Warners threw its assets together in this one: James Cagney at his cockiest as a gangster, Pat O'Brien as a priest, and Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, George Bancroft, and the Dead End Kids, too. It has jokes and romance and a smashing big last sequence on Death Row—the priest asks the gangster to act cowardly when he's executed, so that he won't be a hero to the Dead End Kids, and Cagney comes through with a rousing finale. Michael Curtiz directed; John Wexley and Warren Duff wrote the screenplay, based on Rowland Brown's story. (It was followed the next year by "The Angels Wash Their Faces.") (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 3-4.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life into the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice for him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father, Michel Auclair as the brother, and Mila Parély as a sister. Alekan was the cinematographer; Georges Auric wrote the score; Bérard did the décor and costumes. (A running account of the making of the picture—anxieties, physical ailments, mistakes, and all—is given in Cocteau's entertaining 1950 book "Diary of a Film.") In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through May 31.)

Blame It on Rio—The movie is about a forty-three-year-old father's guilt and confusion because of his affair with his best friend's fifteen-year-old daughter, who is also his own teen-age daughter's best friend. Michael Caine and Joseph Bologna are the fathers who take their daughters (Demi Moore and Michelle Johnson, respectively) for a month's holiday in Rio. On the beach, ogling the bare-breasted women, the fathers see the backs of two beauties, who turn, and their bare-breasted daughters come bobbing over *to them, laughing at their discomfort and* hugging them. It's as if a Doris Day–Rock Hudson comedy of the early sixties had gone topless. Most of the movie is an attempt to squirm out from under its messy erotic-parental subject. Directed by Stanley Donen from a final script by Larry Gelbart (a revision of Charlie Peters' version), the picture degenerates into a smarmy sitcom. With Valerie Harper. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/20/84.) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 31.)

Diva (1981)—A glittering toy of a movie, a romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously—the whole high-tech incandescence of the film is played for humor. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. He's pursued by two baroque thugs: one is tall and Latin and chews gum with the jaws of a hippopotamus; the other is small, with spiky blond hair and sunglasses, and an earplug so he can listen to a transistor radio while he's on his murderous errands—he's so

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dissociated he's practically a mutant. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu)—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. A Mr. Cool in a white suit and a white Citroën comes to the aid of the besieged messenger. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Baronet.)

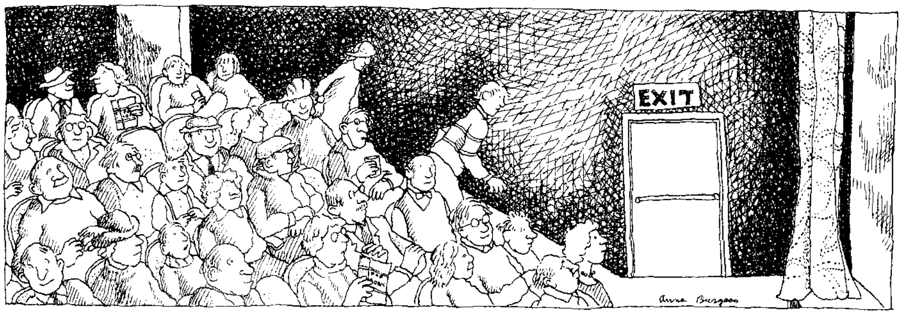
Double Indemnity (1944)—Every turn and twist is exactly calculated and achieves its effect with the simplest of means; this shrewd, smoothly tawdry thriller is one of the high points of forties films. The director, Billy Wilder, collaborated with Raymond Chandler in adapting James M. Cain's story, and it's a tribute to them that one is likely to remember the names of the principal characters. Barbara Stanwyck's Phyllis Dietrichson—a platinum blonde who wears tight white sweaters, an anklet, and sleazy-kinky shoes—is perhaps the best acted and the most fixating of all the slutty, cold-blooded femmes fatales of the *film-noir* genre. With her bold stare, her sneering, over-lipsticked, thick-looking mouth, and her strategically displayed legs, she's a living entrapment device. Fred MacMurray's Walter Neff, an insurance salesman, is the patsy she ensnares in a plot to kill her businessman husband and collect on the double-indemnity clause in his policy; MacMurray's slightly opaque, regular-guy, macho Americanness is perfectly used here (he has never had better audience empathy). And as Keyes, the claims investigator for the insurance company, Edward G. Robinson handles his sympathetic role with an easy mastery that gives the film some realistic underpinnings. It needs them, because despite the fine use of realistic sets—a cheerless middle-class home, a supermarket, offices—Chandler's dialogue is in his heightened laconic mode, and the narration (Walter Neff tells the story) is often so gaudy and terse that it seems an emblem of forties hardboiled attitudes. This defect may be integral to the film's taut structure. Another, lesser defect isn't: except for the three stars, the cast is just barely adequate. With Jean Heather, Porter Hall, Tom Powers, Bryon Barr, Richard Gaines, and Fortunio Bonanova. Art direction by Hans Dreier and Hal Pereira; cinematography by John Seitz; score by Miklós Rózsa. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 8-9.)

East of Eden (1955)—An amazingly high-strung, feverishly poetic movie about Cain and Abel as American brothers living on a lettuce farm in California in the years just before the First World War. Elia Kazan directed this adaptation of Steinbeck's novel, and it's like seeing a series of teasers: violent moments and charged scenes without much coherence. As the romantic, alienated young hero, James Dean is decorated with all sorts of charming gaucheries; he's sensitive, defenseless, hurting. Maybe his father (Raymond Massey) doesn't love him, but the camera does, and we're supposed to; we're thrust into upsetting angles, caught in infatuated closeups, and prodded—"Look at all that beautiful desperation." When this Cain strikes his brother (Richard Davalos), the soundtrack amplifies the blow as if worlds were colliding; a short, heavy dose of Expressionism may be followed by a pastoral romp or an elaborate bit of Americana; an actor may suddenly assume a psychotic stance and another actor shatter a train window with his head. It's far from a dull movie, but it's certainly a very strange one; it's an enshrinement of the mixed-up kid. Here and in "Rebel Without a Cause" (see below), Dean seems to go just about as far as anybody can in acting misunderstood. With Julie Harris, who gives a memorable performance, and Burl Ives, Jo Van Fleet, Albert Dekker, Lois Smith, Barbara Baxley, Timothy Carey, Jonathan Haze, Mario Siletti, Harold Gordon, Lonny Chapman, and Nick Dennis. Script by Paul Osborn; cinematography by Ted McCord; music by Leonard Rosenman. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1949; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy. The movie glides along, gathering intensity, as the characters move—compulsively, as in a dream—toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Édouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. Almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, this film was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. When Melville was ill, Cocteau directed the summer beach scene in Montmorency, under snow. Cocteau also provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the rare effective film usages of great music. (Melville appeared in "Breathless" as the celebrity being interviewed.) Cinematography by Henri Decaë. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theater; starting June 8.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Cinema Studio.)

Flashdance (1983)—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III," and it's like a sleazo putting the make on you. The eighteen-year-old working-class Catholic heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina, handed bouquets, like a princess. The music throughout is synthesizer pop—some of Giorgio Moroder's throbbing specials along with bits of other whiplash disco songs; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. It has Vegas sound, thumping, thumping; the whole damn thing throbs, and it gives a hard sell even to



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the heroine's confessions to her priest. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie, is so fast that he isn't subjected to the chop-chop editing—he's allowed to perform in his own time. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 1. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema; June 2.)

Footloose—High-school kids in a mythical Midwestern community that bans rock 'n' roll and dancing. The movie has plot elements from "Rebel Without a Cause" (see below) and dance numbers chopped to pieces in the rock-video manner of "Flashdance." The director, Herbert Ross, and the writer, Dean Pitchford, exhaust one bad idea after another, and build up to a letdown; you don't get the climactic dance you expect. With Kevin Bacon as the new boy in town who challenges the bans and fights for the right of the students to have a senior prom; John Lithgow as the glum Reverend (of the town's only church); Lori Singer as the Reverend's spitfire daughter; Christopher Penn as a sluggish hayseed; and Jim Youngs, Sarah Jessica Parker, and Dianne Wiest. Despite the retrograde material, Lori Singer has a startling radiance, and Penn manages to be funny and appealing. Edited by Paul Hirsch. (3/5/84) (New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting June 1.)

Freud (1962)—John Huston's conscientious attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure. (Thalia; June 6.)

Glorifying the American Girl (1929)—The rise of a young girl (Mary Eaton) from the sheet-music department of a big store, through the dilemmas of small-town vaudeville, to her ultimate glorification in the Ziegfeld Follies, where, finally, we get glimpses of Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallée, and Eddie Cantor, as well as Ziegfeld himself (who also supervised the production), and such celebrities as Mayor Jimmy Walker, Ring Lardner, Texas Guinan, Johnny Weissmuller, Otto Kahn, and Adolph Zukor. Along her interminable way, the heroine renounces love (Edward Crandall) for the headdresses and bangles of a showgirl; the moral is that you pay a price for applause. Meanwhile, the moviegoer who wants to see how musical numbers were staged in Ziegfeld's day pays heavily for a few minutes of pleasure. The songs include "At Sundown," "Blue Skies," "What Wouldn't I Do for That Man," and "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover." Millard Webb directed; Ted Shawn choreographed the ballets. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Beekman, and Criterion Theatres; through May 31. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through June 7. . . . ¶ Manhattan; June 1-7. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting June 1.)

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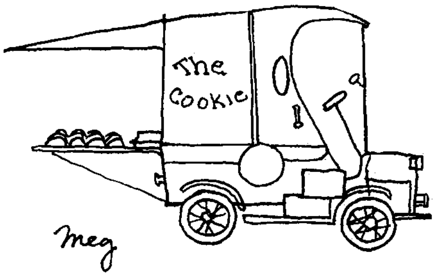
The Hollywood Revue (1929)—M-G-M put this lavish revue together (it originally had Technicolor sequences) and threw in their biggest stars. Conrad Nagel (always pallid but considered full of prestige) and Jack Benny are the masters of ceremony; Joan Crawford sings; Marie Dressler and Polly Moran do a skit; Marion Davies sings and taps; Norma Shearer and John Gilbert do a flapper "Romeo and Juliet;" and so on and on, with minstrel choruses and the Albertina Rasch Ballet. The quality is extremely variable, but it contains so much of the history of popular theatre that it's invaluable. Charles Reisner directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 6.)

The Howling (1981)—This werewolves-in-California movie has a spoofy erotic tone and isn't afraid of being silly—which is its chief charm. The director, Joe Dante, seems a mixture—in just about equal parts—of talent, amateurishness, style, and flake. You're entertained continuously, though you don't feel the queasy, childish dread that is part of the dirty kick of the horror genre. There are no embarrassments in the cast, which includes Patrick Macnee as a plump, bland psychiatrist; Dee Wallace as a pretty blond TV newscaster; Dick Miller as a gabby bookshop owner; Elisabeth Brooks as a fiery slut; and Christopher Stone, John Carradine, Kevin McCarthy, Slim Pickens, and Dennis Dugan. When the characters turn into werewolves they transform on camera: you see the stages they go through—growing fur and fangs, their chests expanding and their teeth yellowing—and you see each long snout shoot out of the face like a locomotive. It's a funny, elegant effect, devised by Rob Bottin. John Sayles, who rewrote the Terence H. Winkless script (based on the novel by Gary Brandner), appears as an attendant at the morgue; Roger Corman, for whom Dante, Sayles, Bottin, and the editor, Mark Goldblatt, all worked together on the 1978 "Piranha," turns up waiting outside a phone booth. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; June 8-9.)

I Love You Again (1940)—Bum title but surprisingly lively comedy. William Powell is the slick con man who awakes from a nine-year bout of amnesia to discover (with horror) that he has settled down to a job, married Myrna Loy, joined the Elks, and taken to wearing a straw hat. W. S. Van Dyke directed; the writers include Charles Lederer and Maurine Watkins. With Frank McHugh and Edmund Lowe. (Regency; June 7-9.)

Marriage—Italian Style (1964)—A bit of cashing in on the much funnier and rasher "Divorce—Italian Style," this picture also stars Marcello Mastroianni, but it was directed by Vittorio De Sica, not Pietro Germi. Mastroianni plays a rising young businessman back in 1943 who meets a sumptuous prostitute (Sophia Loren). Over the years, the obliging girl assumes the triple task of being his mistress, his business associate, and his housekeeper, having once tricked him into a marriage that he quickly had annulled. The plot squeaks with complications, but De Sica's love of all scamps is endearing, and so are the two stars' luscious comic gifts. In Italian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4.)



Moscow on the Hudson—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Loews Tower East, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

The Natural—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? There isn't a whisper of surprise in Redford's performance, and he's photographed looking like a wary, modest god, with enough backlighting and soft focus to make him incandescent even when he isn't doing a thing. Directed by Barry Levinson, in a picturesque, prose-poetry style, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The overly showy, overly dark cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the tender, drippy, hymn-like music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (34th St. East, Sutton, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

El Norte—An independently made epic about the flight of two oppressed, terrorized young Guatemalans—Rosa (Zaide Silvia Gutierrez) and her brother Enrique (David Villalpando)—who travel from their Mayan village in the highlands to modern Los Angeles, where they pass themselves off as Mexicans and become part of the Hispanic cheap-labor force. Written by the director, Gregory Nava, and his wife, Anna Thomas, who was the producer, the film tries to cover all the bases—the typical difficult, wrenching experiences of Central American refugees. It's uninspired, but the subject has so much resonance that the picture doesn't leave you feeling quite as empty as an ordinary mediocre movie does. With Stella Quan, Trinidad Silva, and Lupe Ontiveros. In Spanish. (2/20/84) (Film Forum; starting June 6. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; starting June 1, tentative.)

The Oklahoma Kid (1939)—Whip McCord, splendidly named, is played by Bogart, and he is a gambler in a black hat. Jim Kincaid is played by James Cagney, in a white hat, and he is the Oklahoma Kid, the most notorious outlaw in the West. There is a terrific scene about taking over a jail. High-class bang-bang. With Rosemary Lane, Donald Crisp, Harvey Stephens, Charles Middleton, Edward Pawley, and Ward Bond. Directed by Lloyd Bacon; cinematography by James Wong Howe; music by Max Steiner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 3-4.)

On Approval (1943)—A dadaist English comedy. Clive Brook, Beatrice Lillie, Roland Culver, and Googie Withers hold to the drawing-room style of an antique play by Frederick Lonsdale so relentlessly that the old, arch clichés of "daring" dialogue are reactivated. You can't help responding to these old quips when they are delivered by actors who appreciate their absurdity. Groomed by Cecil Beaton, the quartet of players is surrealistically elegant. As the stiff-backed shrew, Bea Lillie delivers what has been acclaimed as the perfect Lillie line: "You will find the dinghy by the jetty." As the heroine, an American heiress, Googie Withers demonstrates that an actress can be utterly charming even while parodying romantic charm. Everyone who has seen the movie seems to remember the great proposal scene and the great refusal, and Googie Withers asking, "What color are my eyes?" The real star of the piece is the fantastically adroit Clive Brook; his timing is perfection, both in the role of the exhausted effete Duke and in the direction. He also did the adaptation (with Terence Young). (Thalia; June 7.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical film-making. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March; the only modern film image of death that, visually and psychologically, stands comparison with Maria Casarès' is in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" (1956). The glazier in the "zone" (a variant of the angel in Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet") must be a tribute to (or a memory of?) Chaplin as the angelic glazier of "The Kid." With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Édouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 1-3.)

Les Parents Terribles (1949; also known as "The Storm Within")—One of Cocteau's two or three greatest films, and one of the finest examples of group acting ever photographed. He took his play about the disorderly, unpredictable parents (Marcel André and Yvonne de Bray) who cannot accept the fact that their son (Jean Marais) is growing up and re-created it for the screen with such skill that a true claustrophobic family atmosphere is achieved. In structure, this is a coincidence-ridden boulevard comedy, but Cocteau has lifted it to the realm of tragicomic Oedipal fable. The mother screams for the police when she learns that her son has a girl; Yvonne de Bray's performance is so convincing that Marais's actual mother is said to have developed a jealous hatred of her. Gabrielle Dorziat plays the boy's aunt, and Josette Day his girl. Designed by Christian Bérard; the score is by Georges Auric. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Pixote (1980)—A shockingly lyrical Brazilian film about the life of abandoned children who learn to pick pockets and grab purses and hustle—it's their only way of surviving. Thrown into a reformatory, the ten-year-old Pixote watches as several of the larger boys gang-rape a kid not much older than he is, and his truculent baby face is indifferent, but he's a little camera taking it all in. A group of boys, including Pixote, break out, and he and three others snatch enough purses and wallets to make their way to Rio de Janeiro and begin dealing cocaine. Outsmarted by the adult criminals, the kids buy an aging, drunken prostitute from a pimp and go into business with her: she brings men home, and they rob them at gunpoint. As the director, Hector Babenco (who appears in a prologue), sees it, Pixote is a snub-nosed infant asserting his wants, and when they're denied he changes into a baby gangster—a runt Scarface, who kills innocently, in the sense that he doesn't understand the enormity of the crime. The thesis is too pat, but two of the characters—Lilica (Jorge Julião), a flamingly nelly seventeen-year-old transvestite homosexual, and the whore Sueli, the whoriest whore imaginable (Marília Pera)—transcend it. Dusky and aquiline-faced, Marília Pera has an Anna Magnani-like presence—horrifying and great. Her display of passion wipes the little non-actor kids off the screen. She's the whore spawned out of men's darkest imaginings, and in her scenes the movie achieves a garish splendor. The script, by Babenco and Jorge Duran, is based on the novel "Infância dos Mortos," by Jose Louzeiro; cinematography by Rodolfo Sanches. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; June 3-4.)

Racing with the Moon—It's Christmas, 1942, and Sean Penn and Nicolas Cage are two Northern California small-town boys who are due to report to the Marines in six weeks; Penn falls in love with a new girl in town (Elizabeth McGovern), and Cage gets a girl pregnant. That's the whole movie. Penn brings to his role emotional crosscurrents and creates a young lived-in character; you see the full person, with nothing closed off. Richard Benjamin directs all three of them lovingly, so that the nuances they bring to their roles sustain our interest. But the picture isn't enough of anything; there isn't a thing in it that you can get excited about or quarrel with. The script, written by Steven Kloves (when he was twenty-two), is a reminiscence based on earlier reminiscences. (4/2/84) (Coronet, and Loews Paramount.)

Raging Bull (1980)—Martin Scorsese's film based on the life of the former middleweight champ Jake La Motta (played by Robert De Niro) is a biography of the prizefight genre; it's also about movies and about violence, it's about gritty visual rhythm, it's about Brando, it's about the two "Godfather" pictures—it's about Scorsese and De Niro trying to top what they've done and what everybody else has done. Scorsese puts his unmediated obsessions on the screen, trying to turn raw, pulp power into art by removing it from the particulars of observation and narrative. He loses the low-life entertainment values of prizefight films; he aestheticizes pulp and kills it. De Niro put on more than fifty pounds to play the older, drunken La Motta; he seems a swollen puppet. With Cathy Moriarty, whose Vickie La Motta is a beautiful icon—a big, lacquered virgin-doll of the forties—and Joe Pesci as Joey La Motta. (De Niro won the Academy Award for Best Actor.) (Thalia; June 8.)

Ragtime (1981)—The movie doesn't have an impudent slapstick vision, isn't a pop epic or even a satiric fling. It's limp—it always seems to be aiming about halfway toward the effects that E. L. Doctorow achieved in his literary extravaganza. Is it possible that the director, Miloš Forman, thought that if he didn't go for razzle-dazzle what was left would be "truth"? If so, he started from the wrong book. He has made a seriously intended eccentric movie about a black piano player (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.) who demands redress for an insult. (Dog excrement has been put on the seat of his shiny new Model T Ford.) When the piano player can't find a legal remedy, he becomes a bomb-planting terrorist. But the picture isn't even socially conscious: this character is so totally, aberrantly unbelievable that there's no social milieu that could account for him, and we don't know on what conceivable basis he could have recruited his band of urban guerrillas. Forman is not—to put it courteously—strongly visual. His extras are generally posed frozen-faced in a row in the background—they look exactly like extras. The narrative shifts are jerky; the film seems chewed up rather than edited. With James Cagney as the New York Police Commissioner; returning to the screen after a twenty-year retirement, Cagney has the faint, satisfied smile of an old tiger. Also with Pat O'Brien, Donald O'Connor, Norman Mailer, Elizabeth McGovern, Mary Steenburgen, Mandy Patinkin, Kenneth McMillan, Moses Gunn, Brad Dourif, Robert Joy, and James Olson. Script by Michael Weller. (Embassy; starting June 8.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—As Jim, a high-school boy, James Dean was the archetypal misunderstood teen-ager in this generation-gap soap opera of the fifties, which had more emotional resonance for the teen-agers of the time than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood as Judy, Sal Mineo as Plato, Corey Allen as Buzz, Nick Adams as Moose, Dennis Hopper as Goon, Jim Backus and Ann Doran as Jim's parents, Virginia Brissac as his Grandma, William Hopper and Rochelle

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Hudson as Judy's parents, and Ian Wolfe, House Peters, and Gus Schilling. Directed by Nicholas Ray; written by Stewart Stern and Irving Shulman, based on Ray's story. Music by Leonard Roseman; cinematography by Ernest Haller. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Olympia Quad; starting June 8.)

The Roaring Twenties (1939)—The title and the names of the stars—James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart—make it sound like a lot more fun than it is. They play underprivileged kids who grow up together, come back from the First World War, and get into the rackets. The movie has a very mechanical and moralistic view of character; nobody ever says or does anything that surprises you. If you fed the earlier gangster movies into a machine and made a prototype, you'd come up with this picture. With Gladys George, Priscilla Lane, Paul Kelly, Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh, and Elisabeth Risdon. Directed by Raoul Walsh, from a script by Jerry Wald, Richard Macauley, and Robert Rossen, based on a Mark Hellinger story; produced by Hal B. Wallis. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 3-4.)

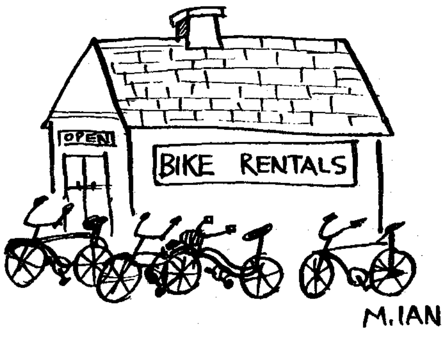
Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through May 31. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Art; starting June 1.)

Scarface—Directed by Brian De Palma from a script by Oliver Stone, this two-hour-and-forty-nine-minute remake of the 1932 "Scarface" has the length of an epic but not the texture of an epic. Al Pacino's Tony Montana, a Cuban who scrambles to the top of the Miami drug world, is just starting to learn the ropes and then, sated with wealth and dope, he's moldy. The picture is peddling macho primitivism and at the same time making it absurd. It's a druggy spectacle—manic yet exhausted, with De Palma entering into the derangement and trying to bring something larger than life out of Tony's debauchery. This may be the only action picture that turns into an allegory of impotence. With F. Murray Abraham, Steven Bauer, Robert Loggia, Michelle Pfeiffer, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Paul Shenar, Harris Yulin, Arnaldo Santana, Richard Belzer, and Miriam Colon. Cinematography by John A. Alonzo; the designer Ferdinando Scarfiotti served as visual consultant; the score is by Giorgio Moroder. (12/26/83) (Criterion Theatres.)

Silkwood—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film is permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid gets laughs out of her tight walk and line readings—she sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. The cast includes Craig T. Nelson, Ron Silver, E. Katherine Kerr, Sudie Bond, Josef Sommer, and Fred Ward. The script is by Nora Ephron and Alice Arlen. (1/9/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through May 31.)

Sixteen Candles—Samantha (Molly Ringwald), a high-school sophomore, is having the worst day of her life. It's her sixteenth birthday, and, in the midst of preparations for her older sister's wedding, the whole family has forgotten about it. And in the evening, when she goes to a school dance and longs to be noticed by the handsome senior (Michael Schoeffling) who's the man of her dreams, she's subjected to the humiliating attentions of a scrawny freshman (Anthony Michael Hall), who's known as Geek—a pesty, leering smart-mouth with braces on his teeth. Less raucous than the usual eighties pictures about teen-agers, this comedy by the young writer-director John Hughes is closer in tone to the gentle English comedies of the forties and fifties. Hughes devised too much of a farcical superstructure, and a lot of the characters function at a sitcom level, but he brings off some fresh scenes, and he has a feeling for teen-agers' wacko slang. (Geek confesses that he has never "bagged a babe.") Molly Ringwald has a lovely, offbeat candor, and Hall's Geek, with his pitchman's hard sell, is a truly weird creation. With Paul Dooley, Carlin Glynn, Blanche Baker, Justin Henry, Gedde Watanabe, and Haviland Morris. (5/28/84) (U. A. 85th St. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Movieland; through May 31. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema, and Eastside Cinema; through June 7. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting June 1.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan, Waverly, and Guild; through June 7. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting June 8.)



Terms of Endearment—Retro-forties virtue piled on the cartoon underpinnings of TV comedy shows. The movie is a Freudian story of role reversals between mother (Shirley MacLaine) and daughter (Debra Winger), told in a slap-happy style. Adapted (from Larry McMurtry's novel) and directed by James L. Brooks, this is the kind of bogus picture that gets people to say, "I saw myself in those characters." Of course they see themselves in it; Brooks guides the actors with both his eyes on the audience. The mother is a TV-museum piece, like the characters in "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman" or "Soap;" she's warped. And so is the pie-eyed lecher who's her next-door neighbor—a former astronaut, played by Jack Nicholson. At the end, the picture says, "You can go home now—you've laughed, you've cried." What's infuriating about it is its calculated humanity. What makes it tolerable are the performers. Debra Winger is incredibly vivid; Nicholson is alert and polished. And the cast includes John Lithgow, Jeff Daniels, Troy Bishop, and Huckleberry Fox. (12/12/83) (Waverly, and Festival. . . . ¶ Embassy; through June 7.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; June 5-7.)

Tomorrow (1972)—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burned-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Embassy 72nd St.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's inane yet moderately entertaining version of an Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, Una O'Connor, Henry Daniell, Norma Varden, and Ian Wolfe. Script by Wilder and Harry Kurnitz. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 7.)

Words and Music (1948)—Double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers are just fine. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Also with Lena Horne singing "The Lady Is a Tramp," and Ann Sothern, Mel Tormé, Betty Garrett, Allyn Ann McLerie, and Marshall Thompson. Norman Taurog directed, from a script by Fred Finklehoffe, based on a story by Guy Bolton and Jean Holloway. Robert Alton and Kelly staged the dances. The roughly two dozen Rodgers and Hart songs include "Where or When," "There's a Small Hotel," and "This Can't Be Love." (Regency; June 3-4.)

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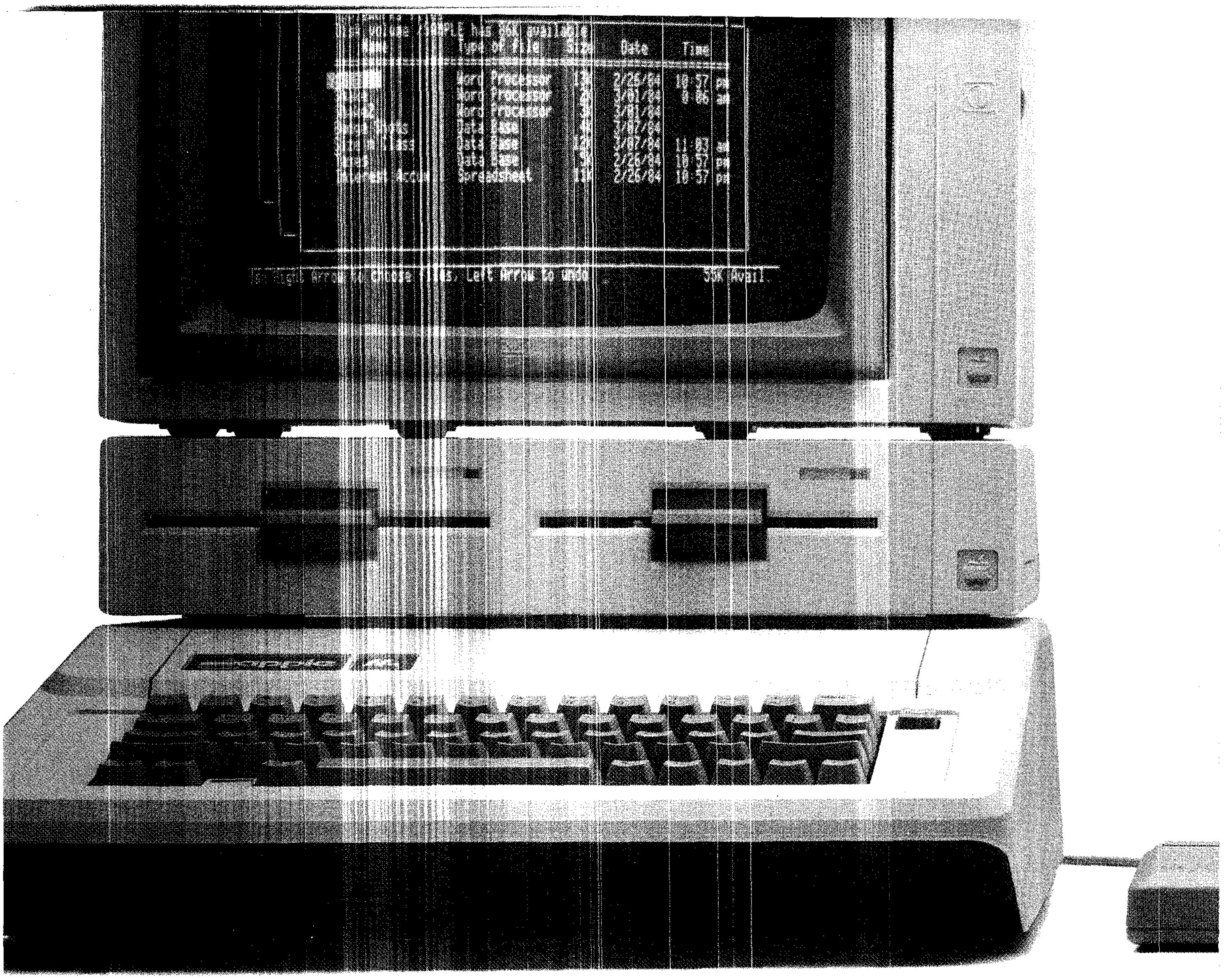

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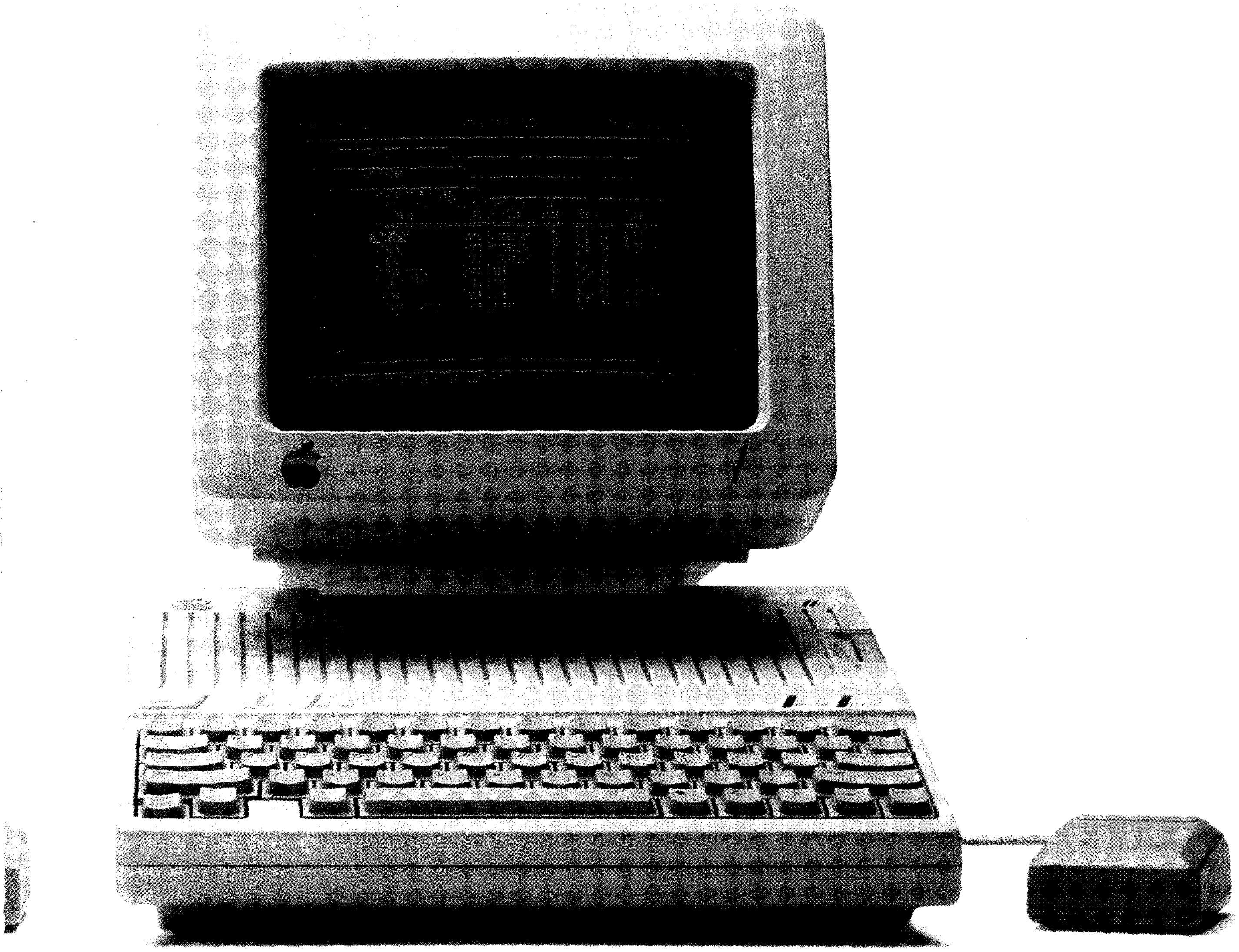

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The IIc is also on speaking terms with the whole family of Apple II computers and accessories. You can even add an AppleMouse—that clever little device that lets you tell a computer what you want simply by pointing.

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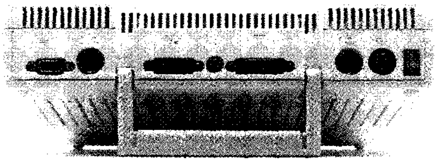

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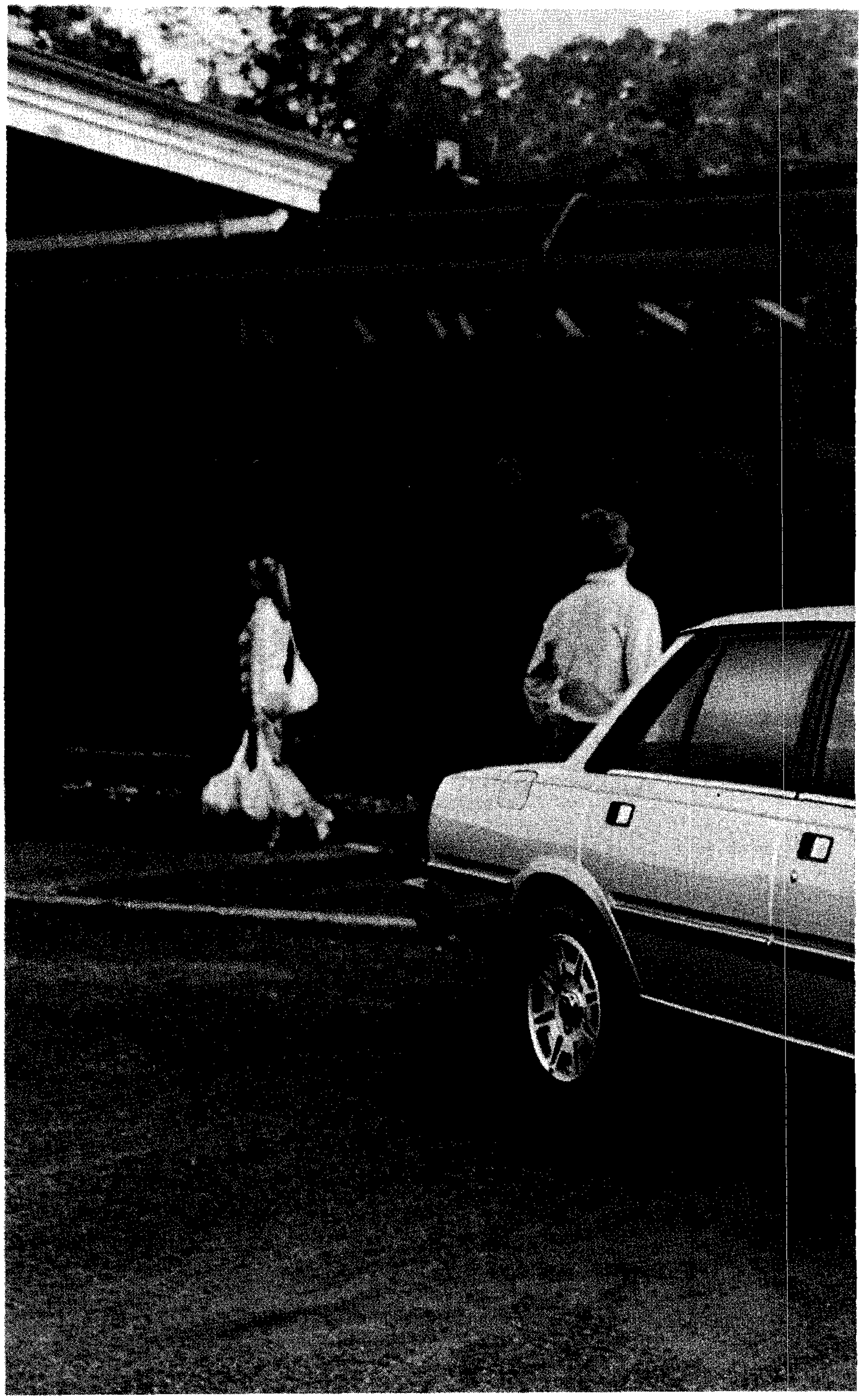
Dad meets the graduate in his Peugeot



That night, when everyone else had gone upstairs to bed, they stayed out on the deck and talked. Just the two of them, father and daughter.

She told him how tough this last year at college had been, how dumb she had felt sometimes.

He told her about architecture and how dumb he still feels sometimes.

They agreed on bluegrass and spy thrillers. Agreed to disagree on Brahms and ice cream with walnuts in it.

They chuckled about her kid brother, the-boy-who-was-all-legs, and his recent discovery of girls.

They did not talk the way they used to talk, like father and daughter. Without noticing it, they had become friends.

"I like you," he said.

"I like you, Dad."

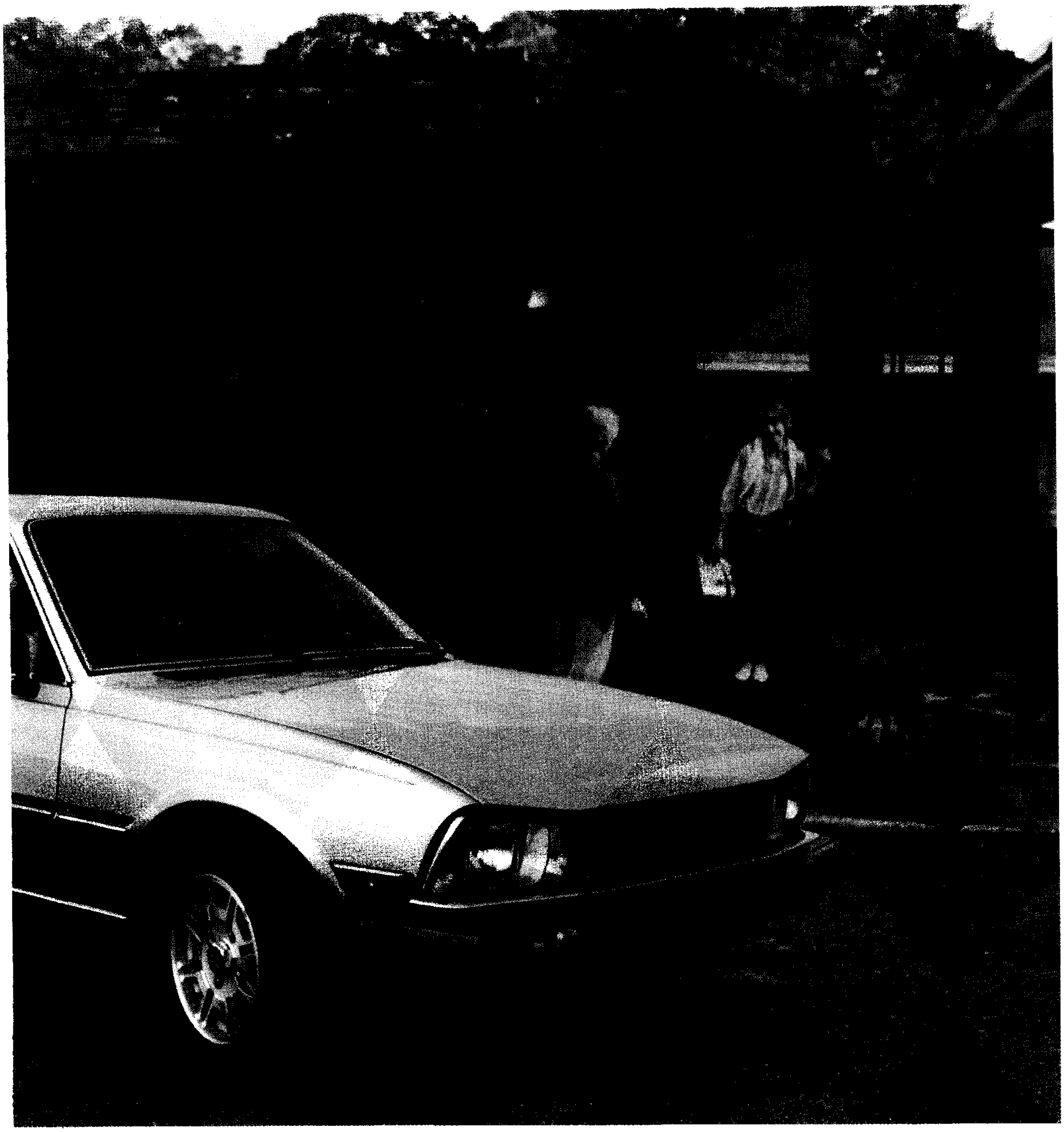
Peugeot seats have been described as "almost sinfully comfortable." In the 505 STI, they are wrapped in a soft, supple leather.

The car that Dad took to the station is the new Peugeot 505 STI.

It is a car dedicated to coddling its occupants. The shock absorbers utilize *eight* valves—instead of the customary two valves—to iron out bumps in the road. The seats are more than mere places to sit: they are actually "tuned" to work in collaboration with the suspension. And because of a wheelbase that is fully 108 inches long, there is room for adult-length legs in both the front *and* rear seats o the Peugeot.

The array of luxury equipment is well-nigh staggering: air conditionin electric sunroof; central locking; elec tric windows; cruise control; power-assisted steering and brakes; and so o

The Peugeot is very much a car f



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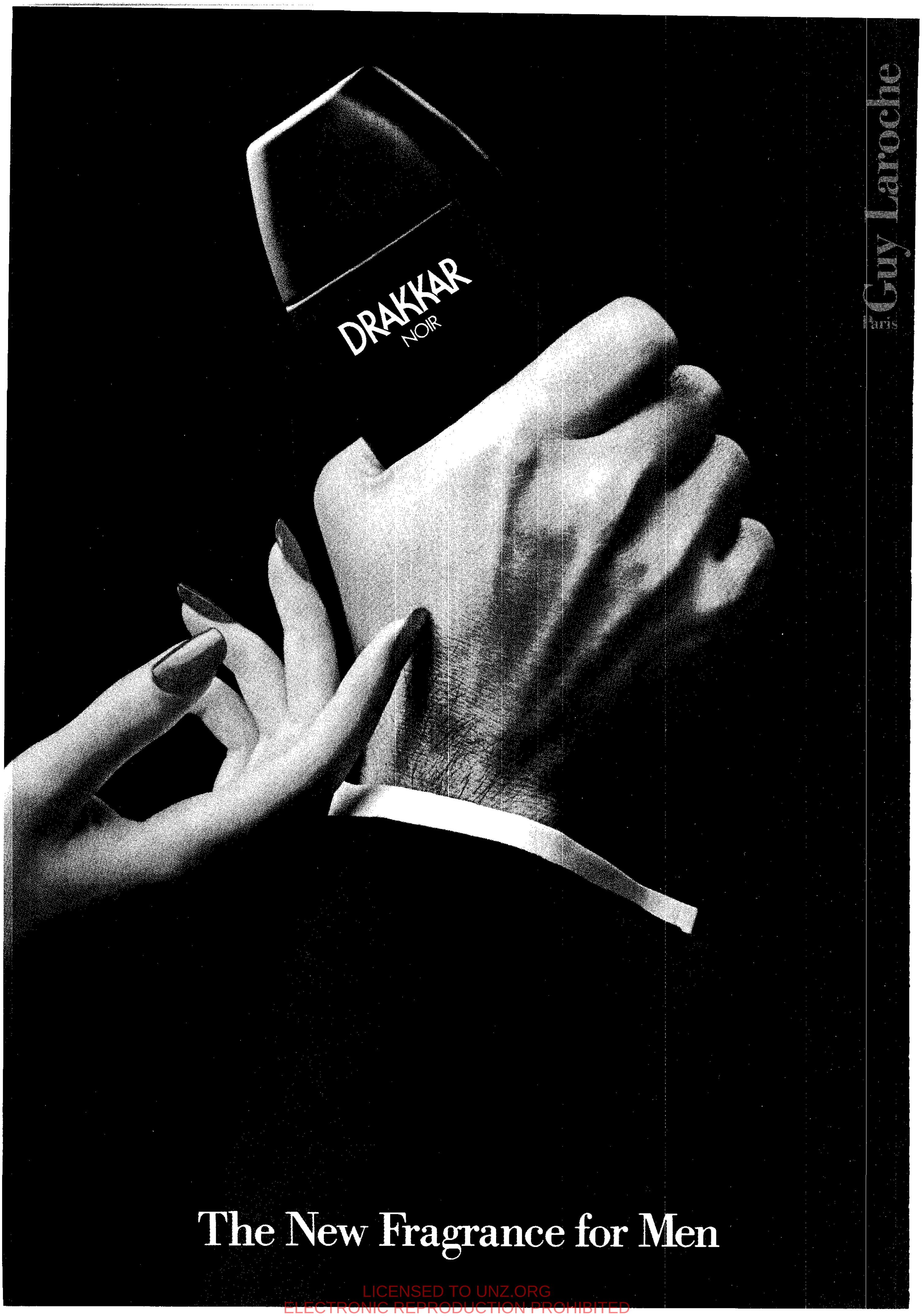
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT takes a visitor, often, to tell us where we're at. Simone de Beauvoir, on the most recent of her infrequent visits to this city, told an interviewer in the *Times Book Review*, "There are very few drugstores left. Thirty years ago, I often had lunch in a drugstore. I'd go sit at a counter and order coffee and a sandwich, listen to the chatter, watch the people eat. It was all very warm and friendly. Now there are only impersonal fast-food places and it's not the same."

Few things are ever quite the same, but the rise and fall of the drugstore as a cultural center does invite an elegy. In its prime, it was our closest approach to the European café—a warm, clean place where one could idle respectably, at no great expense, and feel the world flow in and out. As refuge from the heartless hurry of big-city sidewalks, or from the lonely dark of prairie small towns, it offered bright lights and healing essences—medicine, cosmetics, coffee, gossip. One could perch at its counter and lose one's weary self in contemplation of chrome and marble, fizz and split bananas. Doc was chuckling and pounding out his pills in the dispensary, and the freckle-faced boy doling out ice cream would be called Scoop. Warm and friendly, bright with greeting cards and cardboard beauties advertising suntan oil, the drugstore was a tightly stacked microcosm, where almost anything could be bought, from books to zippers, in all flavors of palliation. Its breadth of merchandise and height of prestige far exceeded anything achieved by the English chemist's shop or the French *pharmacie*. The crucial element, the soda fountain, came into being because of the belief, in nineteenth-century America, that soda water (water full of carbon-dioxide gas) was good for the health, and especially for a hangover. Maybe it was. Now that the corners where the drugstores used to reign have been taken over by banks and bistros and sportswear boutiques, we as well as Mme. de Beauvoir miss it. A drugstore now, if you can find one, in the middle of the block, is a place where you grab your vitamin supplements or panty hose and get out. It smacks of controlled substances. It doesn't offer a cup of coffee, and there are no chicken-salad sandwiches. The drugstore of old was a place that said, "Come in and take a load off your feet. You can even weigh yourself, if you have a penny." It said to America, "There's nothing wrong with you that a little aspirin or sarsaparilla or soda water won't set right."

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Guides

WHEN we recently heard, through a friend, of a twenty-years-later fête for United Nations tour guides, we leaped at the chance to attend in an observer's capacity. Nineteen sixty-four, as it happens, was the year when the number of U.N. guides swelled to its historic high, of a hundred and fifteen, thanks to the New York World's Fair. It was also a time of blossoming idealism, as Barbara Matusow, a member of the reunion class (and the author of the recent best-seller about network-news anchors, "The Evening Stars"), made clear to us while nibbling a shrimp against a spectacular picture-window vista of the East River from Delegates Dining Room No. 6. Young women (for that is what they all were) from many nations trained together, shopped together, roomed together in twos and threes, and saw themselves as initiates into "the world's most privileged sorority." Fanya Ainscow, whose employment as a guide went back to 1963, told us of the day President Kennedy was shot, when the guides stopped giving tours and fell into each other's arms in their grief. Suzanne Fitts Valters recalled the endless questions about Nikita Khrushchev's banging his shoe on the table and other such incidents, which had to be handled judiciously, because otherwise "if a delegate happened to be standing there, he might complain to Mr. Liu."

"Well, I can tell you, I got very few complaints," a tanned and chivalrous gentleman in his seventies interjected. He proved to be Maurice Liu, who served for thirteen years as the chief of the Visitors Service prior to his retirement, in 1972, and who was very much in evidence at the reunion. "In fact," Mr. Liu assured us, "our guides knew more about the United Nations over all than anybody else in the building. Secretary-General U Thant used to say, 'These are the best-informed people that I know of.' "

As the toasts and speeches got under way, another ex-guide, who requested anonymity, reminisced in a low voice about occasional acts of rebellion by which the nonconformists (among whom she counted herself) had sought to maintain their equilibrium. "There was a time when we used to do funny accents and funny clothes," she said. "A Jewish girl from New York would wear a sari and speak with an Indian accent. Of course, we had to watch to be sure the dispatchers didn't see us."

"Basically, the work of a U.N. guide was to catch a good husband," Miss Matusow said. "We were a bunch of adventuresses, really." She went on to say, "Twenty years is the perfect interval for a reunion, because if it had been sooner than that nobody would really have been interested, and if it had been any longer we would have looked like hell. Narcissism is the key to this event. Nobody was going to come here without looking at least good, or, ideally, smashing. Everybody dieted or overspent the budget on a new dress."

Mr. Liu, invited to approach the speaker's stand and contribute a few words, seemed to falter at first, and we overheard one woman whisper to another, "Ah, Mr. Liu—trepidation. Remember how *our* feet used to shake when we entered his office?"

Trepidation quickly fell away, and Mr. Liu paid tribute to the ex-guides, said he remembered them all vividly, and enumerated the strict selection standards he had imposed—covering intelligence, education, fluency in more than one language, cultural background, and such—upon taking over the operation. "And, after all that, I had another criterion," he said wistfully. "Beauty." He paused. "But beauty was at the end, not at the beginning. Let me make that absolutely clear. And, looking out over this group tonight, I think you will have to agree that I chose well."

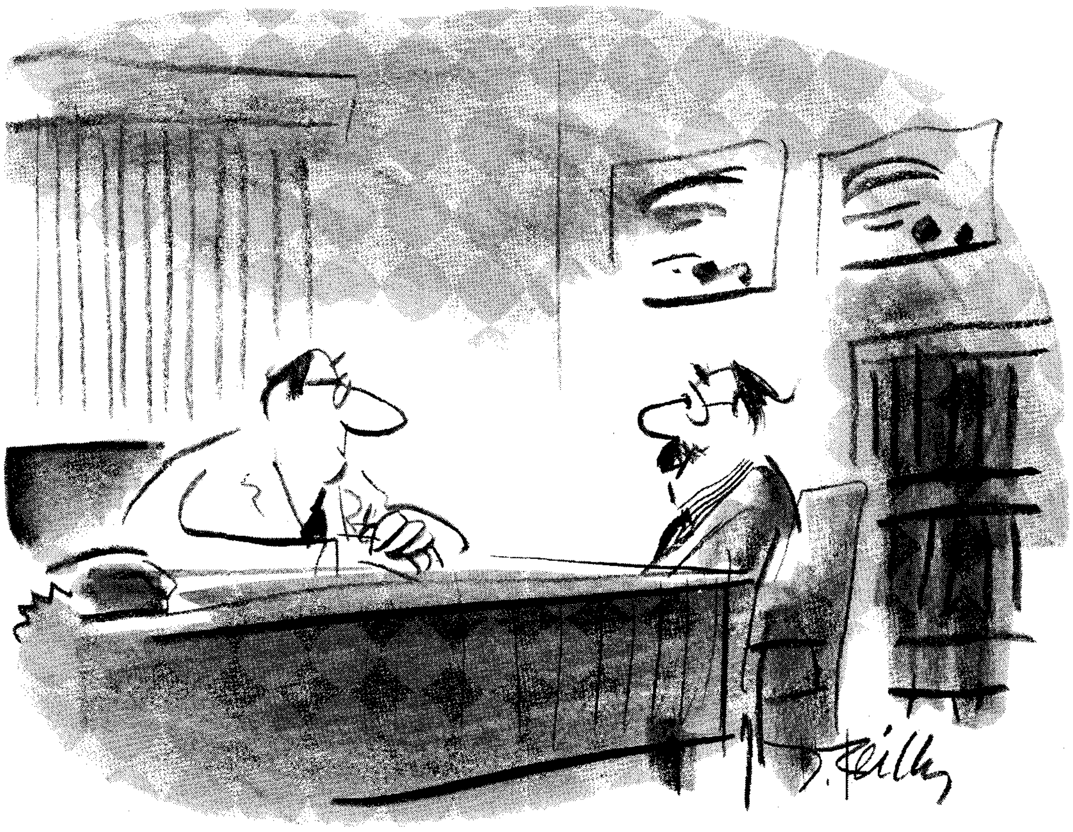
Twenty years later, there are male as well as female guides, and a higher proportion come from Third World countries. Eva Gellin, who shared these facts with us, was one of the principal organizers of the reunion. She said she had invited the Class of 1984 to attend, but it had called a sick-out that very day in order to press for a four-year instead of a two-year maximum term of service. The guides from *her* era would never have done such a thing, she added.

•

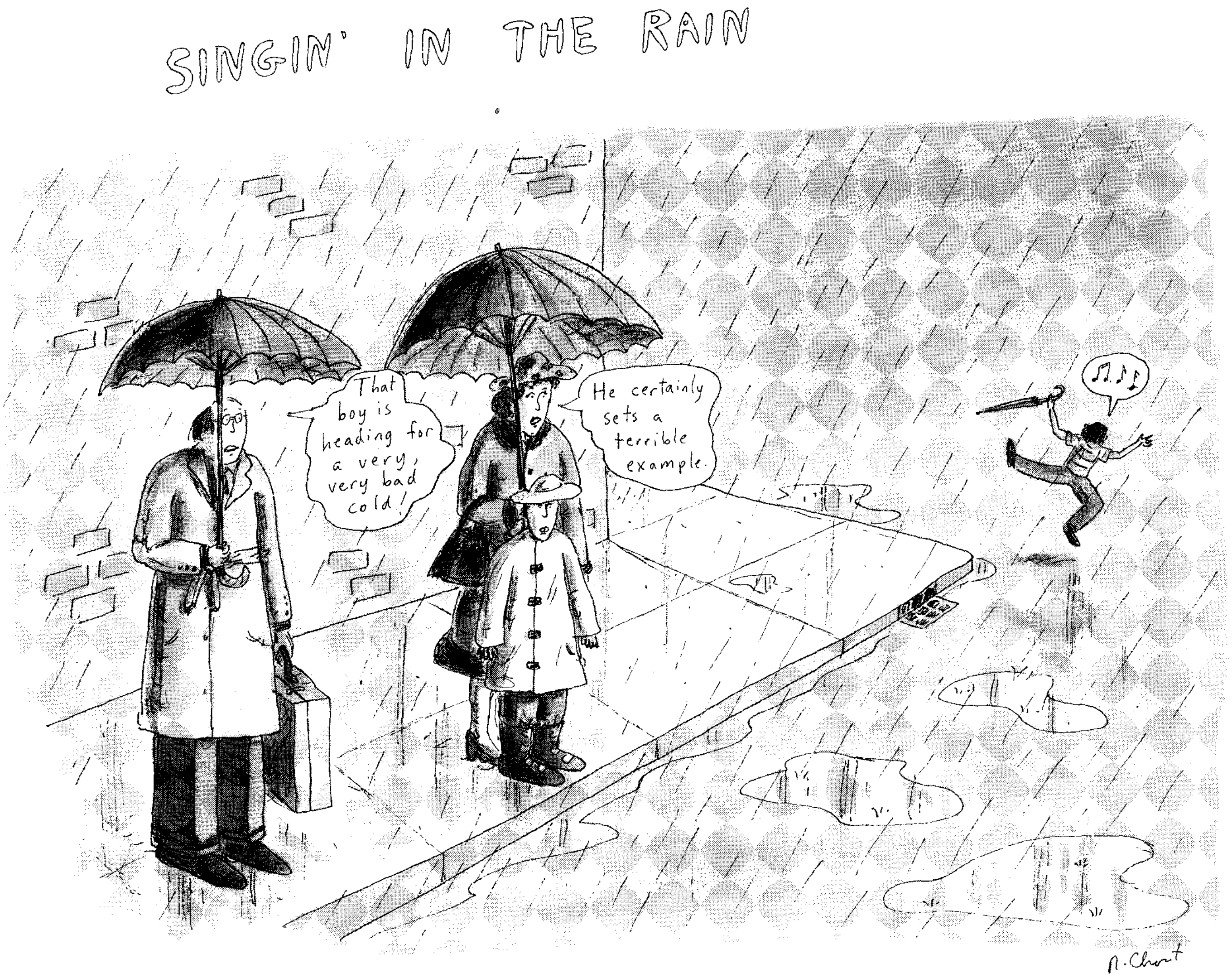
"THE territory is about sixteen acres in size. Two-thirds of the land was given to the United Nations by John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The remainder was given by the City of New York. The construction of these buildings was completed in 1952 by a team of eleven architects headed by the American architect Wallace K. Harrison."

So began our tour of the United Nations headquarters, conducted by a member of the Class of '84, Astrid Demirdjian, several mornings after the guides' reunion. A U.N. guide, we quickly discovered, must hold a lot of numbers in her head. The U.N. has six *main organs*—the Security Council, the General Assembly, the Economic and Social Council, the Trusteeship Council, the Secretariat, and the International Court of Justice (at The Hague). It has twenty-four thousand employees, of whom seventy-four hundred serve at the U.N. headquarters, in New York, and six official languages—English, Russian, French, Chinese, Spanish, and Arabic, the last having been added only in 1982. And a certain Belgian tapestry contains roughly ninety-four thousand miles of thread—enough to go around the world three and a half times. Miss Demirdjian rattled all this off rather briskly, but there was pride in her voice when she told her international flock about the World Health Organization's success in eradicating smallpox, and great sadness when she took us past a display of charred relics from the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and when she compared the budget for the U.N., which is about eight hundred million dollars a year, with worldwide military spending, which is edging toward the one-*trillion*-dollar mark. In general, Miss Demirdjian said in a private moment between bits of commentary, a guide cannot inject her personal views into a tour. Someone might, for example, want to know how the U.N. could let Yasir Arafat enter the premises armed with a gun. Miss Demirdjian said that in her response, although she herself is Israeli, she would try to maintain absolute neutrality. She would do the same if a Briton and an Argentine got into a row over the Falklands. A touch of controversy can be a great relief, Miss Demirdjian said, but "I give only the facts."

The tour concluded



"I'm sleeping better, and I just crossed the equator on my rowing machine."


SINGIN' IN THE RAIN
That boy is heading for a very, very bad cold!
He certainly sets a terrible example.

• •

at the Post Office, where some in our group were eager to buy a stamp and send off a letter from the sovereign ground of the U.N. Miss Demirdjian cautioned everyone that once the purchaser had crossed the street the stamp would not be good. "That's another country," she said.

As the throng dispersed, we discreetly inquired about the job action, and were informed—in businesslike fashion—that we must have misunderstood. "There was no job action," Miss Demirdjian said. "A number of us just happened to be sick."

Danny Boy's

"WORD'S got out that we're closing, and it's an old Irish tradition that you have to drink a pub dry on its last night," we overheard a fair-skinned young woman say as we tried to make our way toward the bar of Danny Boy's, an Irish pub on Second Avenue which sat between the New Szechuan Restaurant and The Quilted Giraffe (another restaurant) up until a recent Friday, when, after a farewell party complete with Irish song, it closed its doors to make way for Tastings on 2, a fine-wine-by-the-glass establishment. We stopped by the party for a final mug of Bass ale with a bacon cheeseburger, and to have one last look around at the old brick arches enclosing the dark-red leather booths, and to listen one last time to the cash register behind the bar, which always rang and also clanked a little when it opened.

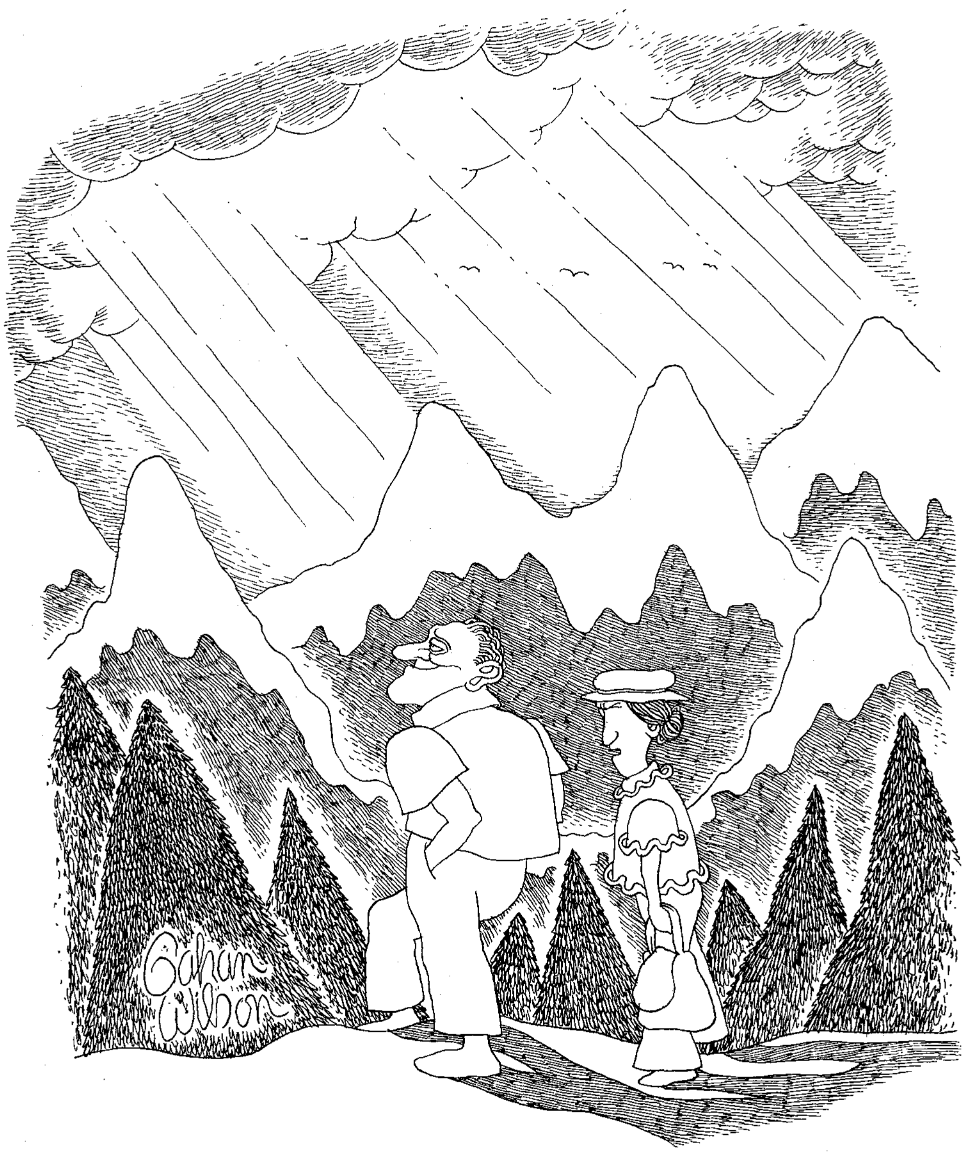
In the back room, we found Bill McGowan, who had been the proprietor of Danny Boy's for fifteen years, reminiscing. "I got the idea of opening up a restaurant by hanging out in saloons and thinking I knew it all," he said. "I used to be a captain of detectives for the New York City Police Department. As I approached my retirement mark, after twenty-six years, I realized that, with eight kids to support, I'd be better off opening up a restaurant than staying on the force. I thought for a while about what to name the bar. I considered names of castles and towns and counties in Ireland, where my family's from. Mullingar, Leitrim, and Limerick were some of the names I came up with, but then a friend said to me, 'What's the matter with Danny Boy's?' When I took over the place, it looked as if it were the oldest, dirtiest saloon in Manhattan. It took four months to renovate it, and some of the regulars didn't like it when it was done."

It was close to midnight, and after a pretty, dark-haired young woman named Fiona Molloy sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" (barely audible over the noise of the crowd) three men wearing kilts, sporrans, spats, and dirks began playing bagpipes. "Those are the Pipes and Drums of the Emerald Society, a fraternal organization of the Police Department," Mr. McGowan told us. "They've played at the hurling finals in Dublin; Mayor Byrne flew them out to Chicago to play at some policemen's funeral a few years ago. It was the cops that really made me. The first six or seven months in a business are the toughest, and they put me over the hurdle. This is the Seventeenth Precinct, and George Monaghan, the former Police Commissioner, called Danny Boy's the Seventeenth Annex. Of course, it wasn't just police officers who came in. We'd get building supers, firemen, people from the telephone company, out-of-towners who'd made this their local New York bar. It was on our first St. Patrick's Day that we became recognized by everybody as a real Irish pub. After that, every March 17th there were lines around the corner. Everybody who works here was born in Ireland, except the people in the kitchen—they're Chinese. Danny Boy's is prospering, but I'm shutting down because I own the building and I can do better financially by renting out the space."

We were introduced to one of the bartenders—Eddie Verdon, born in County Sligo. "I've been in the neighborhood twenty-five years, and Danny Boy's is the best," he said.

"Eddie used to talk to me until six in the morning," said a young woman in a coral suit.

"There are so many people in here they've driven all the regulars out," said Fiona Molloy, who, after singing "The Rocky Road to Dublin," "Four Green Fields," "Give My Regards to Broadway," and "Danny Boy," joined us on her break. "It was from my grandmother that I first learned you could move people with a song," she told us. "She taught me to sing, back in Derry, and I began singing in pubs when I was seventeen. My mother was horrified—she didn't want any of the neighbors to know. Then I started singing with the Peace People, which was founded by Betty Williams and Mairead Corrigan. That was in the summer of 1976—the following year the two of them were awarded the Nobel Peace Prize. I sang at rallies all over—Derry, Belfast, London, Liverpool—and I was so used to travelling that after the movement lost momentum I couldn't settle in any one place. I wanted to continue singing, but in Europe it's pretty much a closed shop unless you know the right people. When I came to New York, I began getting jobs through word of mouth. I walked in here one day looking for a job, and Bill told me he didn't like to hire women singers, because they just didn't have the stamina to hold a crowd for five hours. But I asked him if he minded if I tried, and I've been playing here for over four years. I'm trying to act as if tonight were just another night. But it's not."

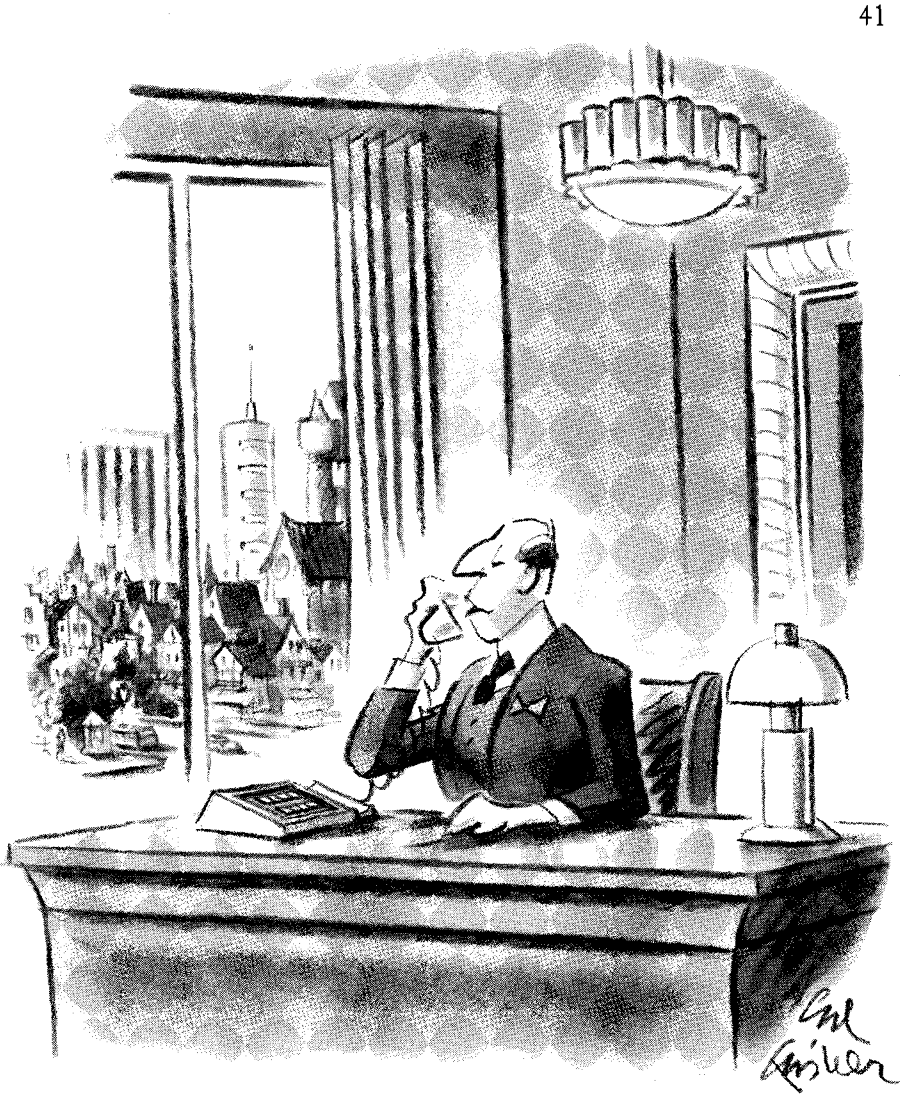


"Just do me one favor, will you? Don't tell me what it reminds you of."

Qwerty

CONSIDER WordEraser, an autonihilistic feature found only on new, top-of-the-line Smith-Corona electronic typewriters—the ones they introduced late last month at Tavern-on-the-Green. Let Paul Retter, a marketing manager (and recent graduate of a night typing course, where he achieved twenty words per minute, on antiquated machinery), explain WordEraser. "Let's say you make a mistake," Mr. Retter said. "If you want to erase the word you just typed, you hit the WordEraser key. If you want to erase two words, hit it twice. And so on. Now, while it is automatically erasing those words—just lifting them off the page, with no residual mark—you can go on typing. You can keep in your train of thought, and as soon as the machine is done erasing it will catch up with you. It will race, and then when it's even with you it will slow down to your typing speed, sort of as if it were saying, 'I'm up to you now, Paul. Let's get a move on.' "

Even before this press luncheon, one could erase, or X out, or apply Liquid Paper, but it meant stopping and backing up, removing yourself from your stream of thought and towelling off. There was incentive just to let it be. But no more. If something seems off the point, it will soon enough be off the page. You'll notice you're not reading here about our plan for lowering interest rates. It was a sketchy plan, and the money supply *is* notoriously hard to predict, but a lot of its elements had merit, at least as the basis for a national bipartisan debate. Still, what did it have to do with Smith-Corona? Not enough—it's been erased. From now on, *facts:* When consumers are asked, most say that ease of correction is a typewriter's single most important feature. That's according to Walter Wright, the vice-president for marketing of Smith-Corona. "I guess we all make mistakes," Mr. Wright said. Data in the company's possession suggest that from four to six per cent of all characters typed on a page are later lifted off, for one reason or another. You know that now. You don't know our joke about Leona Helmsley. It wasn't funny—actually, it was, but maybe it wasn't in such good taste. Anyway, it's erased. Ditto the extended metaphor about typewriter erasing and Buddhism—you know, about nothingness, and all. It only half worked, and now it's gone.



"Yes, this is the number of the European Economic Community, but I'll have to get back to you. Right now we're in disarray."

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STARTING sometime in 1968 and continuing until the final day of November in 1974, Mrs. Marva Drew, who lived in Waterloo, Iowa, and was of an age to know better, typed the numbers 1 to 1,000,000 on a manual typewriter—a task that filled, besides the hours, two thousand four hundred and seventy-three sheets of paper. "I love to type," she said after it all. By contrast, Susan Del Genovese, recently crowned New York City's fastest typist, relaxes with crewel and needlepoint. She types for a living, and she *likes* to type, but she doesn't go home to Brooklyn every night and just sit there carriage-returning and paper-feeding and grinning—a degree of restraint that strikes us as healthy. In fact, Miss Del Genovese came to represent New York at the World's Fastest Typist Contest only because she was curious about how fast she could go, and, for a lark, got someone to clock her. It turned out that in front of her machine—an I.B.M. Selectric II—at the law firm of Debevoise & Plimpton she routinely hit speeds in excess of ninety words per minute, even after deductions for mistakes. That was fast enough to qualify her for the city finals (held at the midtown offices of Staff Builders, a temporary-personnel service, which was, with Xerox, a co-sponsor of the contest), and there, despite being told to use an unfamiliar Xerox 610 Memorywriter, and despite being given a typing test that began "Whether serenely gliding down some lovely back road or competing with slow city traffic, bicycles now seem to be everywhere we look," she managed to beat out all the competition, earning a hundred dollars, a trip to Baltimore for the national finals, and a ticket to the Preakness.

We chatted with Miss Del Genovese the day before she left for Baltimore (where she didn't win but did hit nearly a hundred words per minute and had a good time), and she told us, "My mother had one of those big old Underwoods, and I used to like to play on it a lot. When I got to high school—in Brooklyn's Bensonhurst section—I went into the commercial courses, because I wanted to be a secretary. In today's world, with women's lib, lots of girls have left the secretarial field, because they object to the typing, and the rest. They find it demeaning. But I don't agree—I'm an important part of my firm. I may not be a lawyer, but then I didn't go to law school. If secretaries didn't do their jobs well, things couldn't function. That's true of everyone—the people who work in the cafeteria, everyone. We all play our part, just like in a movie. Not everyone can be a star."

Miss Del Genovese said that the secret of her speed eludes her. "My hands are normal-sized," she said. "I even have pretty bad posture. I type my best when I know I have to, because then I don't even think about it. It comes from doing it all the time. I mean, I have my driver's license, but I hardly ever drive, so when I get behind the wheel, watch out! With typing, there are times when you struggle. But sometimes your eye connects with your hands, and it just *works*. It feels *fine*."

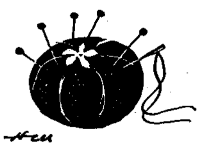
IN THE WHITE NIGHT

"DON'T think about a cow," Matt Brinkley said. "Don't think about a river, don't think about a car, don't think about snow. . . ."

Matt was standing in the doorway, hollering after his guests. His wife, Gaye, gripped his arm and tried to tug him back into the house. The party was over. Carol and Vernon turned to wave goodbye, calling back their thanks, whispering to each other to be careful. The steps were slick with snow; an icy snow had been falling for hours, frozen granules mixed in with lighter stuff, and the instant they moved out from under the protection of the Brinkleys' porch the cold froze the smiles on their faces. The swirls of snow blowing against Carol's skin reminded her—an odd thing to remember on a night like this—of the way sand blew up at the beach, and the scratchy pain it caused.

"Don't think about an apple!" Matt hollered. Vernon turned his head, but he was left smiling at a closed door.

In the small, bright areas under the street lights, there seemed for a second to be some logic to all the swirling snow. If time itself could only freeze, the snowflakes could become the lacy filigree of a valentine. Carol frowned. Why had Matt conjured up the image of an apple? Now she saw an apple where there was no apple, suspended in midair, transforming the scene in front of her into a silly surrealist painting.



It was going to snow all night. They had heard that on the radio, driving to the Brinkleys'. The Don't-Think-About-Whatever game had started as a joke, something long in the telling and startling to Vernon, to judge by his expression as Matt went on and on. When Carol crossed the room near midnight to tell Vernon that they should leave, Matt had quickly whispered the rest of his joke or story—whatever he was saying—into Vernon's ear, all in a rush. They looked like two children, the one whispering madly and the other with his head bent, but something about the inclination of Vernon's head let you know that if you bent low enough to see, there would be a big, wide grin on his face. Vernon and Carol's daughter, Sharon, and Matt and Gaye's daughter, Becky, had sat side by side, or kneecap to kneecap, and whispered that way when they were children—a privacy so rushed that it obliterated anything else. Carol, remembering that scene now, could not think of what passed between Sharon and Becky without thinking of sexual intimacy. Becky, it turned out, had given the Brinkleys a lot of trouble. She had run away from home when she was thirteen, and, in a family-counselling session years later, her parents found out that she had had an abortion at fifteen. More recently, she had flunked out of college. Now she was working in a bank in Boston and taking a night-school course in poetry. Poetry or pottery? The apple that reappeared as the windshield wipers slushed snow off the glass metamorphosed for Carol into a red bowl, then again became an apple, which grew rounder as the car came to a stop at the intersection.

She had been weary all day. Anxiety always made her tired. She knew the party would be small (the Brinkleys' friend Mr. Graham had just had his book accepted for publication, and of course much of the evening would be spent talking about that); she had feared that it was going to be a strain for all of them. The Brinkleys had just returned from the Midwest, where they had gone for Gaye's father's funeral. It didn't seem a time to carry through with plans for a party. Carol imagined that not cancelling it had been Matt's idea, not Gaye's. She turned toward Vernon now and asked how the Brinkleys had seemed to him. Fine, he said at once. Before he spoke, she knew how he would answer. If people did not argue in front of their friends, they were not having problems; if they did not stumble into walls, they were not drunk. Vernon tried hard to think positively, but he was never impervious to real pain. His reflex was to turn aside something serious with a joke, but he was just as quick to wipe the smile off his face and suddenly put his arm around a person's shoulder. Unlike Matt, he was a warm person, but when people unexpectedly showed him affection it embarrassed him. The same counsellor the Brinkleys had seen had told Carol—Vernon refused to see the man, and she found that she did not want to continue without him—that it was possible that Vernon felt uncomfortable with expressions of kindness because he blamed himself for Sharon's death: he couldn't save her, and when people were kind to him now he felt it was undeserved. But Vernon was the last person who should be punished. She remembered him in the hospital, pretending to misunderstand Sharon when she asked for her barrette, on her bedside table, and picking it up and clipping the little yellow duck into the hair above his own ear. He kept trying to tickle a smile out of her—touching some stuffed animal's button nose to the tip of her nose and then tapping it on her earlobe. At the moment when Sharon died, Vernon had been sitting on her bed (Carol was backed up against the door, for some reason), surrounded by a battlefield of pastel animals.

They passed safely through the last intersection before their house. The car didn't skid until they turned onto their street. Carol's heart thumped hard, once, in the second when she felt the car becoming light, but they came out of the skid easily. He had been driving carefully, and she said nothing, wanting to appear casual about the moment. She asked if Matt had mentioned Becky. No, Vernon said, and he hadn't wanted to bring up a sore subject.

GAYE and Matt had been married for twenty-five years; Carol and Vernon had been married twenty-two. Sometimes Vernon said, quite sincerely, that Matt and Gaye were their alter egos, who absorbed and enacted crises, saving the two of them from having to experience such chaos. It frightened Carol to think that some part of him believed that. Who could really believe that there was some way to find protection in this world—or someone who could offer it? What happened happened at random, and one horrible thing hardly precluded the possibility of others happening next. There had been that fancy internist who hospitalized Vernon later in the same spring when Sharon died, and who looked up at him while drawing blood and observed almost offhandedly that it would be an unbearable irony if Vernon also had leukemia. When the test results came back, they showed that Vernon had mononucleosis. There was the time when the Christmas tree caught fire, and she rushed toward the flames, clapping her hands like cymbals, and Vernon pulled her away just in time, before the whole tree became a torch, and she with it. When Hobo, their dog, had to be put to sleep, during their vacation in Maine, that awful woman veterinarian, with her cold green eyes, issued the casual death sentence with one manicured hand on the quivering dog's fur and called him "Bobo," as though their dog were like some circus clown.

"Are you crying?" Vernon said. They were inside their house now, in the hallway, and he had just turned toward her, holding out a pink padded coat hanger.

"No," she said. "The wind out there is fierce." She slipped her jacket onto the hanger he held out and went into the downstairs bathroom, where she buried her face in a towel. In time, she looked at herself in the mirror. She had pressed the towel hard against her eyes, and for a few seconds she had to blink herself into focus. She was reminded of the kind of camera they had had when Sharon was young. There were two images when you looked through the finder, and you had to make the adjustment yourself so that one superimposed itself upon the other and the figure suddenly leaped into clarity. She patted the towel to her eyes again and held her breath. If she couldn't stop crying, Vernon would make love to her. When she was very sad, he sensed that his instinctive optimism wouldn't work; he became tongue-tied, and when he couldn't talk he would reach for her. Through the years, he had knocked over wineglasses shooting his hand across the table to grab hers. She had found herself suddenly hugged from behind in the bathroom; he would even follow her in there if he suspected that she was going to cry—walk in to grab her without even having bothered to knock.

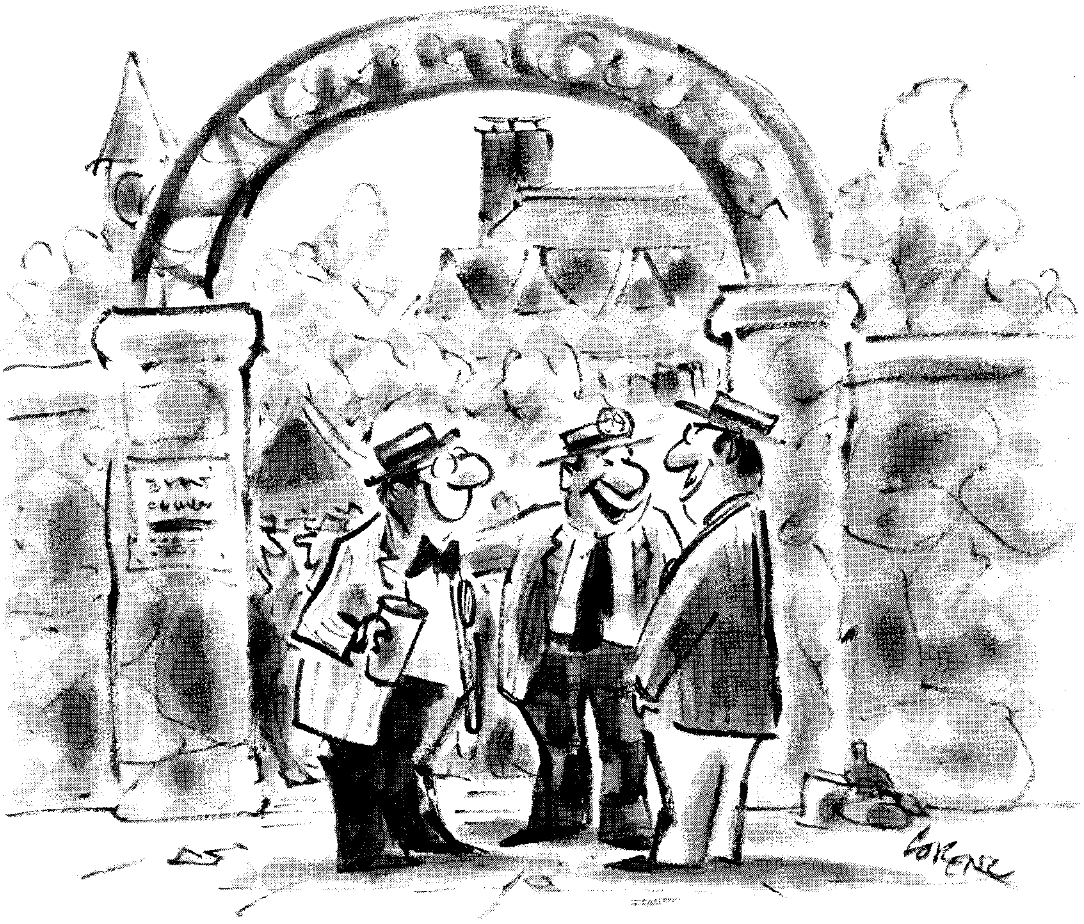
She opened the door now and turned toward the hall staircase, and then realized—felt it before she saw it, really—that the light was on in the living room.

Vernon lay stretched out on the sofa, with his legs crossed; one foot was planted on the floor and his top foot dangled in the air. Even when he was exhausted, he was always careful not to let his shoes touch the sofa. He was very tall, and couldn't stretch out on the sofa without resting his head on the arm. For some reason, he had not hung up her jacket. It was spread like a tent over his head and shoulders, rising and falling with his breathing. She stood still long enough to be sure that he was really asleep, and then came into the room. The sofa was too narrow to curl up on with him. She didn't want to wake him. Neither did she want to go to bed alone. She went back to the hall closet and took out his overcoat—the long, elegant camel's-hair coat he had not worn tonight because he thought it might snow. She slipped off her shoes and went quietly over to where he lay and stretched out on the floor beside the sofa, pulling the big blanket of the coat up high, until the collar touched her lips. Then she drew her legs up into the warmth.

Such odd things happened. Very few days were like the ones before. Here they were, in their own house with four bedrooms, ready to sleep in this peculiar double-decker fashion, in the largest, coldest room of all. What would anyone think?

She knew the answer to that question, of course. A person who didn't know them would mistake this for a drunken collapse, but anyone who was a friend would understand exactly. In time, each of the two of them had learned to stop passing judgment on how they coped with the inevitable sadness that set in, always unexpectedly but so real that it was met with the instant acceptance one gave to a snowfall. In the white night world outside, their daughter might be drifting past like an angel, and she would see this tableau, for the second that she hovered, as a necessary small adjustment.

—Ann Beattie



"Harwell's also '54—Grand Cru Classé."

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BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From Infosystems*]

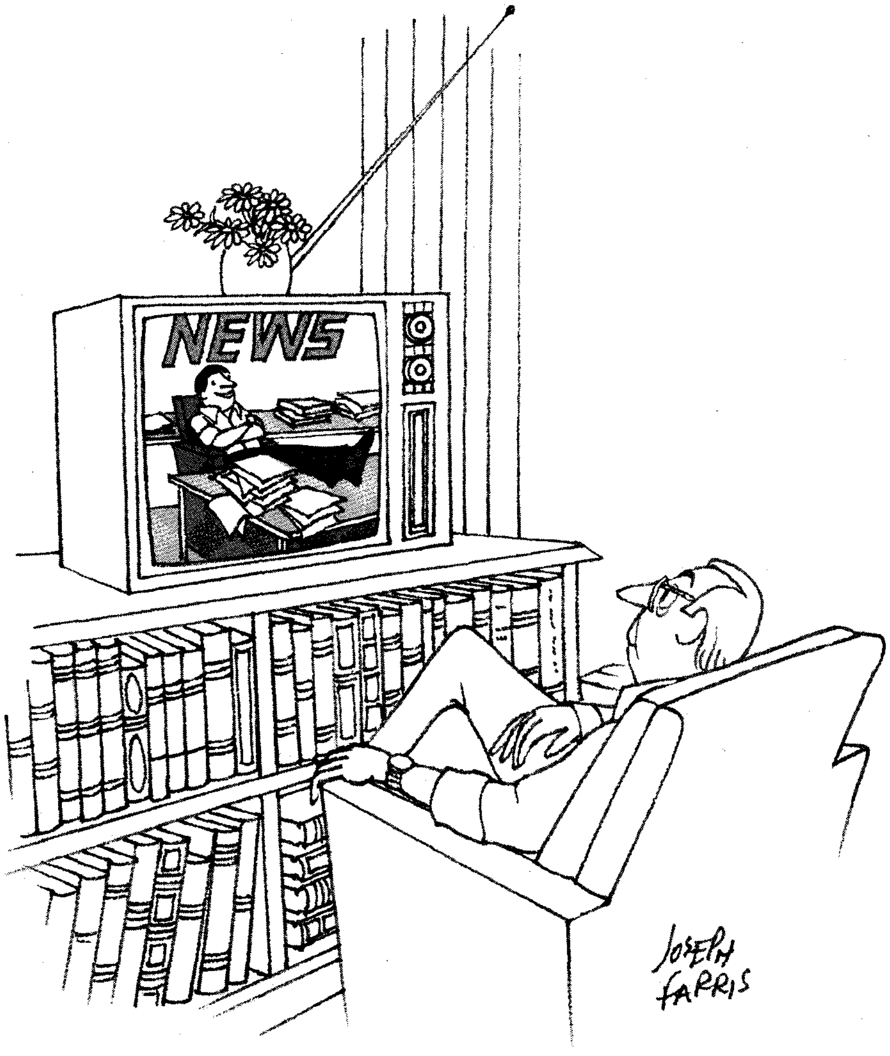
Alloway believes senior management has contributed to the problem by not taking a stand. "They've been tippy-toeing around leaving a trail of ad hoc decisions," he says. "It's been a political football and the fog that exists now is dysfunctional to everyone."

PARIS, 1959

I STOOD at the rail until the long, low, gray coast of America faded, then went belowdecks to find my cabin. In the corridors, I got lost. Because of the rocking, I bumped into other passengers and we laughed. When I found my cabin, a young man was in it unpacking; he was my cabin mate. I introduced myself to him, and thought: He doesn't know anything about me, and can't know anything about me but what I tell him. No one knew me. I was sailing to Europe.

I walked around the French ship, trying to find my way about it. Out on deck, I passed under the lifeboats; the deck was crowded, and in a group of people at the stern I saw my cabin mate. He introduced me to others. I was in a striped sports jacket with a striped vest. When more people came along, I introduced myself. We swayed with the slow up-and-down movement of the ship. The introductory question was "Is this your first trip to Europe?" Some people answered, "Oh, no," and the ones for whom it was the first trip looked at them with a kind of awe, and, too, a kind of suspicion. The ones who had been before tried to tell the ones who hadn't what to expect there. I thought: I'm not going to listen. A steward came out on deck striking a small, hand-held xylophone.

In the tourist *salle à manger*, everyone at my table nodded to me as I sat down. Across from me was a middle-aged woman with a big bosom. She was between her two daughters, who were without bosoms. The mother, spreading her napkin across her lap, spoke to me in French, too rapid for me to understand. I leaned toward her, and she asked me, in English, "Is this your first voyage to France?" "Oh, yes," I said. Her daughters spoke English, too, as did most people at the table. They spoke to me in English and I spoke to them in hesitant French.



"*Welcome to the laid-back six-o'clock news.*"

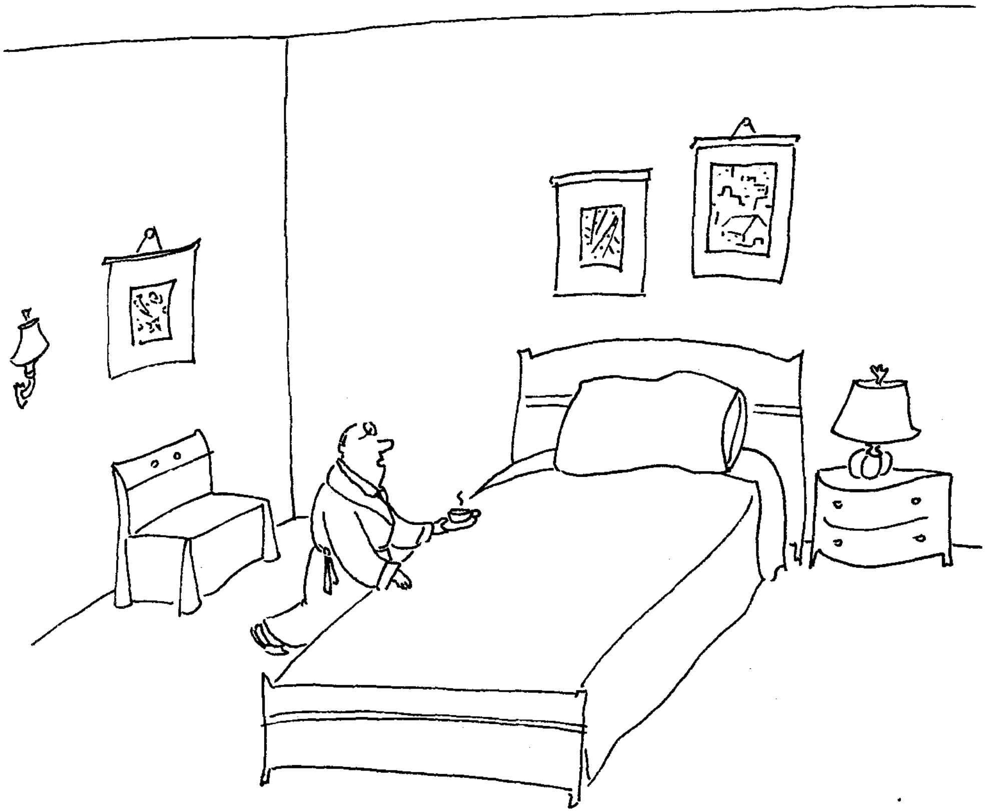
Waiters came along with bright salvers from which, with a fork and knife, they placed a lightly browned little rectangle on each plate: brains. I had never eaten brains. I ate the brains. Other waiters poured wine. Madame was friendly; her two daughters smiled at me.

With cheese at the end of the meal there was fruit. I picked a small bunch of grapes from the bowl, and as I was about to put a grape into my mouth Madame stopped me. She held up her hands. "*Ah non, Monsieur*," she said. "*Les raisins ne sont pas propres.*" She filled my water glass with water, took the bunch of grapes from my hand, and plunged it up and down in the glass, from which the water splashed onto the white tablecloth; then she held the bunch out to me by its stem, gleaming, and I took it. Wet, yellow, it continued to gleam on my plate. I was a little drunk. I stared at the grapes as if they had just appeared there. The grapes on the plate, the cups, the spoons, the glasses of brandy, the cigarettes in the glass ashtrays, the hands poised over the long table were objects of my joy. I had never seen anything.

After dinner, I went out to walk the vibrating deck, and I imagined that not the nighttime illuminations but the vibrations gave off the thin surfaces of light. Unable to walk steadily, I stayed close to the rail, and whenever the ship seemed to me to shift and go sideways I held the rail and looked out. The ocean was white, and I imagined the ship on it, its curved, riveted planes shining whiter, and myself on the ship. Everything made me happy—even the canvas chairs folded up and tied together. One chair had been left open, with a lap rug thrown over it, and near it on the deck was an empty consommé cup.

I went to the lounge, where I sat at a table with people I'd met, and where I met others. We drank. The lounge became crowded when the second sitting finished eating. A band came in and played, and I asked one of the young women at another table to dance. I did not want to become attached to anyone in particular; I danced with different young women, and sometimes with older women.

I wanted to meet everyone. I want-



“And bless this fresh-roasted coffee. It has rich, full-bodied flavor, and it’s decaffeinated.”

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ed to supply them with evidence that I was a bright person, someone who could take any risk, and laugh. Laughing, I would hear above my laughter, as from a great height, a voice say, “You fool,” but I laughed more.

At another table, I found myself talking to a middle-aged Belgian couple with a tall daughter. The man offered me a drink. When the band played, he suggested I might dance with his daughter. I did; she was stiff. Back at the table, he and his wife smiled at me. I thought: They believe I’m a nice boy. I remained at their table.

I looked about the lounge, at the piano on the abandoned platform, the empty dance floor, the small, round, cloth-covered tables, the passengers, and, at the table just to the side of mine, a black woman. The moment I saw her, I looked about as if to ask others what to do, then I turned back to her again. She was, it seemed to me, searching the lounge for someone. She was wearing a strapless evening gown, and her narrow black shoulders and back, hunched forward, gleamed. Her neck was long, and her short, stiff hair revealed the nape. She kept glancing about the lounge, and I saw, as she glanced toward me, her large eyes. I saw, too, her clavicle, and the upper parts of her breasts. She rubbed her nose with the knuckle of a long, bent finger, and turned away.

The parquet dance floor was spread over with a canvas sheet marked with numbered squares, and stewards in white jackets moved horses on wooden stands from one square to another as a steward to the side called out numbers; at their tables, the players kept score on cards, and sometimes someone groaned or someone cheered. The black woman didn’t play, but watched attentively; she bit her upper lip, released it, and bit her lower lip.

She sat up, arching her fine-boned back, and stretched out her slender arms so the black hollows under her arms showed. She yawned, then got up and went out of the lounge.

After a while, I excused myself and got up and went out. I sauntered all the way around to the other side of the ship and went back into the lounge. I watched, over the heads of people sitting, dancers on the dance floor; they were in blue light. At a corner table was the black woman; in the light, her skin had a blue sheen to it. People at the intervening tables pulled in their chairs to let me pass. I stood at her table, and she blinked up at me; there were flecks of black in the whites of her eyes. She raised a pale palm crisscrossed with black lines.

Dancing, I swung her one way, then the other, then swung her round. Her face tilted in many different directions. Under my hand I felt the cloth of her dress slide against her body. I was sure that she was unaware of me, but I was very aware of myself. Swinging her, I lost my balance and she lurched; bent over, she laughed, and put a hand, the long, fine fingers bent at various angles, to her mouth and laughed more, her white teeth and dark gums showing through her fingers. Holding her, not sure why she was laughing, I made myself laugh, too. The other couples danced around us. Then the black woman righted herself, stood back from me, and was about to leave me, I thought, until she took my hand and led me off the dance floor to her table.

Wanting her to think I knew just what to do, I signalled to a waiter. The waiter didn’t come. I had to raise my arm higher. When he came, I thought she would see that I knew what to do when I pointed, on the table before her, to a tall glass with melting crushed ice and a diluted green liquid in its bottom. I ordered two. Ordering, I thought: I can do anything. I sat back and searched the lounge, as the black woman did.

When the drinks came, she picked one up as if the one she had finished had refilled itself, and, her eyes still searching, sipped through the straw. She was overly attentive to what was going on about her, and whenever at other tables someone made a sharp movement, she turned to the table, the straw stuck delicately to her large lower lip, and stared.

I imagined that it was not to find somebody but to see if anyone was looking at her that she searched the lounge. She raised a skinny shoulder and let it fall. Or perhaps she was looking for someone different from me, and, not able to find anyone, she studied my face. Her upper body was straight at the edge of the chair; the stiff bodice of her dress stood away from her breasts.

In a low voice she said, "I'm Angela."

"Angela what?" I asked.

Her voice went lower. "Angela Johnson," she said.

Three tables from us, I saw the Belgian family at their table, their backs to me, and I thought: You see, I'm not nice; I'm different from what you imagined.

Angela asked me, "Is this your first trip abroad?"

"Yes," I said.

Then she told me about Europe. She'd been before, many times. She'd lived in Europe for long periods. She told me how in Europe she had married and divorced, had had many affairs, and had tried to kill herself. She really liked Europe, and was going back, after a short stay in America, for good; she hated America. She said, "I've got to have everything strange."

"So do I," I said.

She said, "I know some strange places in Paris where anything can happen. In those places, you could be killed and the world would not be the wiser. And I've met notable people there."

She spoke as though she were carefully eliminating all slang, even idiom, from her talk; she had the fine, clear voice of a little girl trying to speak like an adult. I said to myself, "Angela is a total phony." She was a phony in the way she spoke and a phony in what she said. She should have known how affected it was for an American to try not to be American. I knew. And yet I listened to her go on about the unbelievable places she had been in Paris, and also in London, in Rome, and in Berlin. She sometimes angled her words with different, foreign accents. She wanted to be a foreigner. This was an affectation.

I, too, wanted to be a foreigner, and, at the risk of being as phony as she, I said, "I really want to get to know Paris. I want to discover those—" and here I felt a blush rise to my face for what I was about to say.

Her eyelids half lowered, she said, "I know them all." But she didn't tell me where they were, those places, or what went on in them, and maybe she was fabricating; aboard ship, though, I sensed that all expressions of thoughts and feelings—mine more than anyone else's—were fabrications, and I liked that. I admired Angela.

WISTERIA

The first purple wisteria
I recall from boyhood hung
on a wire outside the windows
of the breakfast room next door
at the home of Steve Kasaras.
I loved his tall, skinny daughter,
or so I thought, and I would wait
outside the back door, prostrate,
begging to be taken in. Perhaps
it was only the flowers of spring
with their sickening perfumes
that had infected me. When Steve
and Sophie and the three children
packed up and made the move West,
I went on spring after spring,
leaden with desire, half asleep,
praying to die. Now I know
those prayers were answered.
That boy died, the brick houses
deepened and darkened with rain,
age, use, and finally closed
their eyes and dreamed the sleep
of California. I learned this
only today. Wakened early
in an empty house not lately
battered by storms, I looked
for nothing. On the surface
of the rain barrel, the paled,
shredded blossoms floated.

—Philip Levine

• •

She stopped talking and looked at me as if she wondered who I was. Abruptly, she said she was tired; then she left me to go down to her cabin.

I went around the lounge looking for exaggerations of thoughts and feelings. I liked it that everyone was overly friendly, and that, with loud voices and expanded gestures, I was called over to a group crowded about a table.

One young woman told me that on this, the first day of the trip, she had become engaged. She showed me the college ring he had given her. She'd said, yes, she'd marry him in Paris. Her hands on her cheeks, she said to me, "I don't know what it means."

I went down to my cabin at dawn.

I woke up in the dim blue light of the cabin illuminations when I heard the xylophone announcing breakfast. My cabin mate had not slept in his berth. After breakfast, I saw him with a woman, side by side in deck chairs, and I went to them. She was an older Frenchwoman, and she was, she told me, divorced. I had never known a divorced woman, and I wanted to stay with her, but my cabin mate pulled her to him, away from me, and I left.

All day, I looked about for Angela, but she didn't appear, and I wondered if she had stayed in her cabin.

LASZLO
SEA
BAYVILLE
FOOD

I DID not write much in my diary, but when I did, it was in a deck chair among other passengers. I met a girl, in the chair next to mine, who was also keeping a diary. She said, "I don't write in it every day. I only write in what is most important to me." I thought: If I were to write what is important to me, I would be writing all the time.

Each day, the clock in the stairwell down to the cabins was put ahead an hour.

On the fourth night, late, Angela appeared in the lounge. She sat at a table by herself; I wondered if she wanted to be alone, but I saw her look toward me and smile and raise her hand, and I went to join her.

"Where've you been?" I asked.

"Here and there," she said.

"Oh?" I said.

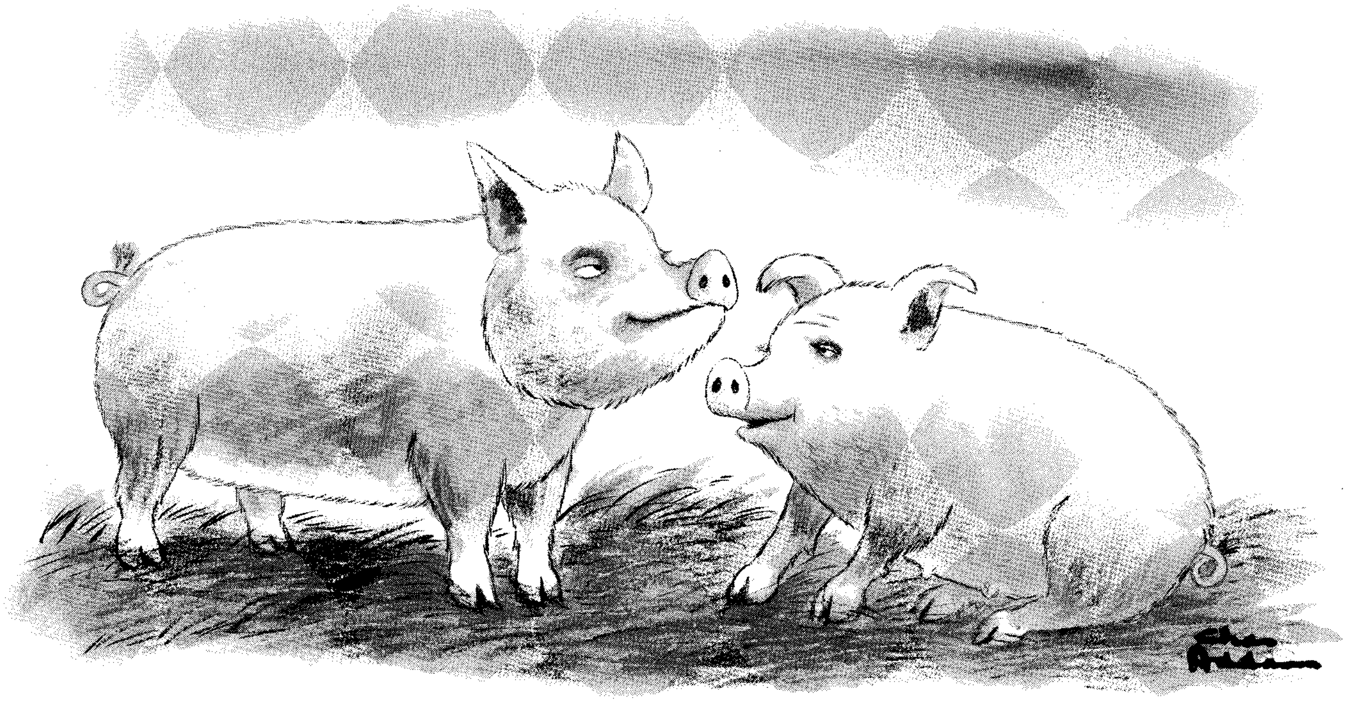
Her eyes wandered. She said, "I'm not going to stay in Paris. I'm tired of Paris." She focussed on me, and again it was as if, for a moment, she hadn't spoken to me before. "Have you ever been to Paris?"

"No. I haven't ever."

"Well, I've seen all the places in Paris."

I asked, "Where else will you go in Europe if you don't stay in Paris?"

She flicked a hand. "Oh, all over. All over. I've been all over already, and I'll go all over again. I try to make love with men of as many different nationalities as possible. If you count all the parts of countries that want to be independent as separate countries, I've got up to thirty-one. I really like foreigners."



"*You're all swine, Albert!*"

• •

"Do you count in an American?" I asked.

She laughed. "You want to know where I've been these past days?" she asked.

"Yes, I do."

She picked up a swizzlestick from the debris on the table, stood, and said, "Come on, then," and I followed her out.

The floors of the narrow, swaying corridors were shiny, and the doors of the cabins were reflected in them. There was in the silence a hiss of rushing air from the overhead vents. Angela and I moved quietly. At the end of a corridor, we came to a wide metal door; she inserted the swizzlestick into a keyhole under a metal handle and leaned on the heavy door, which swung out and took her with it. She laughed and held it open for me. She knew where to go, along corridors carpeted in blue, up wide, balustraded stairs, through a dim winter garden, and quickly into a large lounge. She took me by the arm and said softly, "We'll go to that table," and we passed among the tables to an empty one near the dance floor.

I kept thinking: We'll be found out.

Angela said, "Will you order me a drink?"

A waiter came when I raised a finger.

As she looked about, the irises of Angela's eyes seemed to swell. She took in the men and women, and, it seemed, people who were invisible among the others; and I did the same. Tables were left empty, and yet, with glasses and napkins and even smoking cigarettes in ashtrays, they appeared to be crowded round by people. The band went out. The one remaining man at the bar buttoned his jacket and went out. Two waiters had stripped the tables of their cloths, and they waited for Angela and me to leave. I sat up as if to go, but Angela didn't move. She raised her head, her eyes large, her small ears sharp. Then she made small popping sounds with her lips and moved her shoulders, jiving, to the sounds. She moved her arms, too, and softly snapped her fingers. She sank back, her arms crossed limply about her waist.

She said, "Let's go on deck."

I followed her out. When I opened the metal door, it pulled me with it; she laughed, and I laughed. The deck rocked. As we walked under the suspended lifeboats, we lurched from side to side, but I kept myself from bumping into her. From time to time, we went to the rail and looked into the dark. White clouds formed at the sides of the ship and rose, in hissing foam, to the surface; the ship seemed to ride on these clouds. I held the rail; when Angela put her hand on the rail, I took mine off. We continued to walk, not talking. I walked at a distance from her.

ANGELA did not come to the Grande Soirée the evening before we docked. Hot, entangled in paper streamers with others on the dance floor, I saw a steward among us stoop to pick up a dropped glass, and for a moment I felt removed, as from my body; but before the removed self could comment I, dancing, hopping, hand in hand with the others, sang.

The next day, I was awakened by a knock on the door. I got up and looked through the crack, as the door was hooked open for air. The divorced Frenchwoman was there; she told me to hurry. I found her on deck. She raised her arms and said, "*Monsieur, je vous donne la France.*" I saw, over the water, a coast that appeared to be gleaming. The divorced woman hugged me for a moment, then turned away quickly.

As we docked at Le Havre, I was standing among pieces of luggage stacked on the deck. Angela appeared, took me aside by the arm, and said, "I've got a friend who'd like you to do him a favor," and nodded toward a door where one of the men who played in the band was standing. She whispered that he wanted something to be taken through customs, but as he was ship's staff he couldn't do it; would I? I asked, "What is it?" She shrugged. I thought: I can't do this. Then I thought: Do it. I said, "Yes, all right." Angela went to speak to him, and he came to me with a flat, square package wrapped in brown paper. I took it and put it in my suitcase. He told me he'd meet me in Paris, at the Gare Saint-Lazare. Angela disappeared, and, alone, I waited for the ship to dock.

My first detailed view of France was a cement war bunker on a hill overlooking the sea. The long slits, from which I imagined artillery sticking out, were black; the cement was crumbling. I had a momentary sense that in Europe war was going on, and that people there were being killed.

At a table set up on deck, just by the gangplank, my passport was stamped by an official wearing a round cap with a stiff visor. As I gave my passport to him, I looked away, so that he would have difficulty comparing my face with the photograph of my face. My suitcase was not looked into.

My feet struck the land as if I had expected the ground to be three or four inches higher, and the sudden small step into an unexpected depth threw me off balance. Sweating, with my striped jacket and vest on, I did not know what to do; I followed other passengers, looking for someone I had met. Amid the moving crowd were porters in baggy blue overalls carrying big suitcases on straps over their shoulders; my suitcase, which I changed from hand to hand, bumped people. I followed the crowd onto the rail platform where the boat train was waiting, and from one of the windows Angela waved to me. She had saved for me a window seat across from her.

In the compartment, I tried to retain all the details, as if everything might be taken away: the blue plush, the long, narrow mirrors and photographs of the châteaux of France above the seats, the shiny brown walls, the luggage racks with string netting, the blue and white bulbs overhead, the heavy blue curtains with "SNCF" repeated in them, the shelf under the window, the metal ashtrays with flip tops on which "SNCF" was in relief. Everything—ventilator, coat hook, door latch—became an object of awareness, and there were too many objects to take in, too many to retain in what I wanted to be a total awareness of France. I wanted to see, hear, touch, smell, taste everything, and be aware of everything I sensed, all together. There was a big black knob for CHAUFFAGE, and on the windowsill metal plaques on which were warnings, in four languages, not to lean out the window or throw any objects out.

PROJECTED WINNER

Leaning out the window, Angela called to a man in a white jacket on the platform pushing a shiny metal trolley on which bottles clinked. She asked me, smiling, if I would like a Pschitt. I asked what that was. She laughed and said I'd find out, and said to the man, "*Deux Pschitts*," and I took out money to pay. The francs were multicolored, like comic strips, and I had thousands of them. I was not sure what the numbers meant; Angela chose a bill from me and paid the man, who handed her two bottles of soda through the window.

She was knowledgeable, but there was show in her knowledge. She gave me a newspaper, the European edition of the *Herald Tribune*, open to a few lines stating that the Liberté was arriving on June 23, 1959, and among the names of the passengers listed was hers. She must have been notable for some reason, so she was partly justified about her knowledge, but not completely; she pretended to know more than she did, and she pretended to take it all—the train!—for granted. She made faces as of boredom as she drank her Pschitt, and said often, "I wish we'd get going."

Doors slammed, and, with a jolt in me as well as in the compartment, the train started.

I wanted to take France for granted, too; I wanted to know it all before I saw it. Now, when Angela said, "In France—," and then casually told me something that showed her familiarity with the place, I answered, "Yes, I know." But I did not know that in Europe there were drinks called Pschitt. While I listened to Angela, I stared out the window, attentive to what I had never seen before. I would find myself staring at a heap of broken bottles on a riverbank, or beams leaning against the stone wall of a derelict house, or rusted oil drums in a field, and a kind of panic would go through me, the panic of realizing I would never know what I came to know, would never possess what I came to possess. Yet I stared at the unexpected details: the smoking manure piles, the trees bare of branches way up their trunks.

Outside, it went dark.

Angela was sitting back in her seat, her head lolling against the white antimacassar, her eyes closed. The lights in the compartment were lit. As I looked at her, I thought: I know why on the boat I wanted so much to get to know her—because she is different.

She opened her eyes and smiled at me. Her black lips parted over her white teeth.

Then we came into the palely illuminated *banlieue* of Paris.

The train stopped in the station. Angela signalled to a porter, who came into the compartment and passed her luggage out the window to another porter. I stood back. As she was leaving, she suddenly hugged me and kissed me, and I, silent, watched her go out, and watched her from the window follow the porter with her luggage along the crowded platform. I had perhaps imagined she would show me Europe; it was as if the strange promises of Europe were going with her, and I felt very much alone to find my own Europe. I watched till she disappeared among the disembarking passengers.

I was nineteen.

IT had seemed to me, from a great distance, that all arrangements would take care of themselves once I arrived in Paris. I hadn't wanted arrangements made for me. Even as I lugged my suitcase along the platform, I didn't think: Now I must find a place to sleep but: Now I'm in Paris.

At the barrier, the man from the band was waiting. He was wearing an American short-sleeved sports shirt, which hung outside his trousers. He came to help me with my suitcase.

In the crowded, hot station, I opened the suitcase on the cement floor and gave him his package. He could not speak English well. He said, "I give you something."

I didn't understand. "*Quoi?*" I asked.

"Ah," he said, "*vous parlez français.*"

"*Un peu,*" I said.

He explained that he wanted to give me some money for having got his package through customs.

I said, "*Non, non, ce n'est pas nécessaire.*" I wanted to get away from him.

He asked me where I was staying, and I thought I would lie to him, because I didn't want him to know I didn't have a place, didn't know Europe; but I had no idea what to say. I said, "I'm looking for a hotel."

He said, "You come with me. You can stay where I stay."

I had taken, at risk, his package through customs, but now I didn't want to risk any more. The station appeared high and dark. I said, "No."

He said, "It is as you wish."

I looked at his square face and black eyes and thought: He could do anything to you to get rid of you for doing what he wouldn't want anyone else to know you've done. Angela was familiar with the world he belonged to, and she hadn't got involved; she had let me get involved, perhaps to stay out of it herself. I wished Angela were with me, though I doubted she would have helped me (of course she wouldn't have helped me). I said to the man, "Is it expensive, where you stay?"

He said, "No."

I asked, "Where is it?"

He could have said, "In Hell," and I would have thought that an area of Paris. He said, "*Le Quinzième.*"

I didn't know what that meant. "Very well," I said.

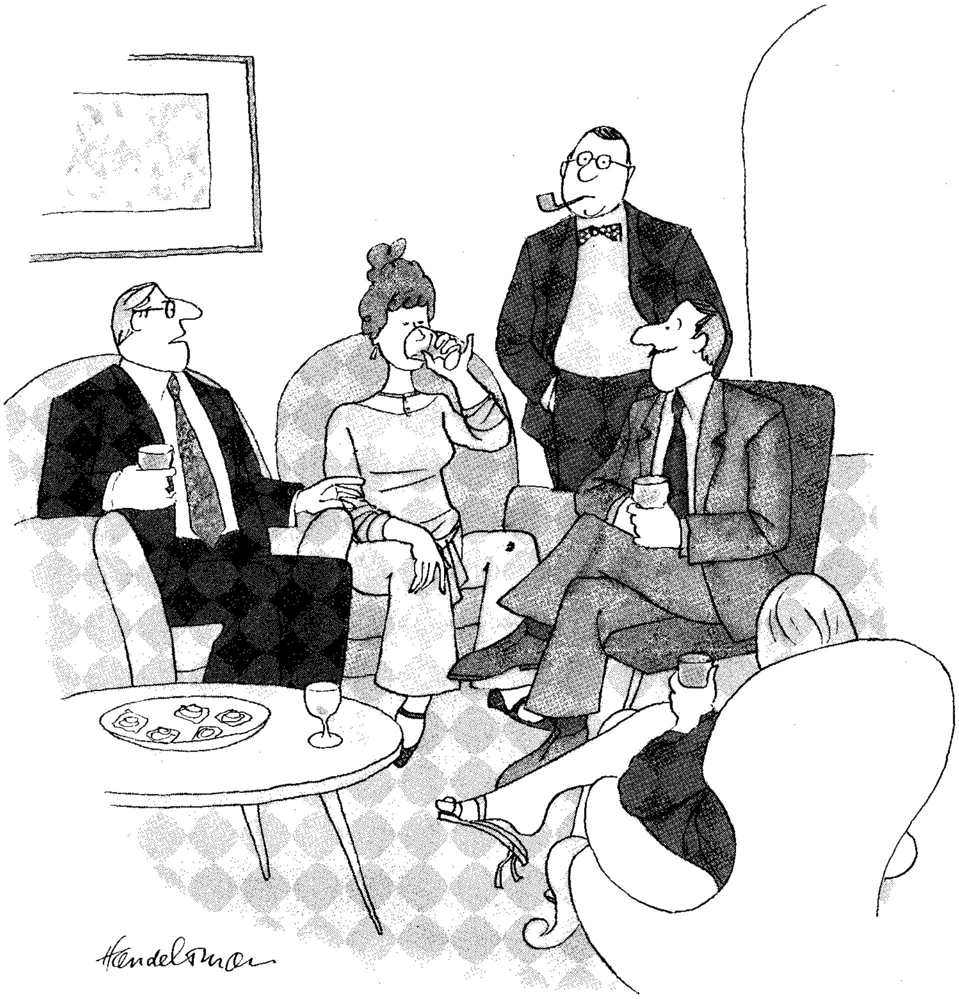
His package under one arm, he carried my bag out of the station and hailed a taxi. The air was hot and close and smelled of coal dust. He took care of my suitcase, opened the taxi door for me, and sat beside me in the back.

From the taxi window, I saw trees and buildings made of light. We went around a wide square, in which were gushing fountains of light, and, beyond, a triumphal arch of light, and beyond that a long, low palace of light, and the light was blue-white, and almost solid; the deep darkness showed through just enough to make me see that the building wasn't solid. And the architectonic light appeared to float off the ground.

The man said, "*La Place de la Concorde.*"

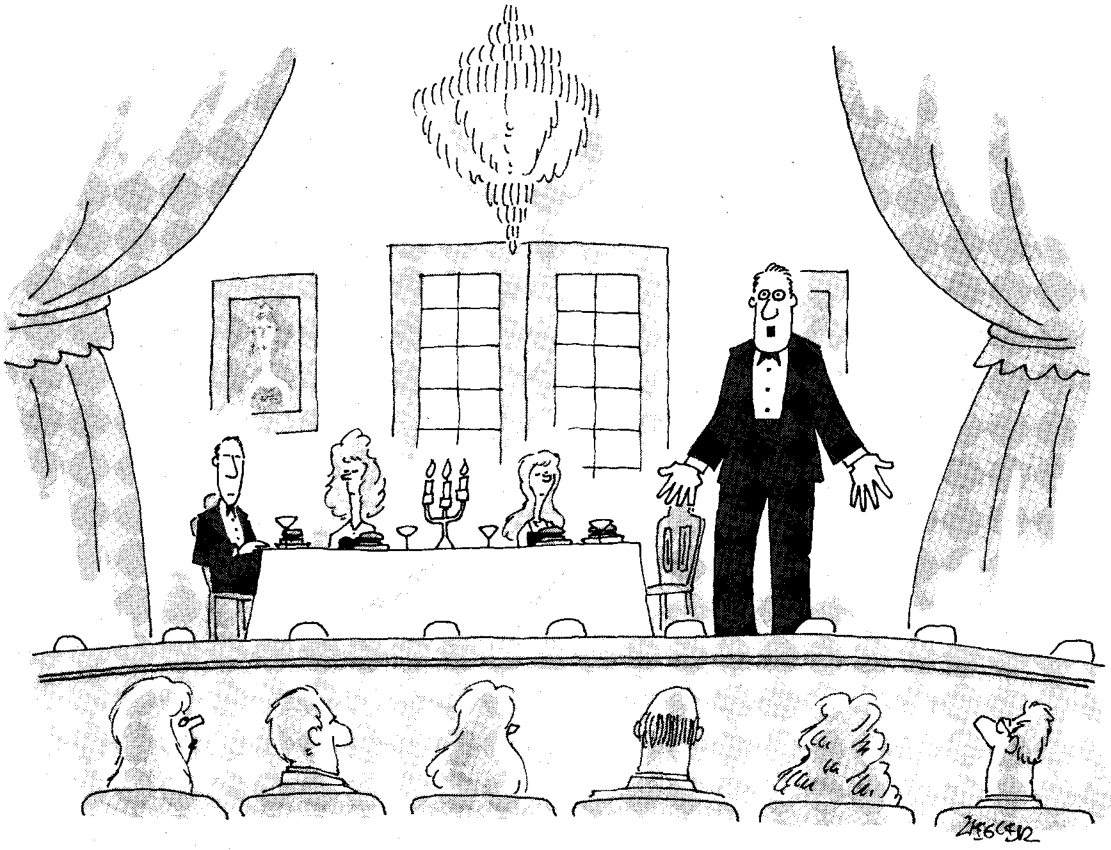
I thought: *La Place de la Concorde.*

We stopped in a wide, brightly lit street, under plane trees that cast the shadows of leaves on the taxi, as the driver got my bag out and the man from the band paid. I took up my



"Don't be humorous, Ed. Life is too short."

• •



“Is there any ketchup in the house?”

• •

bag and followed him to a large door with a brass handle in the middle; he unlocked it, and we went along a passageway into a courtyard, where lighted windows shone yellow, and through a half-glass door at the far side of the courtyard. He pressed a button for illumination, and we went up a flight of carpeted stairs that creaked; the walls were hung with paintings in thick frames. On the third landing, he unlocked a door with a brass handle in its middle, and as he opened it I saw, standing inside, a short, elderly woman, her gray hair held up about her head with combs and left curly on top. She had no doubt been coming toward the door when she heard the key. When she saw me come in with my bag after the man, she drew back, raised her head, and pursed her lips. While the man spoke to her, so quickly that I couldn’t understand, I glanced about the apartment, at its polished parquet floors, yellow-brown walls with dark paintings, and many spindly tables covered with embroidered cloths and porcelain bowls and figurines. She turned to the man, her hand to her raised chin, and said something I didn’t understand, and then she turned to me and spoke in clear, fine French.

“I don’t mind having Americans stay,” she said. “They are very polite.”

I bowed a little.

The man from the ship introduced me to Mme. Perreault.

She smiled, a clear, fine smile. “Come,” she said. “I’ll show you your room.”

Worried that my suitcase would bang into a piece of furniture and knock over the figurines on it, I followed her carefully down a passage into a high, narrow room. She switched on the light and let me enter first. Against one wall was a wardrobe almost as big as the room; one of its doors was open. She came in, moving with quick little jerks, and shut the wardrobe door, then stood before me, her chin raised.

I put my suitcase down. “Thank you very much,” I said in French.

“You’ll take it?”

I repeated, “Thank you very much.”

She reached out her hand and I shook it.

“Come, now, into my sitting room,” she said, “and we can talk for some minutes.”

In the sitting room, the man from the ship rose when Mme. Perreault entered. We all stood by a round, cloth-covered table, from which Mme. Perreault took a glass dish of shelled nuts. She held it out to me, and I took one, thanking her. “Take another,” she said. I did, and held it in one hand while I ate the first with the other hand. She smiled at me and said, “*Monsieur, vous êtes comme un écureuil.*”

I asked her what an *écureuil* was.

She explained, even acted it out, and the man suddenly said, “*C’est un* squirrel,” and I wondered how he knew that word.

Madame asked, “*Quoi?*”

We all laughed.

Madame looked at me. She asked, “Monsieur l’Écureuil, when were you born?”

“In 1940,” I answered.

She raised her hands. “A whole generation born during the war but who can’t possibly remember it.”

I looked away from her.

The man asked me, “Are you hungry?”

“Oh,” I said, “not very—”

“You must have something to eat,” Madame said.

“I’ll take you,” the man said.

He took me to a café across the street, where we stood at a long zinc bar.

Though I was tired and hot and wanted to wash, I kept thinking: Here I am, here I am. He asked me what I’d like to drink, but I didn’t know what to ask for. I pursed my lips and shrugged as I’d seen him do, then said, “*Du vin.*” He introduced me to a man and a woman behind the zinc; he spoke to them and I didn’t understand, and I wondered what he was saying. They all pursed their lips and shrugged often. I drank my glass of wine and said, “*Je suis extrêmement fatigué.*” He told me I should go to my room. He didn't mention food, and I knew he had asked me out to be polite. I said yes, I would like to go to my room.

He let me into the apartment, where one pale yellow light was lit. The parquet creaked as we went silently to my room, outside of which he shook my hand and whispered, "*Bonne nuit.*" In my room, I locked the door.

The bulb, which hung from a long cord in a fluted glass shade, threw fine needles of light, and between the needle-like beams was darkness. There was a bed with a lace counterpane, and there were lace curtains over the window, which was shut. Hot, I went to the window, opened it wide, then, leaning out, pushed to open the shutters, and as I did I had an image of myself performing an authentic European act. I was, I told myself, in a room in Paris, and every new act I performed there, however alone I was, was my first in Paris, and was made significant by Paris. My self-consciousness was justified by the whole of Paris, and when, opening the old shutters out, I saw, beyond trees and dark, square buildings, the illuminated top of the Eiffel Tower, and from its tip a great beam of light rising out at an angle into the wide summer sky, I stood at the window with the sense of being wholly justified.

The window open to cool air, I turned back into the room. I studied the details, and every detail, it seemed to me, was significant for being a detail of this first experience—each stain on the flowered wallpaper, tear in the lace curtains, threadbare patch in the carpet.

I was very frightened, and unpacked quietly, as though to let no one know I was there.

I needed a bath. I opened the door of my room a little to peer out into the now dark passage. I was unable to find a light switch and had to open my door to see out, as dimly as that allowed me to see, and in that light I went further along the passage to the bathroom. But when I turned the bath spigots on, no water came out. Back in my room, I shut the shutters and undressed, and tried to wash at the washbasin; but the water was cold, there was no soap, and the one towel was thin and narrow. My pajamas stuck to me with sweat. On the bed were many thick blankets, which I took off; the sheet was rough. I lay on my back in the middle of the hard, sagging bed, my chin on my chest because of the bolster under my head. I did not think: How uncomfortable this is. I thought: This is how Europeans sleep. I didn't sleep.

IN the gray, grainy early-morning light, I woke to the incomprehensible shouts of children out in the courtyard.

I said a prayer to God to protect me.

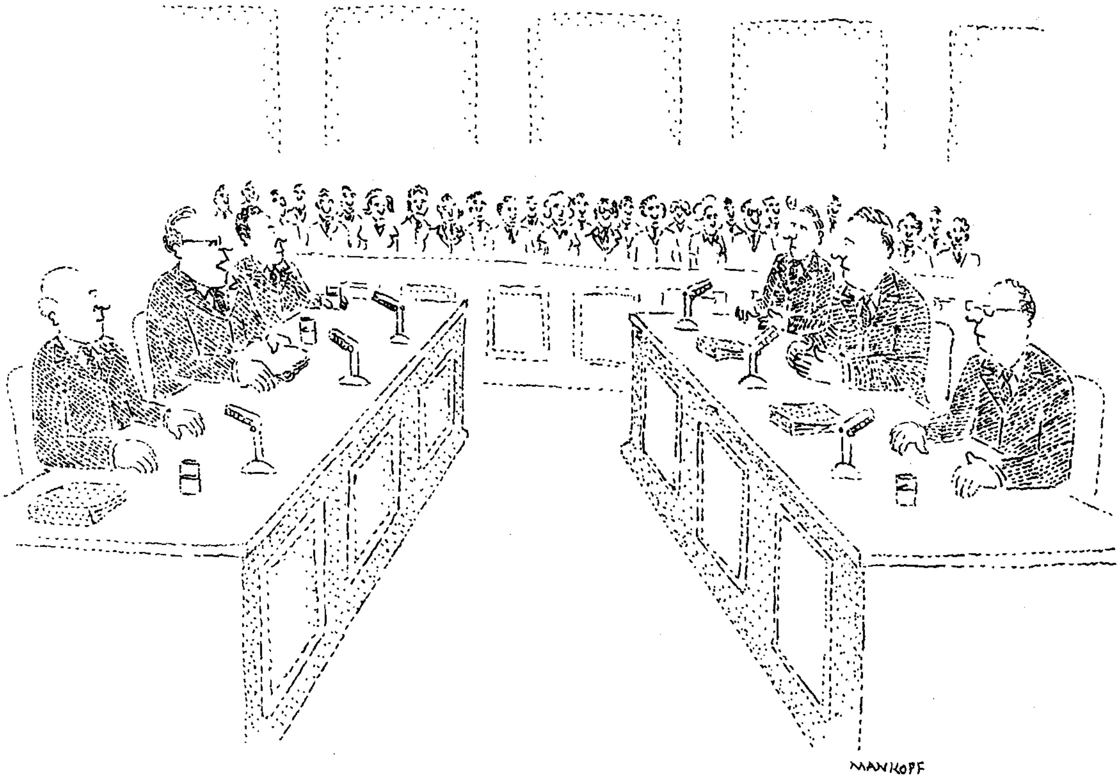
Up, I again examined my room, as if there were in it a secret door, hidden behind the big armoire or the high headboard of the bed, or disguised by the wallpaper, which would lead into other rooms. I had a sense of many secret rooms connecting to my room, and if I could find the hidden door all the rooms would open to me. Perhaps I would enter not through a door but through a drawer in the armoire or little table, or through the narrow piece of furniture by the bed (which when I opened it revealed, with the gust of a sweet smell, a big white chamber pot).

I didn't feel well, not only because I hadn't eaten and hadn't slept; I felt as if I had a stone in my stomach which gave me cramps. But I ignored the way I felt. What I felt inside wasn't equal to what I would feel outside. The outside would save me from stomach cramps.

Shaving in cold water, I cut myself. I touched the blood on my jaw, then examined the drop on my finger. Instead of rinsing it off in the tap water, I looked about the room for what was its most secret spot—a spot, I decided, behind the headboard, just far enough from the wall so I could reach behind it—and there, on the back of the bed, I pressed the drop of blood.

I wondered if I should make my bed or not. I did, and straightened the room. I thought that anyone might at any moment come into the room, so I locked the door. I sat on the bed for a while, quiet. Then I went out.

I thought there was no one in the apartment, and was a little shocked when I heard from a room as I passed Mme. Perreault call, "*Monsieur.*" She was in the dining room, and asked me to come in. A newspaper was spread out on the table. She asked me to sit. In the center of the round table was a



"Let's get one thing straight. Your commission didn't call my commission here, my commission called your commission here."

large porcelain bowl with porcelain leaves, flowers, and birds around the rim. She gave me a ballpoint pen and a yellow form, which she said I must fill out for the police. Intentionally, I filled it out so it was hardly legible; I thought the police had no right to know where I was—even the French police. But Madame read it, pursed her lips, and said, "No, no, this won't do. I can't read it. You'll have to do it again."

"I'm sorry," I said, and printed out carefully a new form, which she examined.

She gave me a set of keys, one for the street door when it was locked; told me she had spoken to the concierge about me; and to be quiet when I came in late.

She said, "Now, in the apartment, wherever there are objects of porcelain, you put nothing. Do you understand? Nothing."

I said I understood.

The room was five hundred and thirty francs a day.

"And now you'll have a cup of coffee with me," she said.

The coffee did nothing to help my stomach.

Mme. Perreault asked me, "What will you see in Paris?"

"What should I see?" I asked.

She said, "See?" For a moment, she put the tips of her fingers to her brow, so her eyes were covered, then she lowered her hands. Her face was a little twisted. "When it came to me, yesterday evening, that you had not seen anything of the war, I was taken aback, you know. I hadn't been made quite so aware of a new generation."

I asked, "Were you in Paris during the war?"

She waved a hand to indicate she would not talk about it. She said, "There is so much to see in Paris. So much."

I went out with a map, which I kept hidden in my jacket pocket. The morning was becoming hot and heavy. Moisture appeared to float in drops in the air, which glared. Out in the Paris streets, I walked among Parisians. When I got lost, I didn't take my map out to look at it, because I didn't want anyone to think I did not know where I was, did not want anyone to think I was not Parisian. I was wearing my American jacket and vest, and I was sweating.

Though I knew that in France I must, at all times, carry identification—my passport—with me, I decided to carry none. In America, I wasn't obliged to carry identification.

By the time I reached the Eiffel Tower, there was a heat mist. I was feeling very unwell, and thought I must try to use a toilet. I found a public toilet among bushes, off a gravel path; I was puzzled that in the men's toilet was a woman, large and old, who held open for me the door to a cubicle. It was a porcelain draining board with a hole. I was constipated. When I came out, I realized the woman attendant wanted money. I thought: In France you have to pay for this? I came out of the public toilet into the heavy, wet air.

The Eiffel Tower soared, in rising arcs, above me, and disappeared into the haze. I was weak, and sat on a little green metal chair on a gravel patch to look up into the tower. A man in a dirty blue cotton jacket with a dirty blue money pouch hanging from his waist came over to me and asked me for money. I paid him, got a ticket, and thought: In France, you have to pay to sit down. All activities in France had to be paid for.

I stared up into the tower—stared with the expectation that something would happen to me. Perhaps I imagined that I would somehow be taken up into the tower, would be transformed into it, and would myself rise in arc upon arc above Paris.

I forced my thinking; but I was feeling unwell, and couldn't think.

My jacket over my arm, my vest and tie undone, my shirt wet with sweat, and my body smelling in the heat, I walked back to the apartment. No one

MEA CULPA

Whether it is the President of the United States
Or just some ordinary citizen at the piano,

Drunk, at midnight, in the middle of Watergate, weeping
Over the old songs,

The establishment is always likely to be your father.

It is a gift they have for burrowing beneath your ribs
Like large babies with guns looking for sanctuary.

Beware the divided man who has been given too much power!

We know what happened to Lear, whom we invented,
To proud Lucifer fallen,
And now Jehovah—

Beware the divided man who has been without women too long.

No wonder he has to play the piano to himself at midnight!
He thinks the other half of being strong is being strong.

Whenever his wife and his two daughters try to talk to him

He refuses to listen, he goes downstairs to pour out his heart
To the gold strings of the piano.

How tenderly he strokes, he caresses his own image!

He crouches over the keyboard like a boy
Kneeling before his mother's lap.

He thinks of himself as a cripple and he is;
Someone pitied him when he was young and he never recovered.

Will Rachmaninoff, will Jerome Kern talk back to him?
No, they will only tranquillize him with sweet sadness.

Closed in on himself like a clam,
He wrings such misery from the music
You want to resist him but who can?

• •

In public he is so powerful, so sophisticated! Natty
As a Doberman pinscher in his neat cuffs,

He tells us he is only a poor fork
Looking for its mate,

But living with him is like living in the ten stomachs of a snake.

Whimpering to himself, at home
In scuffed slippers, he limps
Piteously, through all our dreams.

Next morning we come down to find chunks of waste meat
And spent ammunition clips littered all over the cave.

Yet the man sweats, sneezes,
Sobs like any of the rest of us.

Can he help it
If we appointed him to play God?

Beware the divided man who wants only to be loved.

Clasping the entire cross to himself,
He insists it is all his fault;

He knows his own hungers

But can't stop;
He says he has a trick knee,

But swaying back and forth like Tchaikovsky
Or Brahms, heavily rising and falling

In a movie about lost love
And a lone tree high above the Pacific,

How would he know that standing on one foot at a time
Is the way everyone walks?

—Patricia Goedicke

• •

was there, or if there was anyone, she or he was behind closed doors. I tried to sleep, but it was hotter in the room than outside. I did not undress, for fear of someone coming into the room. I couldn't control my thinking, couldn't, as I thought I must, sort out my consciousness; my thinking, my consciousness were active in themselves, as though they had nothing to do with where I was. I half slept, and I saw images in flashes, heard distant sounds, which had nothing to do with Paris.

I half slept the day through, and in the evening felt a little better. I thought: I must have something to eat. There was still no one in the apartment. The door to the room of the man from the band was open; the mattress was stripped, and I saw no personal effects. I went to the café, and, at a round, marble-topped table, I ate a steak and *pommes frites*, which was all that I could understand from the purple-stencilled menu; and I drank a bottle of wine. Drunk, I felt even better. The patron came to me to speak for a while; the patronne stood behind the zinc to speak to me. We talked about America. They did not seem to be very interested, but they were attentive. Then I realized I didn't know how to ask for the bill. I lingered at the table, embarrassed, as the patron and patronne served the customers; I finally said, in a loud voice, "*Je suis fini*," and everyone turned to me, amazed, and then they laughed. Still drunk, I walked up and down the boulevard. The cafés were crowded; I went to my room.

In bed, I took from my wallet a black-and-white photograph of my mother and father and studied it.

THE next day, I went out into Paris with the sense of going out into the whole of the city, all at once. The city existed for me not in its streets and squares and buildings but as an idea, and in the same way a person might have an idea I imagined having Paris. I went out with my little camera. There was so much Paris—too much. I knew quickly I could not have it as an idea. It was soot-black and brown, and water-streaked. I took many photographs, all from artistic angles. If I could not have Paris as a whole, all at once, I would have it in its parts, however long it took me. I resolved to take a photograph of everything I saw that impressed me. I took photographs of doorways, shopwindows, bicycles leaning against old walls with torn posters. Through the bars of an iron railing I photographed a *clocharde*, an old beggarwoman, lying on the pavement. I needed to possess the whole of Paris, needed, somehow, to include it in a huge encyclopedia that would have in it every table and chair, every bottle and glass in Paris. As I walked about, I photographed the water running in the cobbled gutters, the rows of plane trees with mottled trunks, the pissoirs. I noted the shiny studs marking the pedestrian crossings, the circular grates about trees.

I found the Seine, which I photographed from bridges. As I walked along a quay, other people walked along with me—couples with their arms about each other's waists. I saw a young man walking along with a girl, his hand inside her bodice and holding a breast.

I went to my room in the middle of the afternoon to undress and lie on my bed. When I opened my eyes to look, light through the curtains cast the shadows of lace flowers and leaves on my body. I dressed quickly to hide my body.

During that day, I went to my room three times before I finally went back for the night.

I did not see anyone but the concierge, a fat man who saluted me.

IN the following days, I began to find my way about the city, going behind corners to consult my map. I stayed close to other people. Each evening, I had supper across from the apartment at the café. The patronne

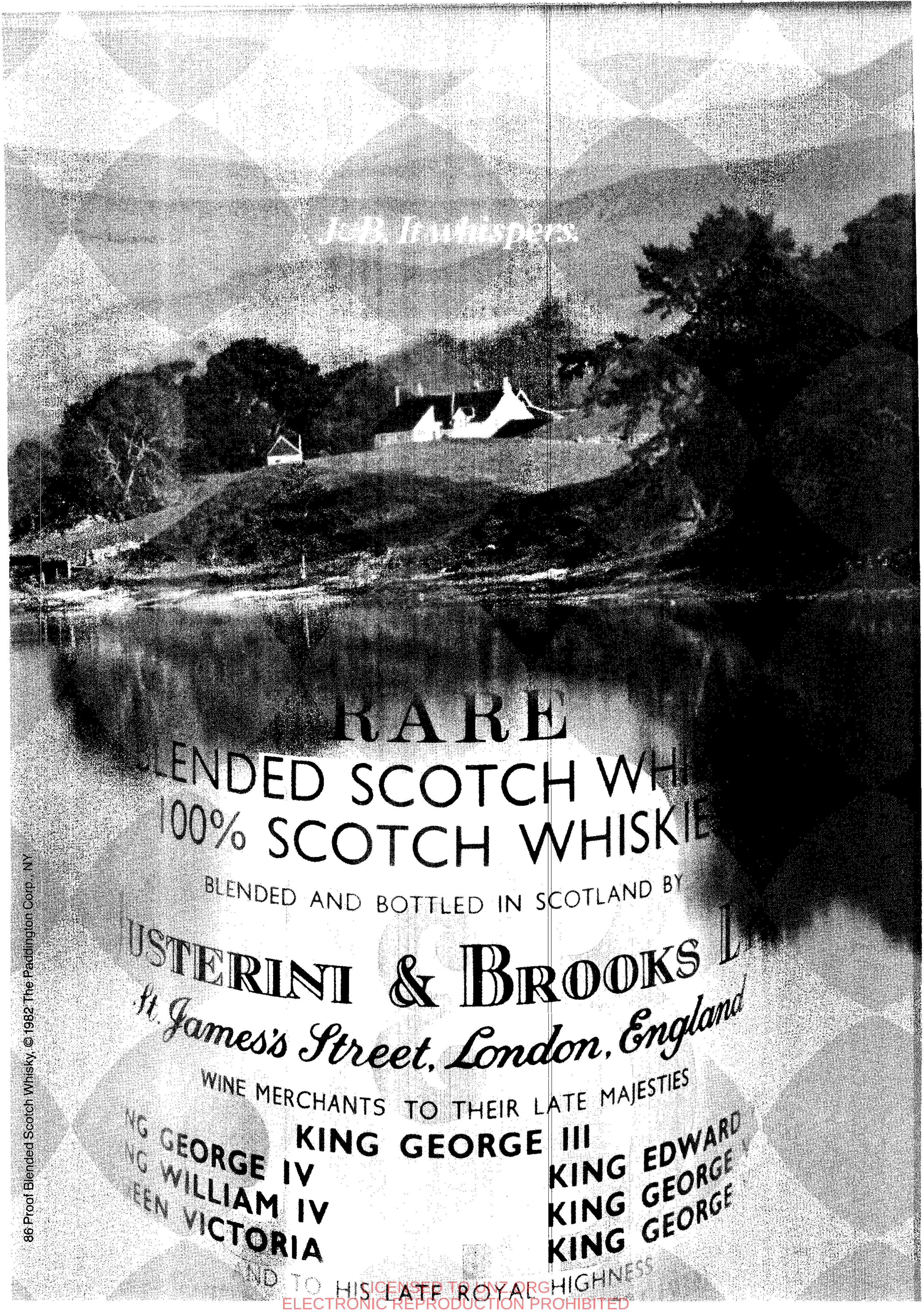
asked me if I liked Paris. I said, "*Oui. Mais c'est triste d'être seul.*" She looked at me with the wonder of why I should be *seul*. I was *seul* only because I wanted to be. I had the addresses of students from my college who were in Paris on the same program as I, to begin officially in the autumn, but I did not want to look them up. They had had all arrangements made before they came, by airplane. I did not want to look them up because I wanted to be among foreigners, even though among foreigners I felt *seul*. Perhaps, I thought, to be so *seul* was to be a foreigner.

Before getting into my pajamas at night, I shut my shutters and bolted my door, and washed my body in cold water at the little washbasin. Then I opened the shutters and leaned out to look at the Eiffel Tower.

I never felt clean. Though I wore, now, chino trousers and a short-sleeved shirt in the heat, I still sweated, and I walked about in the smelly awareness of my body. One morning, as I was walking along the Seine, I noticed a poster advertising an open-air pool on the river, and I decided I must go there, where there would be showers. In my wide, loose boxer bathing trunks, I sat, my arms and legs crossed, on a cement bench, and I watched the young French boys and girls of my age play at the side of the pool; they wore tight bathing suits, which clung to them and revealed their bodies, and, in a circle, they threw a red ball to one another. They didn't jump or shout, and only smiled at one another as they threw the ball. It seemed to me that each one, boy or girl, was alone, and only in delicate contact with the others; and they appeared subtly sad. Sometimes they went to one another and touched one another, on the bare arm, shoulder, hip. They were sad, but they were not shy. I wondered if they remembered any of the war. Then one of them threw the ball into the pool and they all dived in. I could see their bodies flash in the water. Go on, I told myself, go on. I remained on the cement bench. I couldn't join them. I was frightened that I might accidentally touch or be touched by one of them. Slouched, I did not want them to see my body; but not one even glanced toward me. And I left the pool without having a shower.

At a café in the Latin Quarter, I sat with my *demi* among other young people of my age. I was beginning to feel very *seul*. But I told myself that's how I should feel. At a table next to mine, three young men were leaning toward one another and talking. They wore, despite the heat, dark, tight-fitting suits and thin-soled, pointed shoes, and they appeared cool. They spoke rapidly, and they had serious expressions. I could not imagine what world they were in.

My bathing trunks rolled up in my hand, I walked up the Boulevard Saint-Michel. I stayed in the shade of the plane trees. Under the awnings of shops were large tables piled with clothes, and from time to time I stopped to look at them. Then I bought a cheap pair of black trousers, tight about the ankles, a white shirt with a flared collar, and narrow, very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pointed black shoes, and I went back to my room to change quickly into them. Dressed in these, I went to the Luxembourg Gardens. I stayed where there were few people and the shrubbery was scruffy, but, with a sense of daring that was also an act of will, I walked out into the Latin Quarter, among the young Parisians. I sweated, not entirely from the heat. In these European clothes, I was perhaps a little justified in being so *seul.*

I stayed out all day. My feet burned. I stopped at many cafés. I wanted to stop at every one in Paris.

The night was as warm as the day. I was sitting at a café drinking a beer, which I had ordered in brief French, imagining that the waiter, if I did not say much, would take me, in my French clothes, for French. An old woman without teeth came to me with a little basket of nosegays over one arm and held out to me a nosegay of violets. I said, "*Non, merci,*" and smiled. She reached out and touched my cheek with a knuckle and said, "*Comme il est mignon.*" I drew back, and she, no doubt imagining she had offended me, turned away. I touched my cheek, thinking: She took me for French. I was a phony.

I went to a restaurant that was not French. A middle-aged woman with bleached hair and thick red lips greeted me and showed me to a table. At the other tables, people were not talking French, and the food served was not, I saw, French. Around the walls were pinned long pieces of paper on which was printed OUI À DE GAULLE. As I tried to read the purple-stencilled menu, the woman with the bleached hair put a record on an old windup phonograph; the scratchy record was in a strange language. She came to me and, smiling, asked if I wanted help.

"*Oui,*" I said.

She sat at the small table and explained the menu. I asked her to order for me, and she called a waiter over. She continued to sit with me, a pitcher of wine between us; she filled my glass and took very little in hers. I was not sure what she was talking about, except that it had to do with de Gaulle. Then, when I heard her mention the Pieds Noirs, I was startled that she should be referring to the Blackfoot Indians. I gathered, after a while, that she was talking about de Gaulle and Algerians called Pieds Noirs. I wondered if she might be a little drunk, though she hadn't had much

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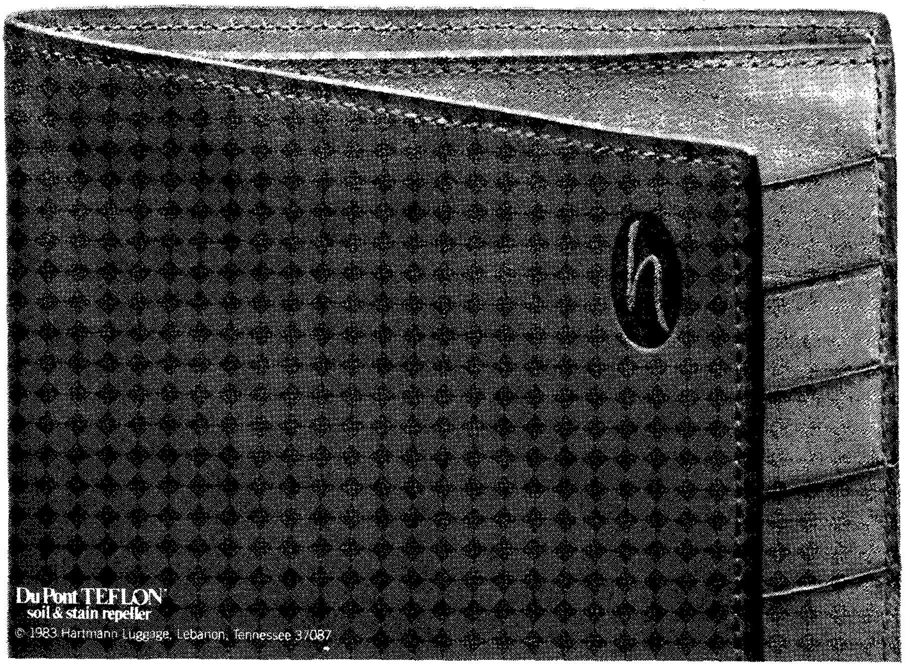

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wine. She had a heavy accent. Often, without knowing what she had asked but knowing it was a question, I'd nod and say, "*Oui, oui à de Gaulle,*" and she'd laugh. She stayed with me when what she called couscous was served. She never asked me any questions about myself, or if she did I didn't understand, and answered, "*Oui à de Gaulle.*"

Finally, she asked me, "Where are you from?"

I hesitated, wondering where she thought I was from and what I could say that she might believe. "Canada," I said.

She stuck out her lower lip. "I know nothing about Canada."

"It is a strange place."

"Is it?"

A young man with a mustache came toward the table, and as he did the woman spoke to him in their language. At the table, he nodded to me and I nodded back. He took a chair from another table and straddled it, his arms crossed on the back.

The woman said to him, "He comes from Canada."

"Are you alone in Paris?" he asked.

"Yes," I said.

The woman said to me, "You shouldn't be alone in Paris."

"I know."

"You don't know anyone here?" the young man asked.

"No."

"And what have you seen?"

I shrugged.

A corner of the young man's lips rose. "I can show you some things."

"I'd like that. I'm alone, and it's sad to be alone."

The other corner of his lips rose.

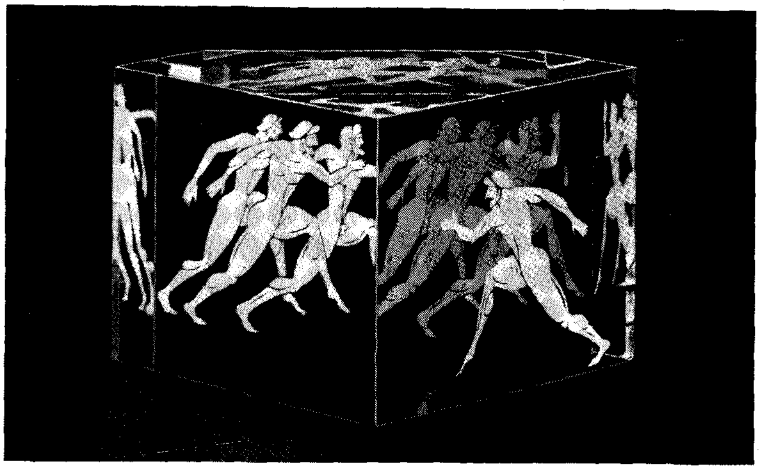
The woman spoke to him in their language, and he looked at his watch and got up. Before he left, he said to me, "Come here tomorrow, same time."

"I'll come," I said.

The woman said, "That's my son," and she got up, too, and left me to finish my meal.

As I was going out, she said good night but nothing about seeing me again the next day.

I went to my room. I had been staying there a week, and I had not seen Madame since the first morning. Again I tried to wash myself, then washed some socks and underpants. I did not know what I would do when it came, soon, to having shirts and pajamas washed. In my pajamas, I opened the shutters and sat at the rickety table by an open window to write in my



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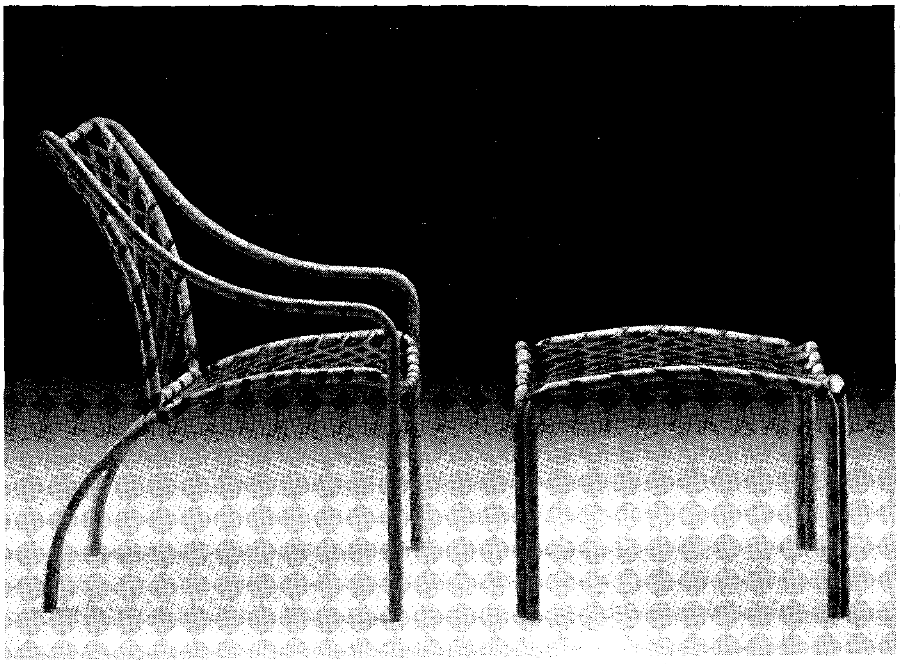

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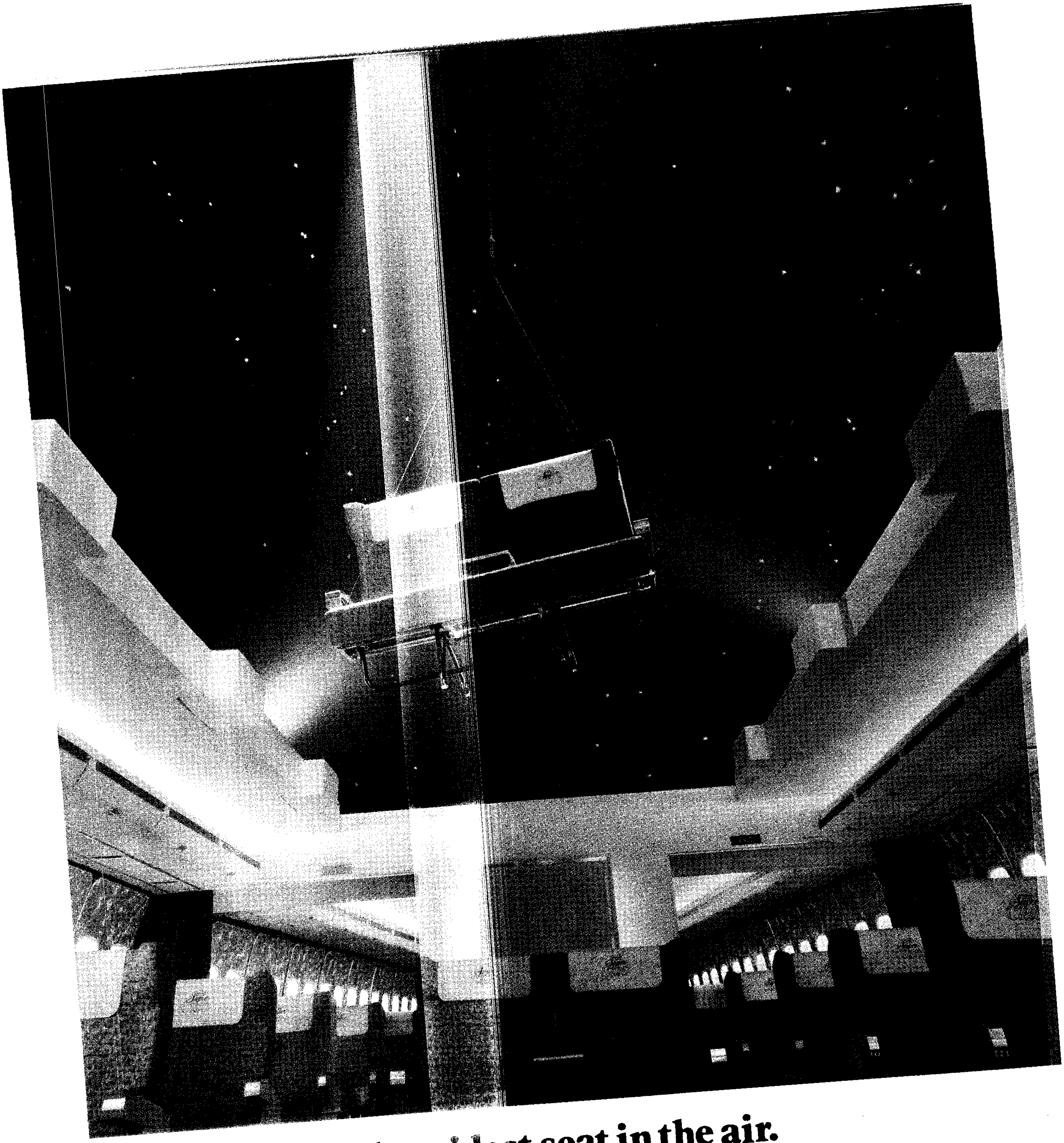

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THE next morning I sat on the edge of a quay, under a stone wall covered with ivy, and watched the couples. As I was coming back into the apartment, Mme. Perreault was leaving. She did not seem at all surprised that we hadn't seen each other in over a week. When she said something about the bill, I thought: Of course, in Paris that's what's most important. I said I would pay her right away, and she said no, that wasn't necessary; then, after considering a moment, she said yes, that was agreeable, and it would be most agreeable if I could pay in dollars. I gave her some dollars, which she put into her purse before going out, thanking me.

I sat on my bed and stared at the armoire, then I went out again. It was a bright, clear afternoon. I found myself walking down the Boulevard Saint-Michel, the fresh air eddying. I was walking behind a couple, a young man and woman, who sauntered slowly. It was as if they had just got out of bed and, half asleep, were fumbling a little at one another. Their clothes were soft and wrinkled. They turned at a corner, and I followed them to an entrance in a long, black blank wall—the entrance, I saw, to a museum—and I went in after them, across a courtyard and through a door that the young man held open for me. I stood close behind them as I waited to buy a ticket. The young man had one hand under his girlfriend's collar, grasping, under the cloth, her naked shoulder.

I looked at objects in glass cases with them. Sometimes I turned away from them and caught them in reflection in the glass of another case. I tried to concentrate on the delicate objects: a tooled-leather box, buckles, thin chains and clasps. I fixed on a medieval leather shoe, and when I looked up the couple were gone. I went into the next room, a room of tapestries, but the couple were not there.

I lost them. I felt suddenly weak and wanted to sit, but could not find a seat. I walked from room to room, then down a flight of stone steps, and, down more steps, I entered a large, high, vaulted room with walls of small, rough stones tightly fitted together, where there was no one. Hesitant, I looked about the room, unsure, because of its emptiness, if anyone was allowed in. I walked gently through

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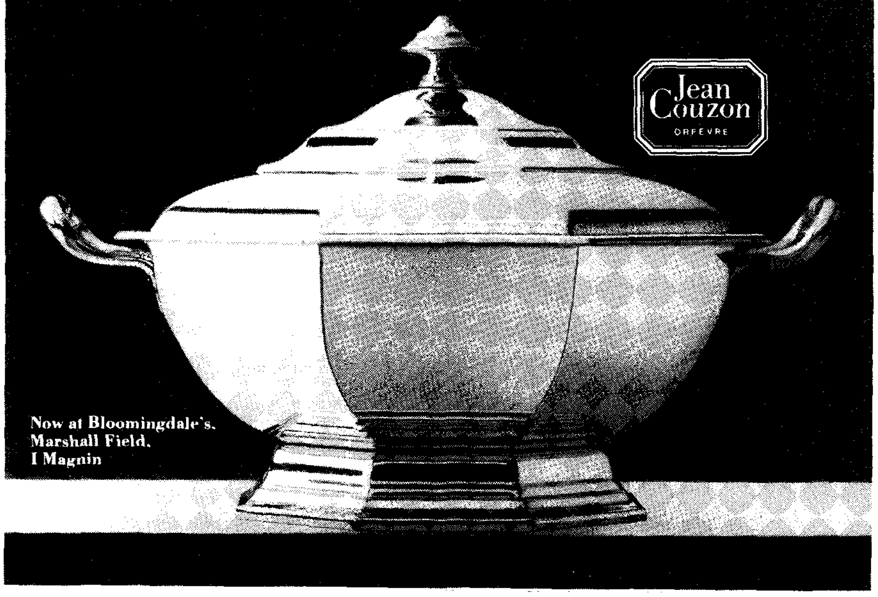

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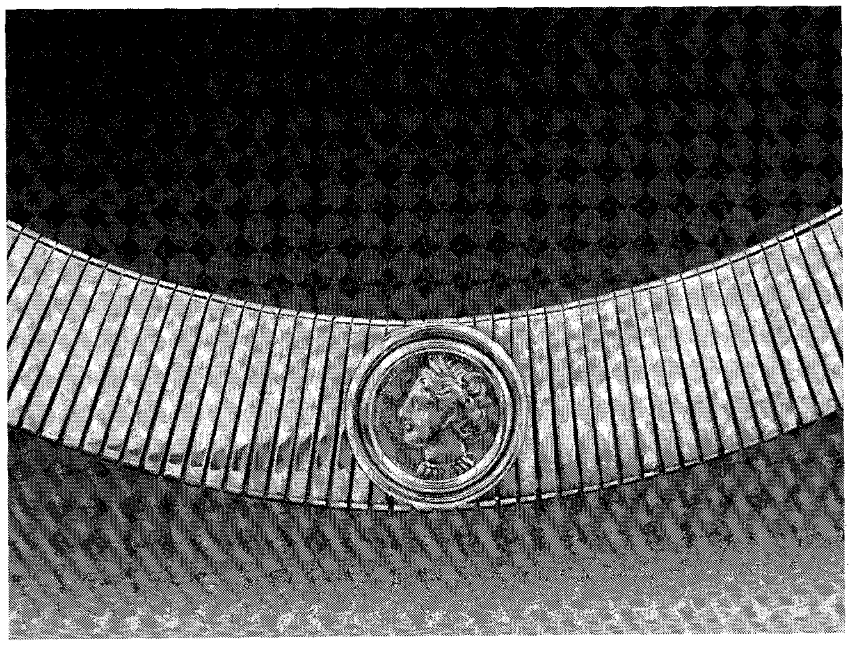

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the great hall, toward an arched doorway, and down worn steps to a lower level, narrow, where there was an iron railing separating me from a deep level, so deep I could have killed myself if I had fallen over into it. Above, hanging from the high vaults, were enormous black cobwebs. I leaned over and saw, at the bottom, some broken sarcophagi, one with crosses carved on the lid. And to the right of this deep room was a doorway with steps leading down to an even deeper level, but I could not see beyond the first few steps, which led into darkness.

AGAIN in the empty apartment, I wandered, from time to time touching a porcelain figure or bowl. I picked one up and was examining it when Mme. Perreault came into the room. The apartment had not been empty. She said nothing.

I said, "This is pretty," and put it down.

She looked at me for a while, then she asked me if I would like to have a cup of tea with her.

"Thank you," I said. "That would be a pleasure."

"You've been too much alone."

At tea in the dining room, she asked me what I had seen of Paris. I thought out my sentences carefully as I told her. She said, "But you've seen nothing yet. Nothing." I said, "What places should I see?" She smiled.

As I helped her to bring the tea things into the kitchen, we continued to talk. The doorbell rang, and she went to answer. As though I were doing something I knew I shouldn't, I waited in the passage. I saw Madame, moving quickly, show two dark men into the sitting room, to which she closed the door. A moment later, the doorbell rang again, and Madame hurried to answer. In came a woman, large and as dark as the men, and she, too, was taken into the sitting room and the door was closed.

I went out. I was supposed to meet the Algerian, and kept looking at my watch, telling myself, "Go on." I walked past the restaurant. He might have shown me a secret Paris. I passed the restaurant again, on my way to another, where I ate. All during the meal, I looked at my watch. When it was too late, I thought: You should have gone.

Madame was in her dim sitting room, the door open, when I came in from supper. Quickly, she got up and lit another lamp and invited me in. She asked me where I'd eaten, and approved and disapproved of the restaurant, asked me what I'd eaten, and approved and disapproved of the food, and asked me what I'd paid, which was both reasonable and unreasonable. She suggested other restaurants, and told me I should try food I hadn't ever had: Greek, Serbian, Vietnamese.

Before I went to my room, I asked her, timidly, if I might have a bath. She said yes, but that a bath would cost extra, and I said, "I knew that." Then she asked if I had clothes to be washed, and told me what *blanchisserie* to go to. She shook my hand good night. She looked very tired, but I had an idea she wouldn't be able to sleep. She went into her room.

In the morning, on the way to the bathroom for my bath, I saw, in the passage outside the sitting room, Madame talking quietly with the large, dark woman. The woman turned away from me abruptly, as if she did not want me to see her face.

As I was going out, Madame met me. She said, "Monsieur l'Écureuil, you mustn't wear your belt down around your hips but around your waist. Why do Americans wear their belts so low?"

I raised and tightened my belt as she watched me.

She said, "Don't be offended by my daughter. She dislikes Americans."

"Why?" I asked.

"You ask?" I saw in Madame's eyes the question: How can you, an American, not know about your country?

Coming back in, I heard voices from Madame's sitting room. As I hurried past, I glanced in; my eyes met Mme. Perreault's, but she remained straight in a chair and made no sign that she'd seen me. Before her on a settee were her daughter and one of the dark men. I went to my room.

After I heard the daughter and the man leave, I heard Madame walk up and down the hallway, often passing my door. I was sitting on my bed, reading; I put the book down and listened. She knocked. A little fear went through me, as though she might come into the room and find me doing something I shouldn't have been doing. I jumped up and opened the door.

She said she was sorry she had disturbed me, and she looked at me as if she wondered why she had. She smiled. "You are the first to know. My daughter is to marry."

"I'm very happy to know that."

"Come to my sitting room."

I followed her in.

She said, "He's a Communist." She

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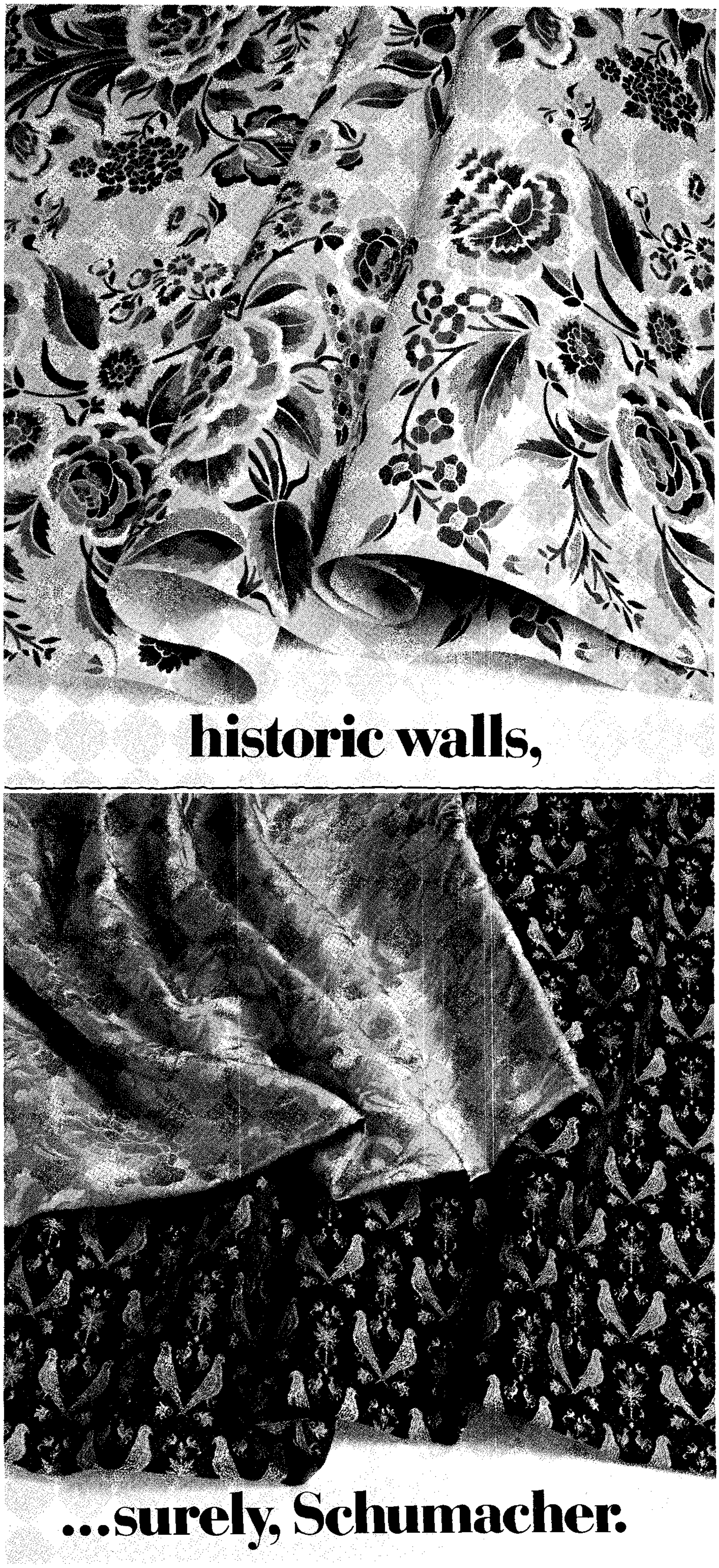


shrugged. "No doubt she's right. She'll join the Party before they marry."

There could not have been, to me, anyone more different than a Communist, and I wanted to meet anyone who was different: divorced women, black women, criminals. Madame's daughter became strange. I wanted to meet her. I thought she would like me.

Madame, walking about the room, appeared a little frightened. She said to me, frowning, "You see, her father was a Communist, killed in the war."

I could only nod.

She stopped and frowned more. "Do you know what that means?"

I looked at her but didn't nod.

Bringing her hands together as in prayer, she touched her chin, and she said, "No, you don't know."

She sat on the settee, and I knew I should leave her.

TWO days later, while I was at the dining-room table reading one of a series of novels I'd bought cheaply from a *bouquiniste* along the Seine, Madame came in from outside with her daughter. Talking animatedly to each other, they entered the dining room, and I stood. The daughter went to the table, picked up one of the novels, and said to her mother, "You allow this Fascist writer's books in the house?" Madame shrugged. Her daughter looked at me with narrowed eyes for a second, then turned away. Madame said, "But he can, from time to time, write well." Her daughter made a face and went out. Madame smiled at me before she, too, went out.

Shortly after that, Madame had six or seven visitors, whom I was not introduced to. They formed a circle about the dining-room table, and, from my room, I heard them talking. Passing quietly to go out, I saw them, the daughter and her fiancé among them, about the lace-covered table, having tea from fine white cups, and behind them the French windows stretched over with white muslin through which the light was finely diffused.

They were still there when I came in. In my room, I wrote in my diary how *seul* I was. After a while, I heard Madame's voice and the voices of the others from the sitting room. Then there was silence. I wondered if I should go out and help Madame clear up, but I remained in my room, writing. I heard her clear, and then I heard her walk up and down the hallway. She knocked on my door, finally, and I jumped up from the edge of my bed and answered. She asked me if I would like to have a light supper with her.

IN the evening, hot, we went for a long walk. We walked along the Seine to the Pont-Neuf, and from the bridge went down the stone steps to the point of the Ile de la Cité. Under the arches of the bridge, a group of young Algerian men were playing drums and flutes and dancing about; the light from the globed lamps made their skin gleam. Madame and I stood among others who had also stopped to watch. Then there was, piercing through the music, a whistle, and before any of the spectators could move, the Algerians were gone; all about us were the police asking the spectators for identification, and I had none.

A *flic* came up to Madame, and she presented her identity card.

When he looked at me, I said, in English, "I don't understand." I wanted him to know I was an American.

He said, in English, "Passport." I said nothing.

Then Madame, as if this was something she had had to do often, calmly spoke in rapid French, and the policeman took out a thin blue folder and tapped it against his palm and said to me in French, "Even I have to carry identification—everyone has to," and he left.

Madame said to me, "You must carry your passport with you."

"Yes," I said, but I thought: No, I won't.

As we walked back to the apartment, I asked, "What was that about?"

"But you must know," Madame said. "You must."

"Oh, yes."

"You're not aware of what happens in the world."

"I know."

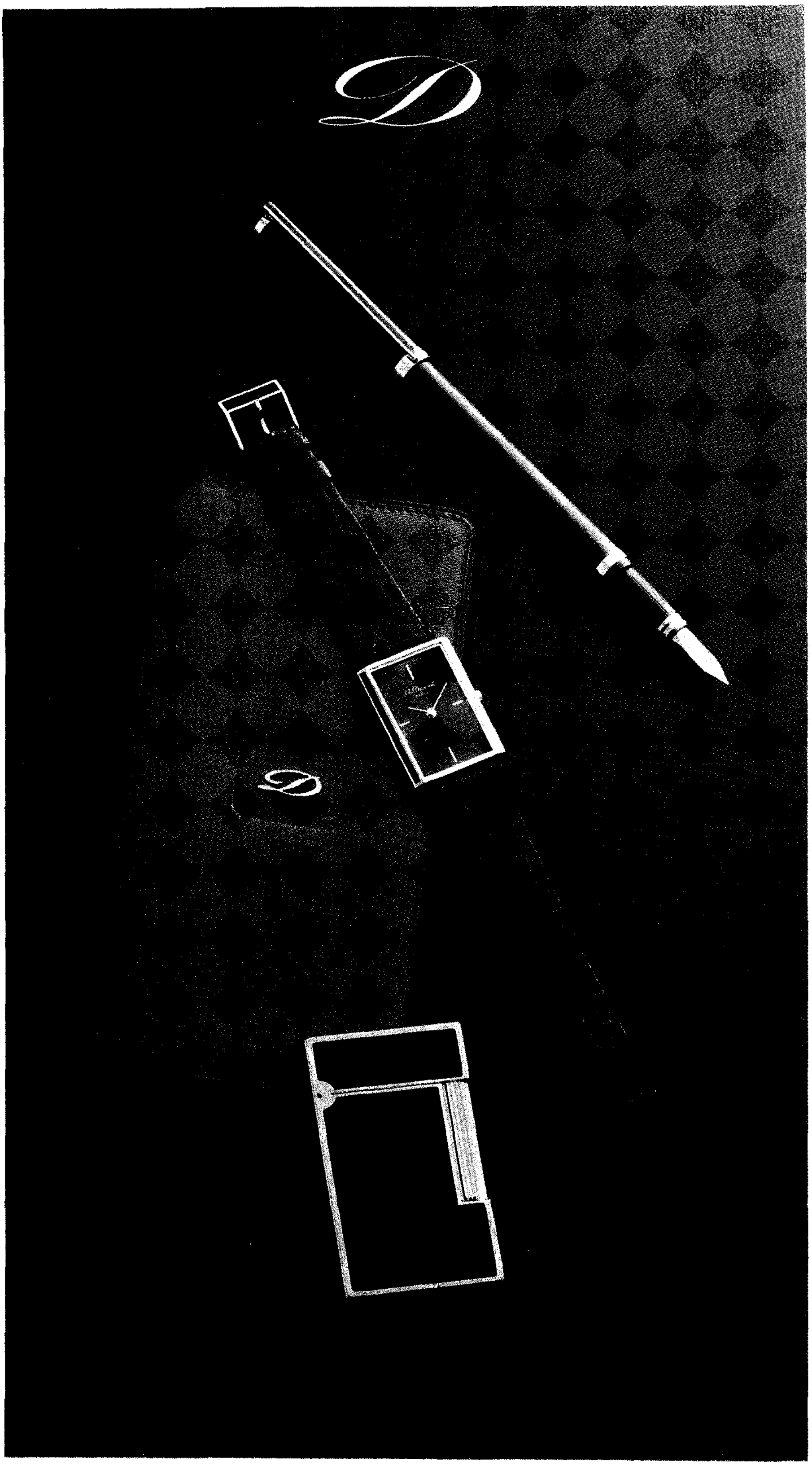
We stopped just inside the courtyard.

She said, "Tell me what you know about the war here in Europe."

I said, "I know there was great suffering."

She looked at me for a moment, then left me—to speak to the concierge about something, she said.

After the incident under Pont-Neuf, I noticed there were many policemen in Paris who stood at the sides of



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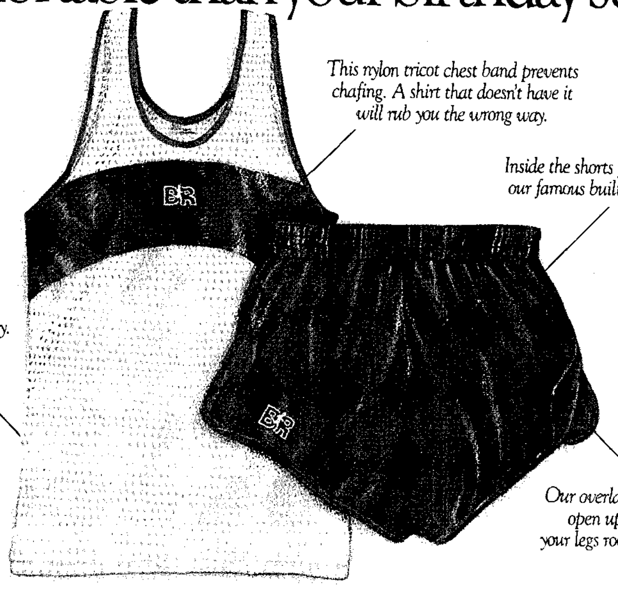

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OUT for the day, wandering, I came back to the apartment to find Madame having tea at the dining-room table with the man from the band on the boat. He stood and smiled and shook my hand. He asked me how I was getting on, and I, lowering my head, said, "*Bien.*"

Madame smiled at me—a clear, intelligent smile. "What have you been doing?"

I told her I'd spent the afternoon at the Louvre.

Still smiling, she studied me. She said, "I have already said you are too much on your own."

I said nothing.

"Listen to me," she said. "What one thinks and feels about oneself is never very important."

"No," I said.

With a soft sigh, she said, "We'll have dinner here this evening, you and I."

I left them to go to my room and try to sleep.

At dinner with Madame, I felt I wanted to confide something to her, but I had no idea what. She, maybe sensing that, asked me questions about my parents, thinking I missed them. I realized she would never ask me the questions I wanted her to ask: questions about the state of my feelings and thinking. Her discreet questions had to do with my social being; about my unsocial being there was nothing to ask, because there was nothing there. She was right: my thoughts and feelings were nothing. As we talked, I found I was feeling better; I was surprised that she was, as if that had been her intention, taking me out of myself and engaging me in a world to be discovered beyond anything I knew. She served thin veal steaks, cheese, fruit, and a carafe of wine. She suggested, strongly, that I take a three-day trip to the Loire Valley to see the châteaux.

"You need to get out of Paris for a while," she said.

I always wanted Mme. Perreault to think I would do exactly as she said. "I must," I said.

"Then go."

IN the châteaux, I went off on my own, away from the groups. I took photographs of the towers, steep roofs, mansards—from distances, through the bars of gates, rising above over-blown roses.

When I got back to Paris, Mme. Perreault was not in. It was imperative that I talk to her; I felt there was something important she had to tell me, something I wanted to hear, as if I was just about to realize it and the realization depended on her telling me.

At her round dining-room table, I took a chair. The table shone in the late sunlight through the French windows. At the center was a crocheted doily, and on the doily a cut-crystal bowl of peaches, and I stared at the bowl and the fruit, edged in fine, variegated light.

Restless, I went out and walked to the Boulevard Saint-Germain, where I sat at a café. I looked at the people passing, and beyond the people the traffic, and beyond the traffic more people, at a corner café on the other side of the street. I saw Angela Johnson at a table with two men—one white, one black. Her hair was pulled back tightly and appeared polished, and she was talking and laughing with the men. I thought that she wouldn't want to see me or that I didn't want to see her, or perhaps both. And yet, as I sat still, my body urged me up to go to her, as if it were urging me to take a risk. I watched her get up with the men and walk off slowly. I watched Angela disappear among the pedestrians, stopping now and then to touch one of the men and point.

The apartment was dim when I got back. In the dimness, Madame was sitting in her dining room, her hands crossed and resting on the edge of the table, her head lowered. Her eyes were unfocussed, and the corners of her mouth turned down; with a creak of the parquet, she lifted her head and saw me, and she made her eyes focus and brighten as she made herself smile. I stood silently in the doorway. She finally asked, "What is it?"

I didn't know what to say. I made myself smile, and I asked her if I could invite her to dinner at a small restaurant that evening. She said she would like that.

At dinner, I asked her, because it was the subject most distant from my vain self, about Europe during the war.

On the way home, in the light of street lamps, she pointed out to me, on soot-black buildings, bullet-strafed walls.

ONE morning, when I came in from an hour at a café where I'd studied a newspaper, Madame called to me from the dining room. For a while we discussed the news, I implying I

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knew more than I did by saying, "*Ah oui*," to whatever she stated with authority. She always spoke with authority, and yet she must have known that whenever I spoke I was faking; but she indulged me, perhaps because she thought that, after all, everyone faked.

She paused, then said, "Monsieur l'Écureuil, I'm sorry but I must tell you that I'll be going on holiday for three weeks, during which time I can't have anyone in the apartment, what with the porcelain and all—"

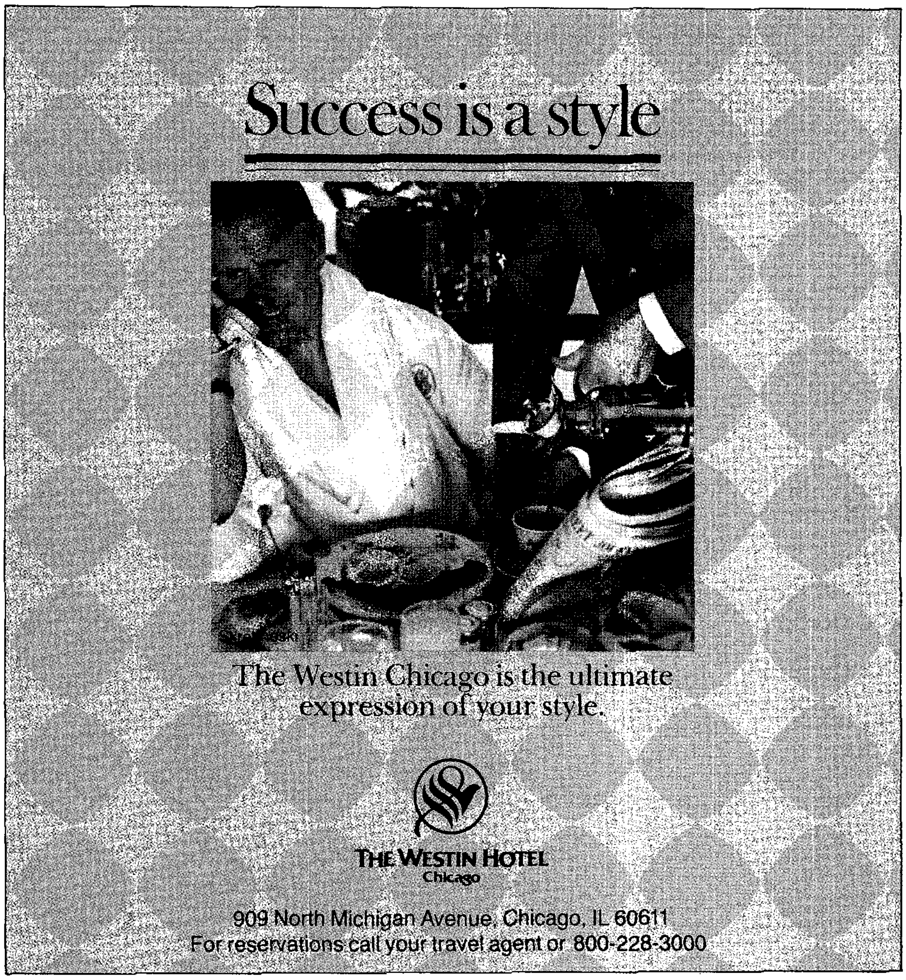
It occurred to me that I hadn't thought I'd have to leave this apartment.

Raising her chin and squaring her shoulders, she said, "You should go to another country."

Paris was closed for holidays. Flies buzzed in the close air.

My last night at Mme. Perreault's, I couldn't sleep. I did not know where I would go. Images of America flashed in the space behind my closed eyes.

Restless, I got up, dressed in clothes that were slightly damp from my sweat, and went out and walked up and down the Boulevard Saint-Germain. The cafés were bright and crowded; I passed them. In the dark, under a plane tree, on the pavement, was a small group of people, and as I went by I slowed down to see what was going on. A black man was crouched down by the building and laying out cards, face down, on the pavement, and was saying "*Vas-y, vas-y*" to another black man, crouched to one side of him, whose eyes shifted from the cards up to the spectators and back to the cards. I heard the dealer say, in American, "Come on," to the other black man, who, now concentrating on the cards, pointed to one with a long black finger, which the dealer picked up, turned over, and threw down. That these black men were American drew me in closer to watch them. The dealer said, "You've got it," and, still crouched, he took from his back pocket a folded thousand-franc note and gave it to the winner, who, his eyes wide, smiled up at the spectators. The dealer collected the cards, shuffled them, and said in a thick accent, "*Qui veux jouer? Allez-y. Allez-y.*" Not one of the five or six spectators moved, and then a man, who might have been German, said in English, "I will." "Then get yourself down here where you can see," the dealer said, and the player crouched. I watched the black hands deal out the cards.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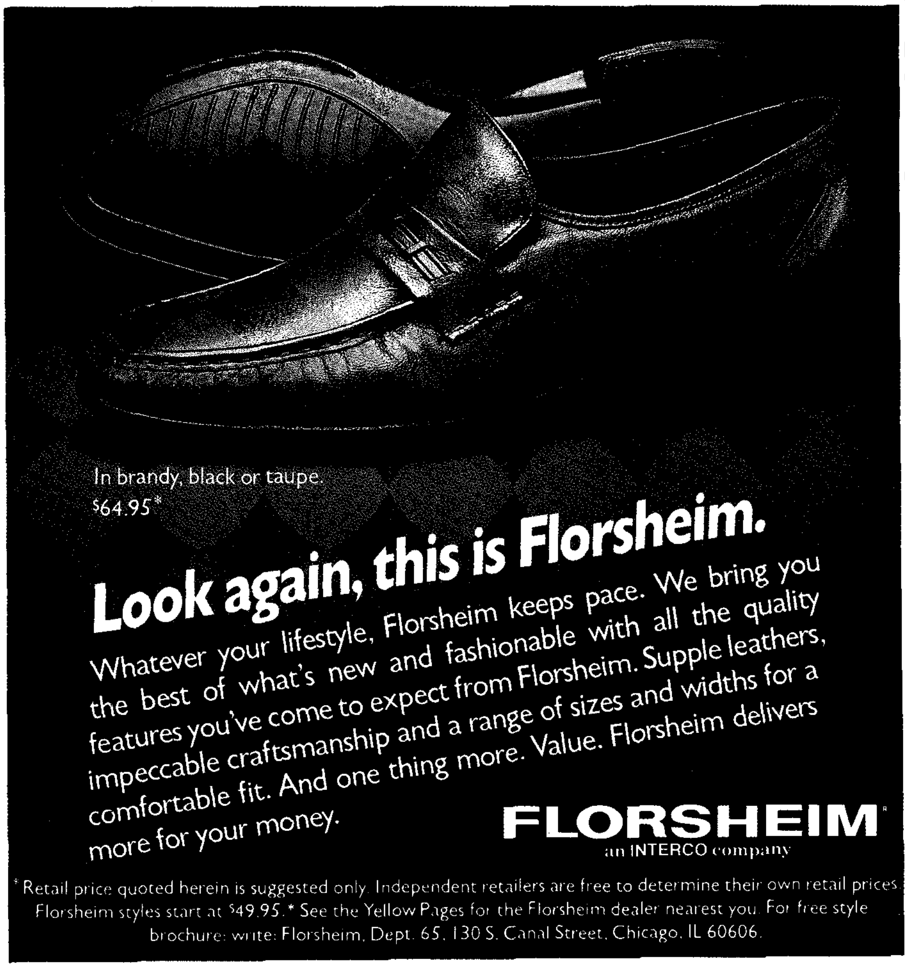
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The German and the spectators were distracted by a young white woman with long hair and a toque who edged in along the wall beside the dealer, where she crouched, too. As everyone went back to concentrating on the cards, she extended an arm and touched the dealer's neck; he didn't move. And then she leaned toward him and said something, and he quickly picked up all the cards, stacked them, and put them into a pocket as he stood. He said, "*C'est fini*," and he, the girl, and the other black walked away. I turned in the opposite direction and saw two policemen coming toward us. I walked slowly, straight toward them, and I looked at them as I passed them in the street light shining through the plane trees.

I did not have my passport on me.

Back in my room, I told myself that I wished I had played the card game. I wished I had for no other reason than to have taken the risk, gone along with the team of cardsharps.

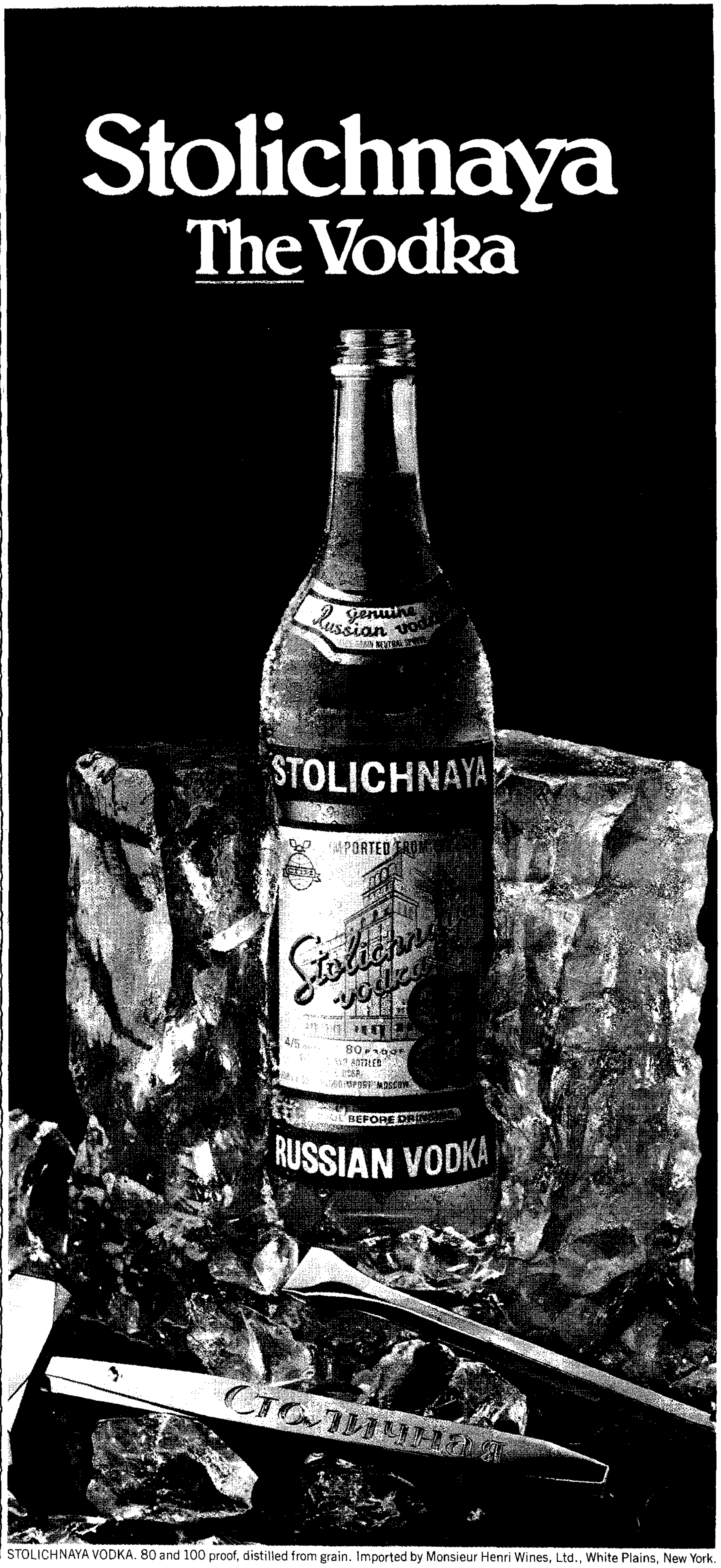
I went out again. I sat at a café that was half empty. I tried to read a newspaper someone had left behind.

I was not intelligent, I knew, and my lack of intelligence was evident to me whenever I tried to sort out, say, some crude understanding of politics from newspapers.

I was looking at a carafe of water in the electric light on the empty table next to mine. From time to time, the water vibrated a little.

I left money under a saucer and walked away, down a side street off the boulevard.

To understand a carafe of vibrating water in electric light, I thought, oh—! Because those objects *had* meaning and gave me joy, and, more, made me believe that if I looked at them enough—and listened to them and touched them and smelled them and tasted them—I would see in them, would sense in them, that they objectified a salvation beyond mere joy. To try to bring the world to me on my terms was vanity; the terms of the world, which had very little to do with me, precluded my vanity. I must find my salvation in those things, beyond my falseness, which made me so aware. And if they made me feel joy, the objects made me feel, too, that they were the visible points of some great, invisible suffering, as though they had survived a devastation, a great war, in which everything but these objects had been destroyed. Deeper than joy, I had a pity for them, as if they were all that was left of life in a death camp—false



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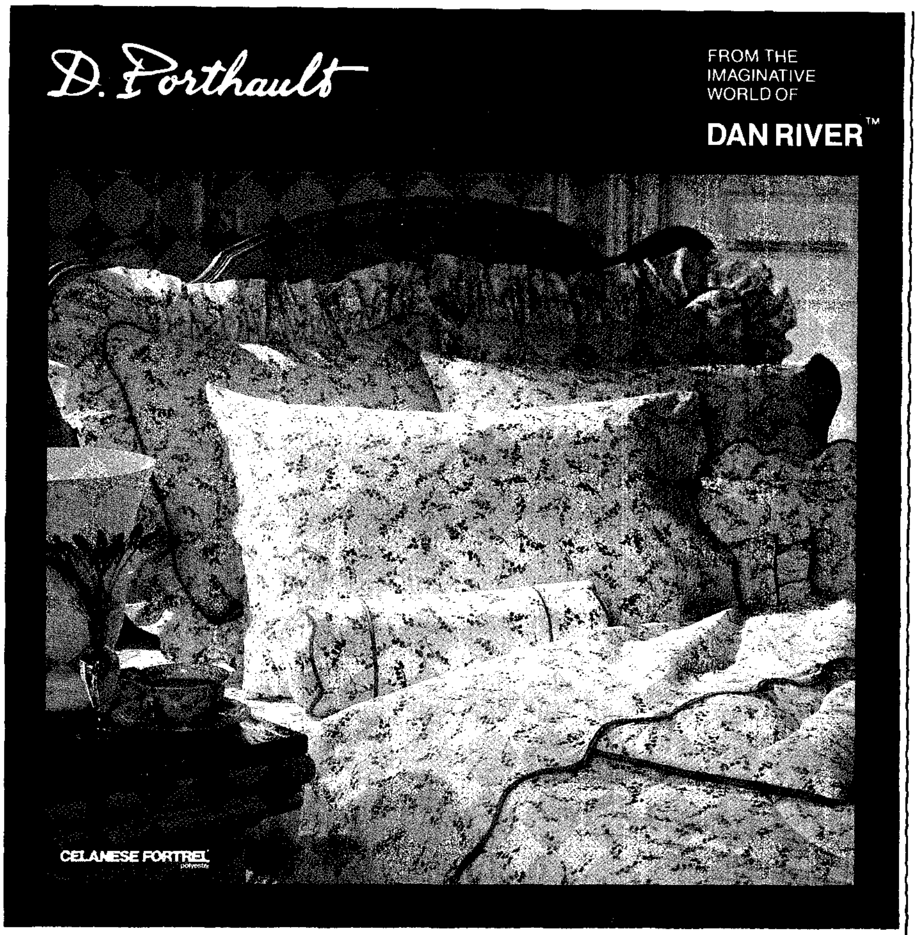

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teeth and hanks of hair and shoes and purses. They existed in a great darkness, the objects, these European objects, and I searched in them for what made them objects of my American compassion and belief that they, by their survival, could help me survive. I loved those objects with an American love.

On the strength of the principle of one's duty not to oneself but to the world in which one lives and is dependent upon, I should have become political, but I did not. I was a young man without the strength of will to fulfill any duty toward others which I might have felt imposed on me; I told myself I was an individual above all. I would do only what I wanted to do. From the point of view of the person I should have become but didn't, I knew I was a decadent, a kind of criminal. All I had was my awareness, my awareness of carafes of water on café tables. And I thought: All I do is create, myself, an object of awareness.

"I will do it," I said.

I heard a voice say, "You won't."

"I will."

I came out of a side street into the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

At the café where I'd been sitting, still brightly lit but almost deserted under its dark awning, I saw Angela. She appeared to be waiting for someone. I went to her. As I approached, she squinted at me, then she smiled a large smile and raised both hands, standing a little away from her chair. It was as if I were the person she was waiting for.

She hugged and kissed me, her thin body all angles; then she stepped back and looked at me and said, "You look different."

"Do I?"

"Have a drink with me."

I was excited, and kept spilling the drink onto my chin, shirt, and hands.

"Tell me what you've been up to," I said.

She laughed and put her hand over her mouth and hunched forward.

"Have you been bad?" I asked.

For an answer, she just shook her hand as if to shake water off it; she was still laughing.

"Tell me," I said.

"I can't."

"Come on."

—DAVID PLANTE

•

1. Hollow out inside of the tomatoes. Sprinkle with salt and invert on toes.—*Recipe in the Times.*

Then wiggle them.

ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE HOOFBEATS OF A ZEBRA

A LITTLE past five o'clock on the afternoon of October 11, 1978, a young black woman shuffled on the arm of a friend into the emergency room of Alvarado Community Hospital, in San Diego, California, and asked to be admitted for psychiatric help. Her name, she said, was Sheila Allen, her age was twenty-four, and her complaint (as later interpreted and standardized and noted on her chart) was "bizarre behavior, with looseness of thought associations and severe depression associated with suicidal thoughts." She was admitted after a brief examination to the psychiatric wing, and was made comfortable there in a double room. The following day, and for several days thereafter, she was examined, tested, and variously observed. The results of these evaluations were inconclusive, and on October 16th a member of the psychiatric staff named Robert Brewer was appointed attending physician.

"I went in to see her after rounds the next morning," Dr. Brewer says. "She was sitting on the edge of the bed—sitting there with the help of a nurse. She was tall, with a beautiful figure, a beautiful face, and beautiful, wide-apart eyes. She was also pathetic. She didn't seem to have any strength at all. She couldn't walk. She could hardly sit up. She could hardly lift her arms. I introduced myself and made some getting-acquainted talk. I took her history and did a routine physical and checked her mental states. She was just as weak as she looked. She was well oriented and alert. There was some evidence of conversion hysteria. I finished up with a lot of history and a lot of problems, but no strong impressions in any direction. I was inclined to go functional, but not entirely. I did a residency in neurology, and I always try to keep the organic possibility in mind. I started thinking 'multiple sclerosis.' Her age, for one thing, was right. Multiple sclerosis is a young person's disease. But I'm a listener. I think that if you listen long enough your patient will usually tell you what the trouble is. So I asked her what *she* thought was her trouble. She said, 'I'm a kook.' I said, "Maybe so, but before we go that road I'd like you to see a neurologist I know.' She almost blew up. I think she might have hit me if she'd had the strength. She said, 'I don't want to see a neurologist. I've seen a dozen neurologists. I'm a kook. I'm in the kook hospital. I want you to fix up my kookiness.' But I wasn't convinced. And that afternoon I called Fred Baughman, the neurologist I had in mind."

I MET Sheila Allen in the spring of 1983, some five years after that pitiful outburst. We met, by prearrangement, in San Diego, in the office of Dr. Brewer's neurological colleague Dr. Fred A. Baughman, Jr. She looked good—the picture of health, and beautiful, and entirely free (if she had ever been otherwise) of kookiness.

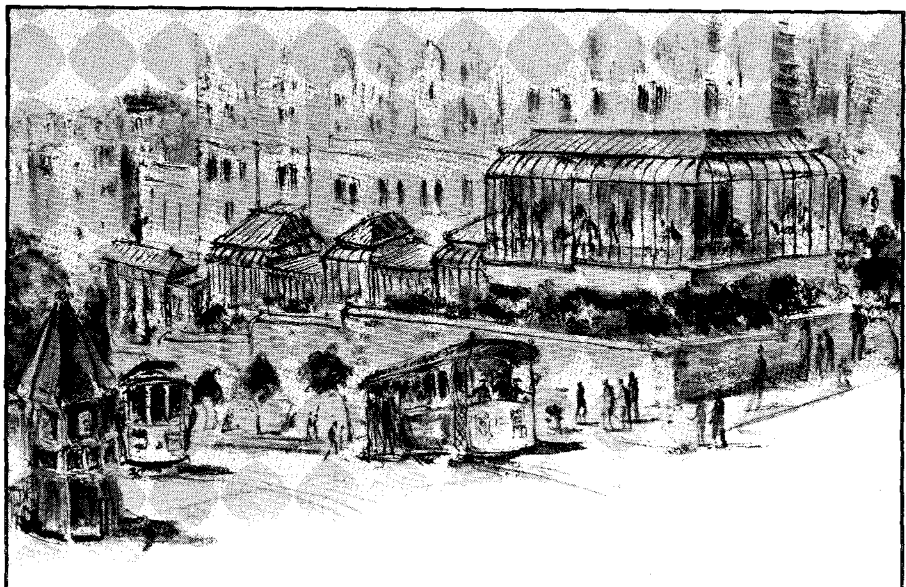
"Oh, I was," she told me. "I *was* a kook. I had to be, after what I'd been through. If a person can be driven crazy, that was me. But, of course, I wasn't really crazy. I was simply in despair. I had been sick for so long—for almost four years. I was getting sicker and sicker. I was almost helpless. I went to Alvarado Hospital because I couldn't think of anything else to do. I had finally given up.

"I don't know when my trouble actually started. I mean, it came on so innocently. I guess it began in Dallas sometime in 1974. No, I'm not from Dallas. I was born in the Chicago area—in Maywood, Illinois. But when I was fourteen my parents moved to Los Angeles, and I went to high school there. I ran track, and I was a cheerleader. I've always liked sports. I've always loved to run and dance and bike and that sort of thing. I went to Cal State, at Northridge, for a year, and I studied physical education. I went to Dallas because I wanted a change. There were no problems at home, or anything like that. I just wanted a change. I got a job at a Sears store, demonstrating cosmetics. Then a friend told me that Braniff was hiring flight attendants. I had an interview, and they hired me and sent me to their school—six weeks of emergency procedures, first aid, posture, grammar, how to prepare the meals. I was

"Are you kidding? My husband, here, is compounded daily!"

based in Dallas, and I flew every stop between there and Chicago and sometimes New York—all over. I think March of 1974 was when the trouble first began. I was out dancing one night, and my legs gave out on me. I mean, I fell down. But I was able to get right up, and I said it was my high heels. That's what I thought. So I went to lower heels, and then one night it happened again. It was just like the first time. I was able to get right up and go on. Nobody seemed to think anything of it. So I wasn't really worried. But when I had my regular Braniff physical in August I mentioned it to the doctor. He gave me an extra-careful checkup, and passed me. He said I was in great shape. He said I was probably just tired—too much standing. Well, flying is all standing. You hardly ever sit down on a flight. So that made sense. But then my legs began to hurt. I wasn't just tired, I also *hurt*—at the end of a flight, or walking through the airports. Like O'Hare. Or, especially, Dallas. You know how big it is. We were always having to walk from Gate 1 to Gate 22. My legs would cramp. It was a real tight pain. I would have to sit down and rest for a couple of minutes. Then I'd be all right. But all the girls were always complaining about being tired, so I still didn't think too much about it. Until it began to affect my arms. Just lifting two trays, and my arms would begin to tremble. It seemed like they didn't want to hold. Even a coffeepot was almost too much for my strength. I tried to get more sleep. But I just got tireder and tireder. And I began to almost miss flights because I had to sit down so often along the concourses and rest. So what I did was just get up earlier. If there's one thing I've got, it's will power. I drove myself as hard as I could. But I was getting worried now—real worried. I went to a doctor one of my friends knew. He said to take it easy. Stop driving myself so hard. He gave me a prescription for Valium.

"That would have been around the end of 1974. I thought maybe I wasn't eating right. It's hard to eat right when you're flying. All too often, after we had served the passengers their lunches or dinners there wouldn't be any food left. Most of the girls carried candy bars for those emergencies. I carried what I called my survival package—tuna fish and peanut butter and crackers and raw carrots and lots of vitamins. A lot of the girls recommended a shot of bourbon at bedtime. I



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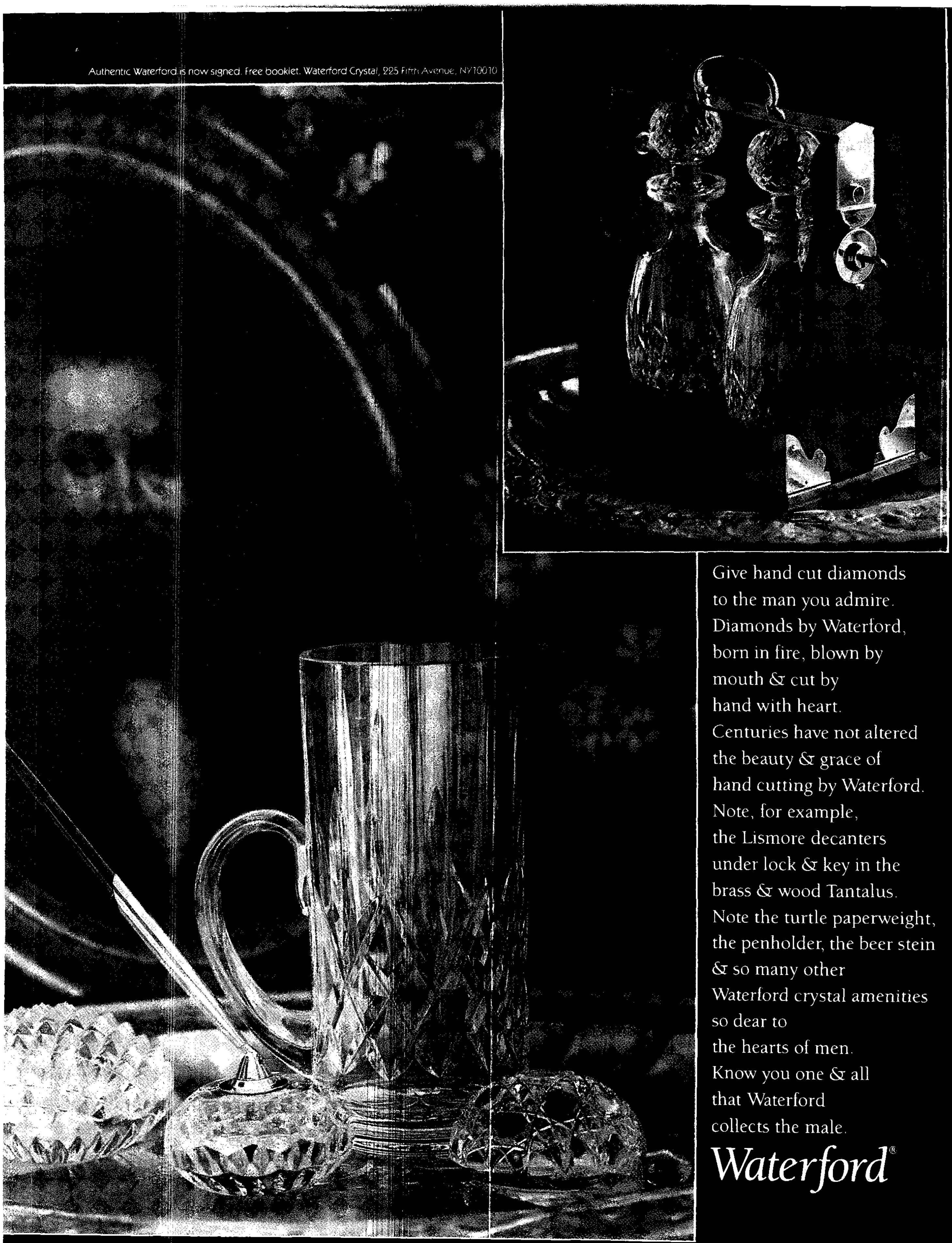

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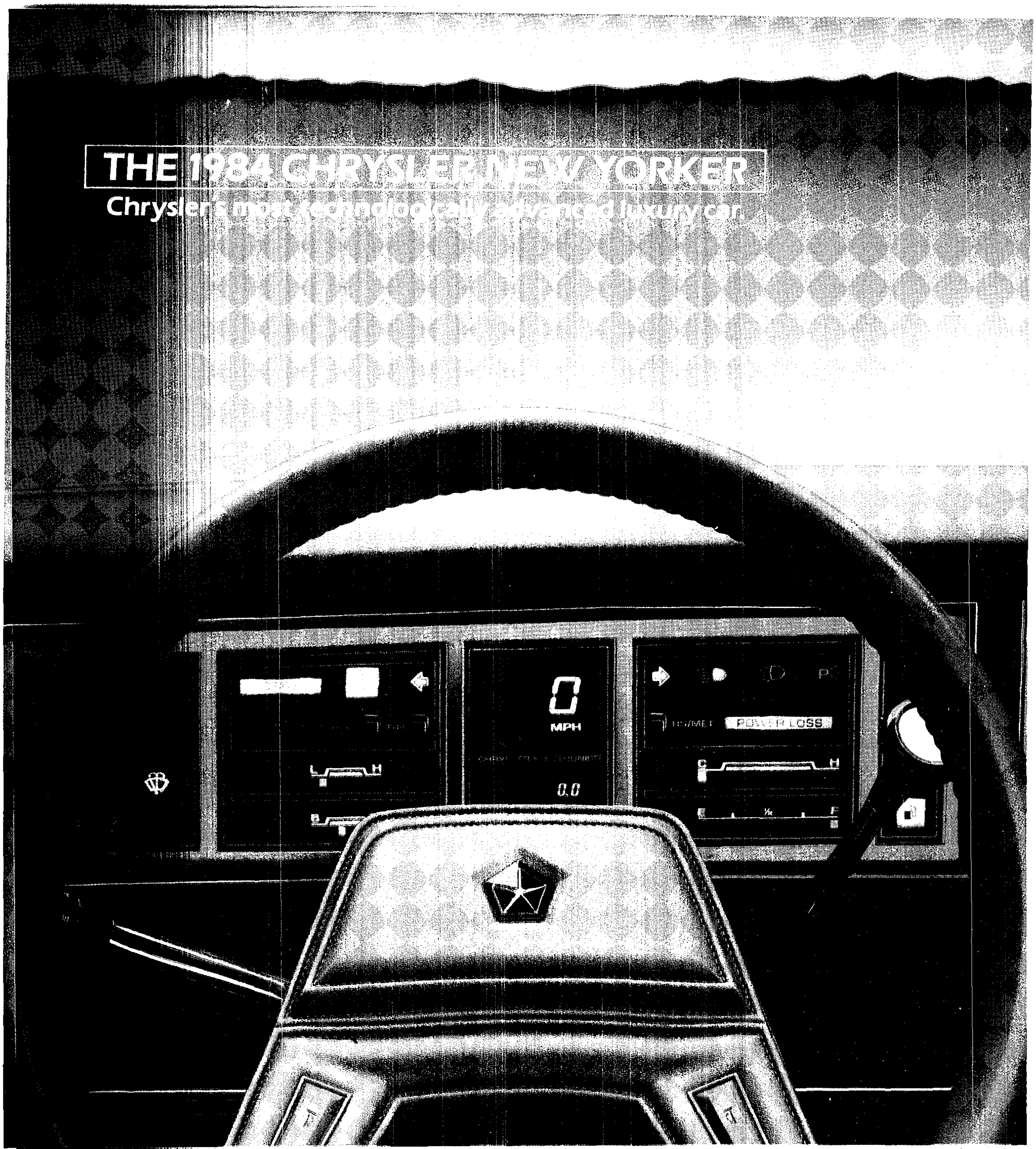
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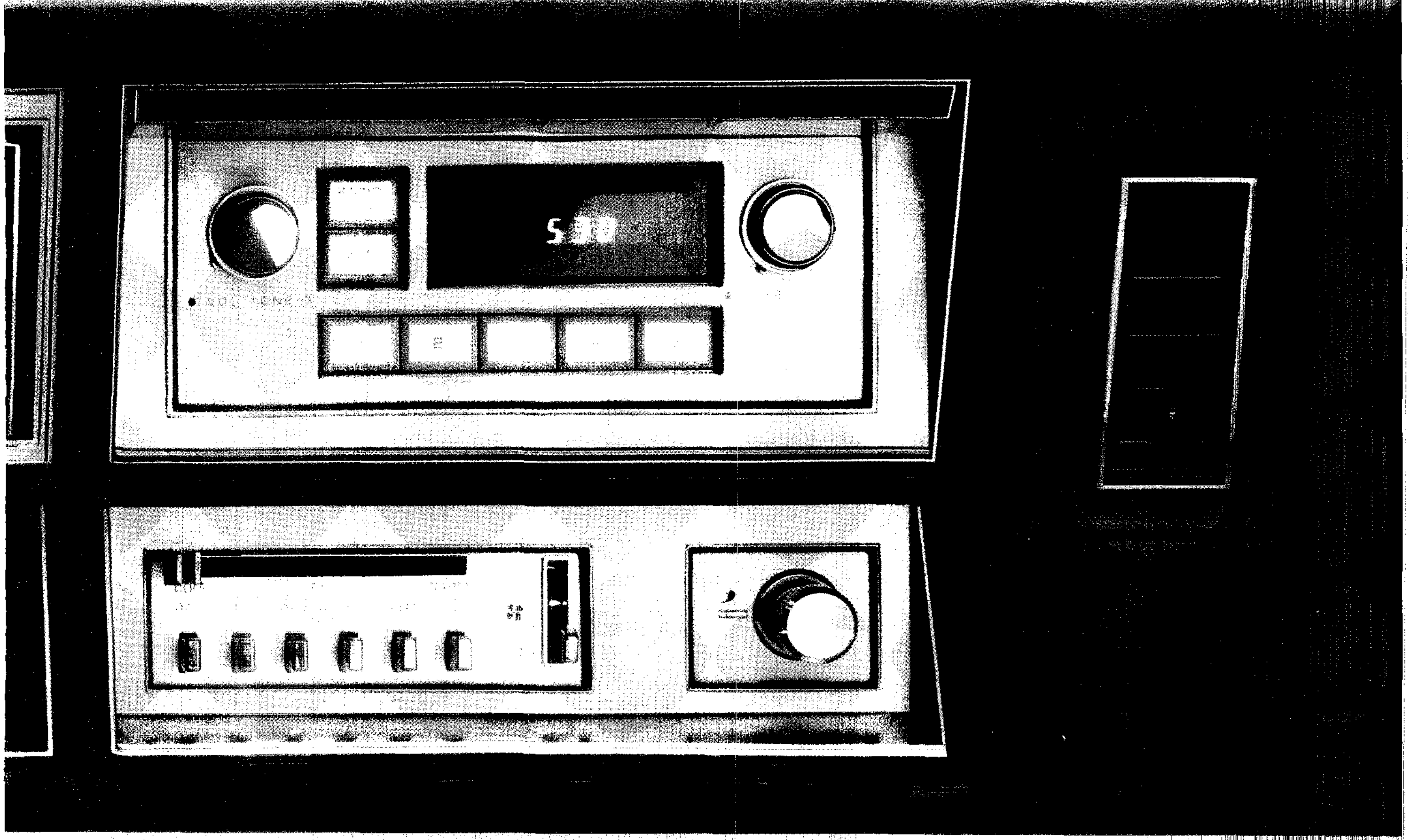

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tried that, and it was all right, but I couldn't see that it helped me any. I had to realize that my tiredness was different from the other girls'. So finally—I think it was in October, or maybe November, of 1975—I tried again. I went to an orthopedic specialist. I told him about my legs, how weak they were—and my arms. He looked me over; he was very thorough. But he couldn't find anything wrong. He said it was probably my job—the standing and the stress, and all that. His advice was to quit, to take a leave or something. But I *loved* flying. I loved my job. And I loved the money. I had a little Opel GT sports car. I had a nice apartment. I had a wonderful life. So I kept on working—getting to the airport early enough so I could make it to the gate, and getting back home late—and resting every chance I got. I stopped talking about my problems to the other girls. I didn't want them to say anything. I wanted to keep my job. But I was only fooling myself. It was just too much for me. In February of 1976, I asked for a vacation, and they gave me three weeks' leave. I went to my favorite place—to Hawaii. I relaxed and rested and tried to enjoy myself. The three weeks went by, and I was the same as always. I just didn't have any strength. I went back to Dallas and gave my two weeks' notice. I said I had personal problems. Which was true enough. My sister Enid flew in from L.A. and drove me home in my little Opel—back home to my parents.

"It's hard to explain just how I felt. I was worried about feeling so tired and weak. But I still really thought it would go away. I still really thought I'd get better. Anyway, I couldn't just sit around the house. That isn't my way. I went out and got a job—two jobs, as a matter of fact. I got a daytime job demonstrating cosmetics again. I worked in various stores doing makeup. And at night I worked as a cocktail waitress in a club. I suppose that was kind of foolish. Because I had the same old trouble—the same problem with trays, the same problem with all the standing and walking. I had to wear heels at the cocktail job, and, of course, that made things that much worse. Every now and then, I dropped a tray. I could tell when it was coming on—I'd think, There goes the tray. The other waitresses dropped things, too. But they only dropped a glass or something. I dropped the whole tray. But the boss was crazy about me. That made everything O.K. This was in

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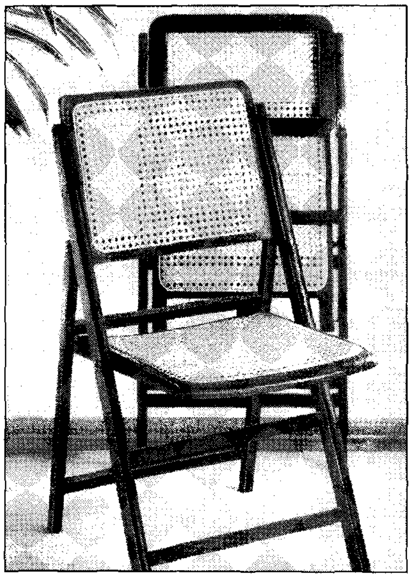

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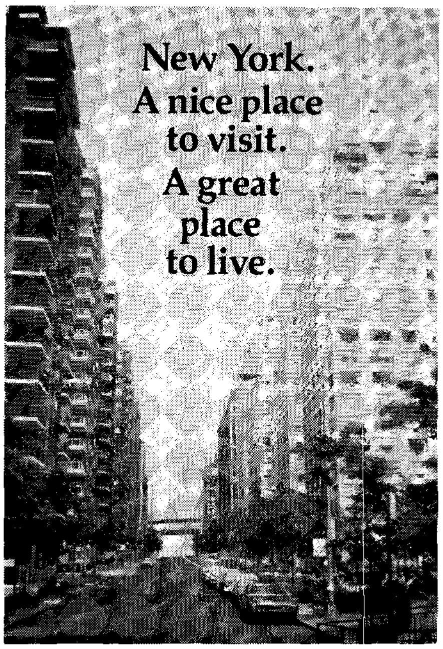
the summer of 1976. But finally the boss got to be too much for me. I had to quit. I had already quit the cosmetics job. Two jobs were too big a load for me, and the cocktail job paid better. When I quit that, I got a daytime job as a hostess in a restaurant at the beach. I guess I knew by then that there was something really wrong, but I wanted to work. I missed that airline income. It's hard to change when you get used to a certain level of living.

"When I first came home to L.A., I had gone to the family doctor. He couldn't find anything wrong with me. Then I met a chiropractor at a party and told him my problem. He checked me out and couldn't find anything wrong, either. He referred me to a woman psychologist. She gave me an I.Q. test. That only told her that I was bright. So she gave me another test. And then another. She never seemed to try to think anything out—she just kept giving me tests. I decided she was a waste of time, and quit. I also quit my hostess job. I had to—I was getting weaker every day. Everything I did hurt. It hurt to comb my hair. My arms were so heavy and weak. It was hard for me to drive my car. Once or twice, it was really frightening. I'd try to brake or something, and my foot wouldn't move. One Sunday afternoon, I took my little three-year-old niece to the park. When we were driving home, a traffic light up ahead turned red and I started to brake and I couldn't lift my foot. Oh, my God! I thought. I'm going to kill us both. I told my niece to get down on the floor. I hung on to the wheel and we sailed across the intersection. Thank God, there was nobody coming. I don't know how I ever made it home. That was the last time I drove. I was at home now all the time. But I had problems even there. I don't know how many times my legs gave out and I fell down the stairs. They were carpeted, thank God, so I wasn't hurt much. That was going down. Climbing the stairs, I practically had to crawl. My mom was a problem, too. She kept saying I was just trying to upset her. She didn't really mean that. The real reason was that she couldn't bear to think there was something wrong with me. And my sisters. We would be getting ready to go out somewhere, and it took me so long to get ready they'd go off without me. I got so I was crying a lot. I'd try to pick up a glass, and my arm would go limp. And I'd say, 'Oh, no!'—and fall into a chair and just cry.



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"But I still hadn't given up. When I quit going to that woman psychologist, my chiropractor friend suggested I see a psychiatrist. I was going out with the chiropractor some, and he was really trying to help. He was convinced that my trouble was psychosomatic. I didn't know what to think. Some days I was better, and some days I was worse. Some days I could get dressed and go out and everything was almost like normal. Then the next morning I couldn't even fix breakfast. I had a drawer full of prescriptions—Valium, Elavil, Equanil, all those drugs. Every doctor I went to see prescribed something. I tried them all, and I couldn't see any difference. I couldn't see that any of them helped. So I went to a psychiatrist. He was a white guy. Some of the doctors I'd seen were white. Some were black. Anyway, I went to this psychiatrist once a week. We talked. We went over everything I'd been told by all the others. He said I must face it—I had a psychosomatic problem. I liked him; he was a nice man. He made me feel better about myself, which helped. But I didn't really believe what he said. Then I had my family—my mother and my brother and my three sisters—on me. They made it perfectly plain. They said I was crazy. I said to myself that *they* were crazy.

"About that time, in December of 1976, I met a nice guy from San Diego. He was a big guy—six foot six and two hundred and seventy pounds. His name was Ira Watley, and he had been playing offensive tackle for Miami. He'd just got cut. He was going back home to San Diego, and he suggested I come with him—get away from my family. He knew they were driving me nuts. I thought about it. Then one morning I woke up and I almost couldn't get out of bed. But I made it, and started down to breakfast, and fell. I fell all the way down the stairs. I didn't know whether I was hurt or not—I hurt all over anyway. I must have looked awful, because my mother helped me up and took me to the emergency room of a hospital a few blocks away. There was a young doctor on duty. He examined me, and everything—my arms and legs and all. He said to wait, and went away. He came back with a textbook and he stood there studying it. Then he said, 'I would think you might have myasthenia gravis, but the symptoms aren't right. Myasthenia gravis starts with the eyes and face, with drooping eyelids and trouble swallowing. You

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don't have that.' He said he thought I ought to see a psychiatrist. He gave me a prescription for Elavil.

"That made up my mind. I went to San Diego with Ira. He was really understanding. He wanted to get married. I didn't think so—not right then. But I was feeling a little better and getting a little restless. I wanted to do something. Ira suggested I go to school—to a business college he knew about. So I enrolled. That was in February, 1977. But it was the same old story. I wasn't really any better. The school was on the second floor—a walkup—and those stairs were too much. I would go late, so people wouldn't see me struggling. It was one step and rest, another step and rest. Some days, I could go three steps without resting. I was taking typing. And finally I couldn't do it. I couldn't hold out my arms. It was a three-month course, but I never finished it. After that, I just stayed home. Except to go to the doctor. I had already seen a couple of doctors in San Diego. One was a regular internist. The other was a neurologist. They were like all the rest: psychosomatic, Valium. But Ira kept pushing me to keep trying to get some help. I even went to a doctor in La Jolla who tried to hypnotize me. I wouldn't hypnotize, and that frustrated him. He told me I didn't want to get well. Then I tried an orthopedic surgeon. He asked me to lift my arms. I couldn't do it. He stumped out of the room. He said he couldn't help me because I wouldn't coöperate. Then I tried another psychiatrist. I had four or five visits. The psychiatrists and the psychologists were all alike: What did your last doctor say? I see. Well, I agree. Psychosomatic. I'm going to give you a prescription for an antidepressant. Some of them started with my childhood. Some started now and worked back. I told them I had a normal childhood—a normal middle-class childhood. I told them I didn't hate my parents, and they didn't hate me. They were loving parents. The psychiatrist I went to four or five times, he saw Ira when Ira brought me to his office. I told you Ira is a very big man. So this doctor had a new idea. He asked me if Ira beat me.

"I started getting completely worse in June—June of 1978. Ira was away. The Winnipeg Blue Bombers had signed him on, and he was training up there in Canada. He had arranged everything before he left. He had his father come over and look after me. He sent me his check every week, and one of his friends—either Frank or Drake—would take me to the bank and to the supermarket, or wherever. Frank was very sympathetic. He had been in Vietnam and had had a hard time there, and he'd had some therapy. He persuaded me to try the state mental-health center. I joined their group-therapy class. I went for a while. But the classes were kindergarten stuff, and I wouldn't take the drugs they offered. Elavil was one of them, and it actually seemed to trigger more weakness. It seemed to actually loosen my muscles. I had some bad experiences even without drugs. I'd sit down in a chair, and when I wanted to get up I couldn't. I'd have to wait for Ira's dad or somebody to help me. It got so I was afraid to cook. I remember one afternoon I had some vegetables on the stove. I left the kitchen and fell, and I couldn't get up. I just lay there smelling them burn. The house was full of smoke when Ira's dad came in and turned off the stove. It was an awful feeling. I wasn't good for anything. I used to sit and meditate and pray. I'd fix my mind on, say, fishing or shopping, and try not to think of anything else. I did a lot of praying. I'd say the Lord's Prayer over and over and over. It helped me, I think. I prayed in bed in the morning, too. I kept a Bible by the bed. In the morning, when I woke up, I'd read or pray, and finally I'd have the strength to get up. One morning, I couldn't comb my hair. I didn't have the strength. I finally had to lay my head on the sink, and that way I could use my arms a little. There was another time. Drake and his brother Lee took me fishing with them out on the park dock. After a while, I went to the bathroom. I sat down on the toilet, and I couldn't get back up. Nobody came in. I yelled and yelled, and finally Lee came in and got me out.

"I think that was about the last time I went out anywhere. I knew I was reaching the end of the line. My muscles were getting weaker and weaker. I had to rest more and more. I knew that pretty soon I'd be helpless. I had to do something before it was too late. I decided my only hope was to get hospitalized. And I knew that the best way I could get hospitalized was to talk depression and suicide. That was one thing I'd learned from all those psychologists and psychiatrists. The hospital I picked was Alvarado Community Hospital. It was the nearest one to Ira's apartment. I got Frank to drive me there, and he had to practi-

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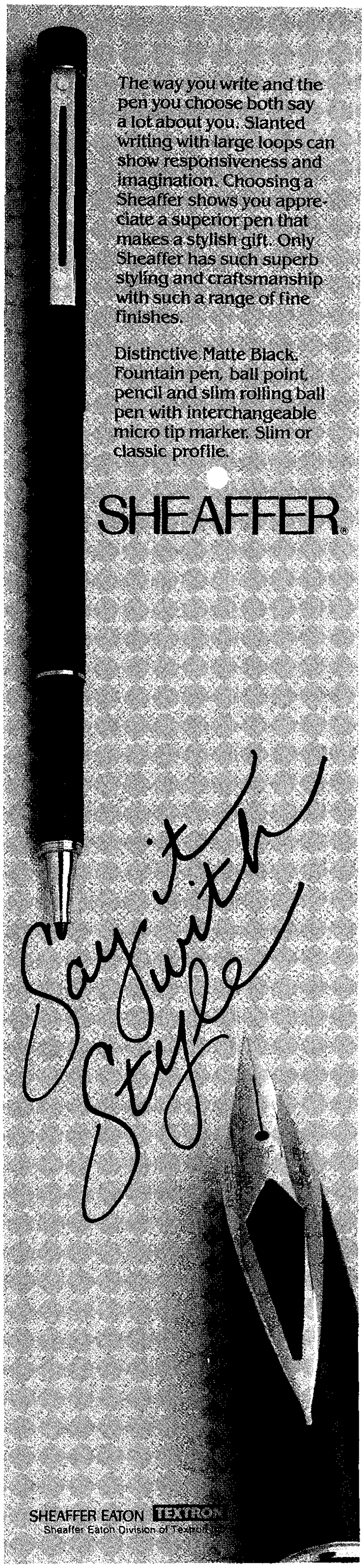

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cally carry me into the emergency room. I told my story, and they took me in. I remember the date. I remember it very well. It was Wednesday, October 11, 1978, late in the afternoon. But the date I really remember is the following Wednesday, October 18th, around noon. That was the day I met Dr. Baughman. He came into my room and looked me over and told me what my trouble was. I had myasthenia gravis."

"WELL, yes," Dr. Baughman said to me. "It *was* almost as quick and easy as that. I was pretty sure the minute I saw her that her trouble was myasthenia gravis. The only other possibility was amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, and she was much too young for that." Dr. Baughman is a slight, wiry man of fifty, with a bang of sandy gray hair and a wide, warm, country-boy smile. He was smiling now. "But it wasn't magic. Myasthenia gravis is a special interest of mine. I trained at Mt. Sinai, in New York, and Mt. Sinai has a rather famous myasthenia-gravis research laboratory. Some important work has been done there. So I learned about myasthenia gravis early, and it is always on my mind. There is a saying about diagnosis—about why doctors often fail to recognize one of the less common diseases. It goes, 'When you hear hoofbeats, you don't necessarily think of a zebra.' I recognized the hoofbeats of a zebra. That was my only magic. I won't say myasthenia gravis is a common disease. But it isn't a rarity, either. The national occurrence rate is one in twenty thousand. I see my share, because I'm a neurologist and because I'm aware. I average three to five new cases a year. Women seem to be more susceptible than men—particularly young women. Myasthenia gravis is a good descriptive name. The 'my' refers to muscle, and 'asthenia' comes from the Greek for weakness. It isn't as gravis—as serious—a disease as it once was. It was first described in the seventeenth century, and it was named around the end of the nineteenth century, and in those days and up until the middle nineteen-fifties it was very often fatal. There is a treatment now. But, of course, it can't be treated if it isn't diagnosed. That's the problem. In that respect, Sheila was a classic case.

"I remember my first look at Sheila. Bob Brewer had called me and said he had some doubts about a psychiatric patient at Alvarado, and would I take

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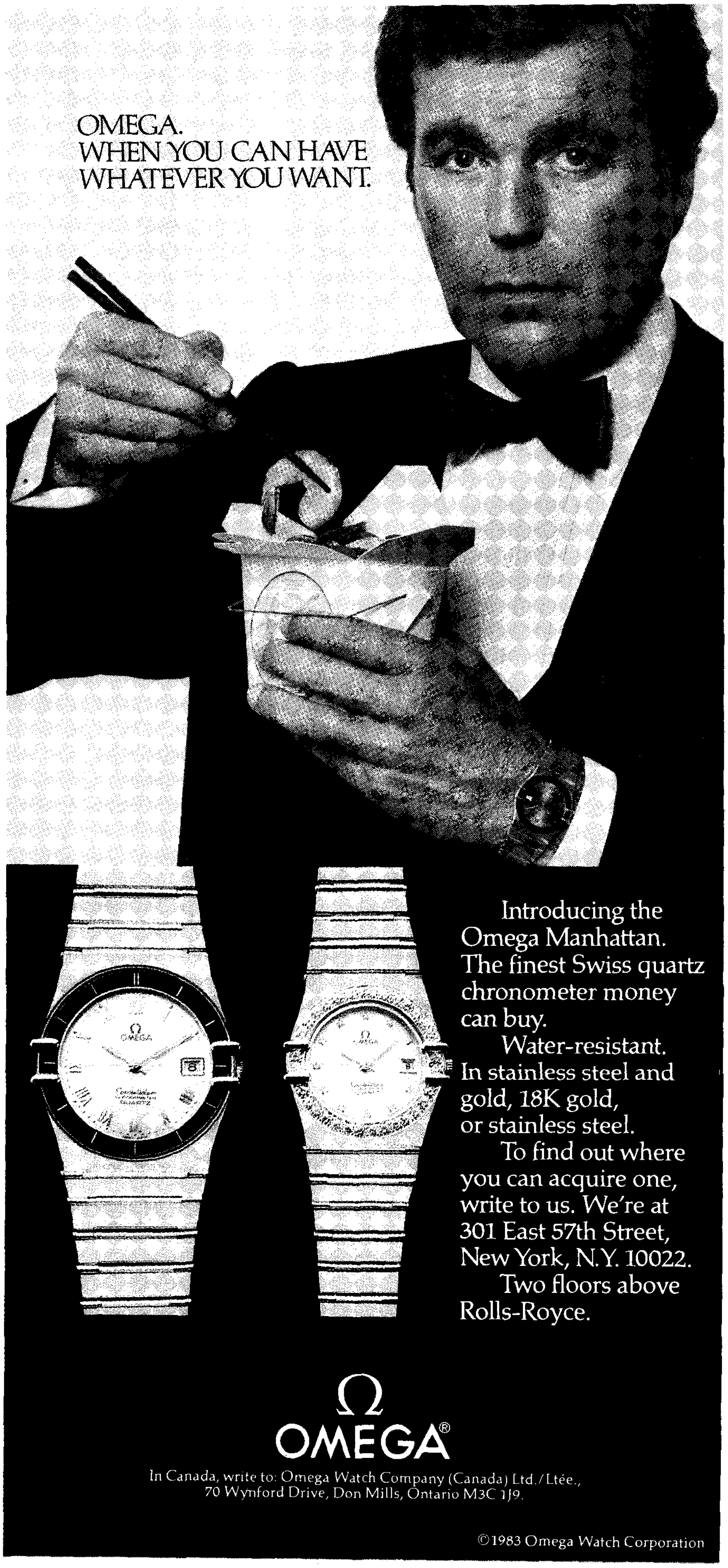
a look. So the next day I went up to Four South when I finished my regular rounds. The first order of business is the visual impression. And oh, Lord! She was pathetic—truly pathetic. She was lying in bed and not exactly crying—sort of whimpering. There was a feeling of just hopelessness. Her beauty made it all the worse. I knew the moment I saw her that there was a profound generalized muscle weakness. I called a nurse, and we got her sitting up. She tried to help, but it was a genuine, real weakness. Nothing functional about it. Her face was normal, and so was her speech. There was a slight nasal character, but not much. I had the nurse get her to her feet and walk. It was a definitely abnormal gait—it was a waddle. That indicated a hip-girdle weakness. We have a scale of evaluation. It begins at zero, then trace, then poor, then fair, then good. Sheila's hip and shoulder girdles were poor to fair. Her body and feet were in the good range. The weakness was symmetrical, and there was just no question about it. I knew her history, and I didn't believe a word of all those psychiatric evaluations. This was a serious muscle disease.

"It's sad to think how close she came to an early diagnosis. I'm talking about that young doctor up in Los Angeles. He suspected myasthenia gravis, but he made the common mistake of going entirely by the book. The books all emphasize that the presenting symptoms are drooping eyelids, facial weakness, and palatal weakness—difficulty in speaking. The classic teaching requires the presence of one or more of those symptoms for a diagnosis of myasthenia. I had one patient who was referred to me by an ophthalmologist. A man had come to him complaining that he was losing his eyesight. The ophthalmologist recognized that the cause of his failing sight was the drooping eyelids of myasthenia gravis. I wish the textbooks were a little less rigid. But the fact is that a mere suspicion of myasthenia is enough, because there's a quick and easy diagnostic test that is almost entirely reliable.

"Myasthenia gravis is a fundamentally mysterious disease. I mean the basic cause is unknown. It is generally thought to be one of the several autoimmune diseases—the consequence of some disturbance in the body's immune system. Antibodies appear in the blood that interfere with the supply of a substance called acetyl-



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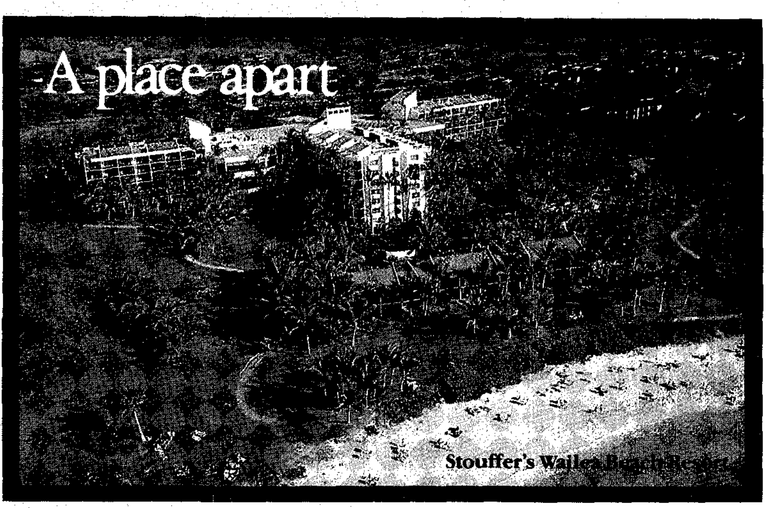

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choline, which mediates neuromuscular function. I'm putting a highly complicated process in very simple terms. The result of this inhibition is a weakness much like the weakness induced by the poison curare, and the treatment of myasthenia gravis has derived from an understanding of curare intoxication. The site of the physiological defect in both curare poisoning and myasthenia gravis is the neuromuscular junction. In the absence of acetylcholine, the muscular response very rapidly decreases. A period of rest will, at least for a time, restore sufficient acetylcholine to allow for normal function, but only for a limited time. Then the weakness returns. Drugs have been developed that are antagonistic, in varying degrees, to the substance that inhibits acetylcholine. One of these anti-cholinesterase agents is involved in the diagnostic test for myasthenia gravis. Tensilon—or, generically, edrophonium chloride—has the power to restore almost normal muscular function almost instantly, in a matter of moments. Its effect lasts only moments, but a positive response to Tensilon is diagnostic of myasthenia gravis.

"Tensilon was developed at Mt. Sinai in 1952, and I've used it many times. The effect is always startling. I gave Sheila the usual dose—ten milligrams, injected intravenously. I waited a moment, and then checked her arm strength. There was resistance to pressure—maybe eighty to eighty-five per cent of normal. So I asked her to get up and walk. She said, 'You know I can't walk.' I told her to try. She gave me a doubtful look—and sat up. Then she stood up. Then she walked across the room. It was a miracle. It's always a miracle, but this was one of the most miraculous. I'll never forget the look on her face. She was dazed. She was stunned. The tears were running down her cheeks. I felt the way I always do when I see that miracle happen. I felt—I don't know—almost godlike. Then she began to give out. I helped her back to bed. She collapsed. It was all over."

SHEILA ALLEN was discharged from Alvarado Community Hospital on the morning of Thursday, October 26, 1978. That was fifteen days after the day of her admittance and eight days after her dramatic noonday meeting with Dr. Baughman. In the course of those eight days, she was introduced to another, and more durable, anti-cholinesterase agent, called Mestinon, and an effective dosage (one sixty-milligram tablet every four hours) was determined. Tensilon is of only diagnostic value. The discharge summary noted, "Discharged to out-patient treatment, to be followed by Dr. Patricia Marrow for supportive psychotherapy (in adjusting to the presence of a chronic debilitating illness) and by Dr. Fred Baughman for control of myasthenia gravis." Her condition, the summary added, was "markedly improved." It was indeed. The friend who had helped her into the hospital was there to meet her on her departure. She was pleased by his thoughtfulness, she was glad to have his company, but she didn't need his help. She walked out of the hospital with the easy gait of any normal twenty-four-year-old woman. She was, for all practical purposes, a normal young woman, and two weeks later, in early November, she was leading a normal life. She had a job demonstrating cosmetics at a San Diego department store, and she was attending evening classes at a school for real-estate brokers.

Dr. Baughman saw Miss Allen at his office soon after her hospital discharge, and once a month thereafter. At their December meeting, on December 5th, he noted that her response to Mestinon was entirely satisfactory. It was better than that of many other patients in his experience, and inferior to none. Nevertheless, he watched her closely and questioned her closely at their monthly meetings. There is always a chance that Mestinon, or any other anti-cholinesterase agent, may in time weaken in its mastery. There is a surgical procedure that can provide a vigorous supplement to Mestinon therapy. This involves the removal of the thymus gland. The thymus is one of the endocrine glands and is situated in the windpipe, just below the thyroid gland. Its function has to do with the development and maintenance of the immunological system. The thymus develops rapidly in infancy, grows more slowly until around puberty, and then, in most people, begins to wither away. It has been established that in victims of myasthenia gravis the thymus is abnormally intact, and its functions seem to have been perverted into the phenomenon of autoimmunity. In the course of the summer of 1979, Dr. Baughman decided that Miss Allen would benefit from the removal of her thymus, and he arranged with a thoracic surgeon named David M. Long to perform the operation. Miss Allen

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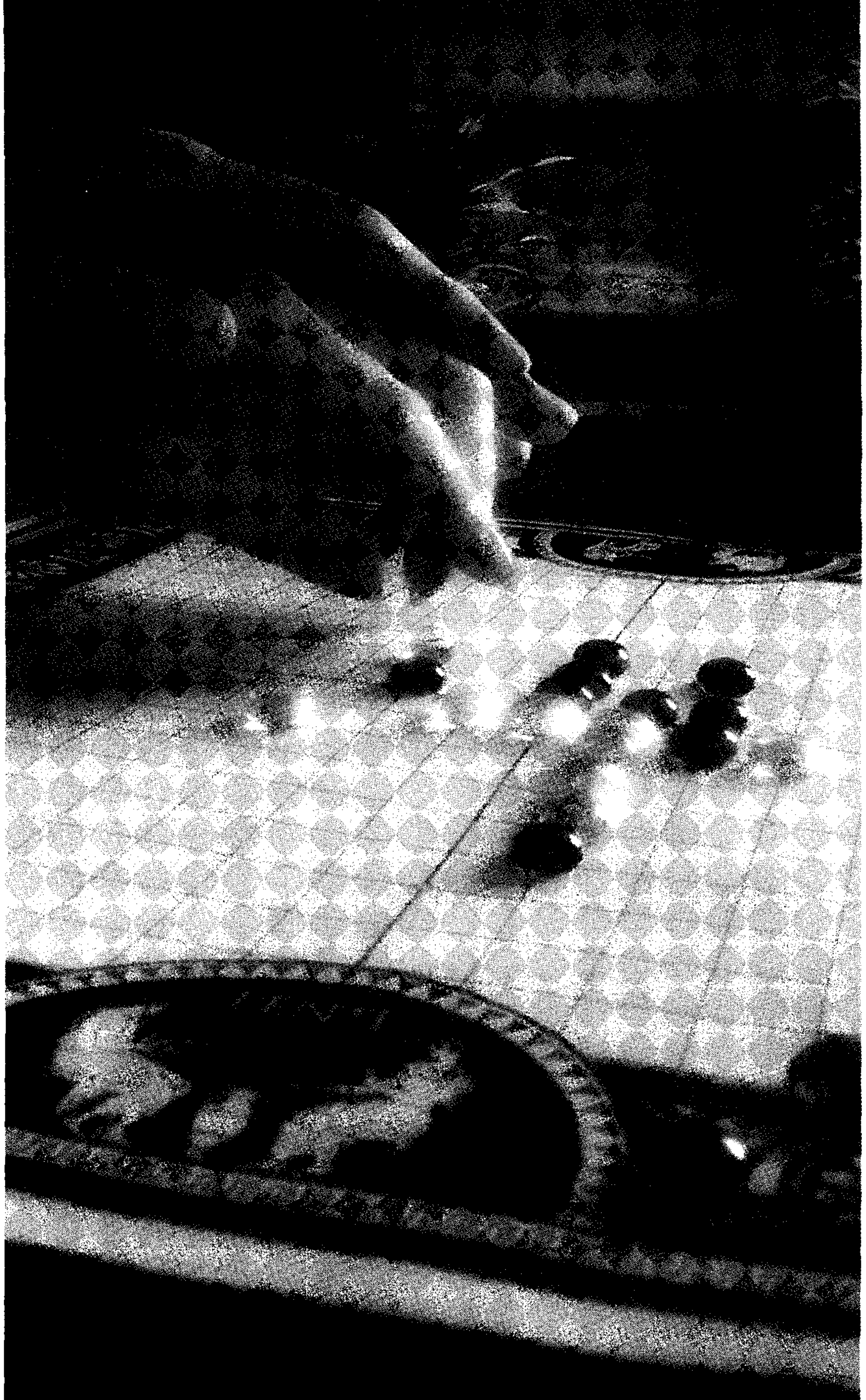

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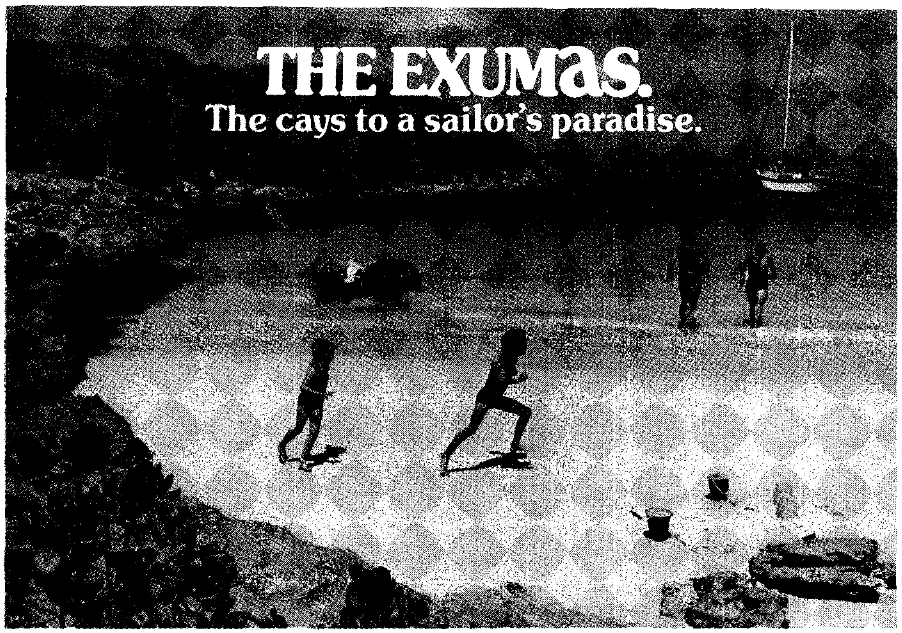

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was admitted to El Cajon Valley Hospital on September 25th, and underwent a transcervical thymectomy the following morning. The operation was a complete success, and its good results were immediately apparent. Dr. Baughman noted that within less than two hours Miss Allen's muscular powers were stronger than at any time since he had diagnosed her illness. On September 29th, she was discharged.

"OH, sure," Miss Allen told me toward the end of our talk in Dr. Baughman's office. "I knew that a thymectomy was a serious operation. Dr. Baughman told me all about it. But of course I agreed. Whatever he suggested was Gospel to me. He was the Messiah. He *is* the Messiah. I moved back to Los Angeles in January of 1980, but we keep in touch—I'm still on Mestinon; I always will be—and I see him here once a year. It seems to me that I feel better every day. When I moved back to L.A., I had finished my real-estate course, and I went in with my mother and father in their real-estate business. I also did volunteer work for a while in a hospital in the neighborhood. I did physical counselling. Then, in 1982, I heard about a new airline opening up with flights between L.A. and Hawaii, and I applied, and they took me on. I'm a senior flight attendant, and I do seven turnabout flights a month. Between trips, I still work in real estate. The only trouble I have now is trying to hold myself back. I don't want to walk—I want to run. I'm *so* full of strength and energy. I guess I'm making up for lost time. I told my new boyfriend about my myasthenia. He said, 'So what?' We dance all night."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From New Haven Magazine*]

FLOWER FLUBS: In the November Issue, GERALDINE—A Florist was incorrectly identified as Christine Gill. Formerly the location of David Gill, Geraldine is owned by Geraldine Cullinan, a former partner with David George in David Gill. David George has founded his own floral boutique on State Street, JASMINE. Our apologies for any confusion this error may have caused.

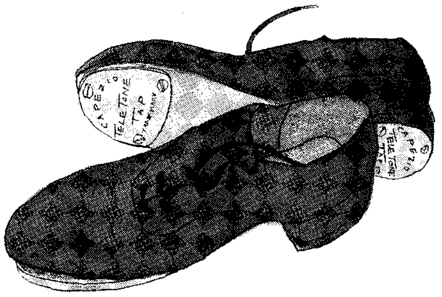
•

Andrew Davis, Music Director of The Toronto Symphony, was born in 1944 in Geneva, Vienna and Prague, among others.—*Playbill.*

1944 was a difficult year.

OUR REGIONAL CORRESPONDENTS

THE LAST WALTZ CLOG, THE FIRST CAROMBOLA



There's something in the human breast that needs a challenge.—*Lord Hunt, leader of the first successful ascent of Mt. Everest.*

MY old friend Frank, a somewhat flabby, two-hundred-pound, heavy-smoking sexagenarian who occupies the office next to mine, greets most proposals of excitement and adventure in the same way. He thinks it over and says no. I was therefore startled when, one day a few years ago, upon my asking him "Do you ever wish you could tap-dance?" Frank responded "*Everybody* wants to tap-dance!" He struggled to his feet and began scuffing around his office, singing "Lullaby of Broadway."

"What do you say we take tap lessons?" I called, over the thumping and singing.

"Lessons?" he gasped. "Who needs lessons?" He lurched this way and that, like a bear on its hind legs trying to stomp out a brush fire. "Until the da-awn," he sang. He rattled off a few final convulsive taps, kicked the wastebasket, and sank into his chair, beaming, his face the color of eggplant.

The reason I had asked Frank about learning to tap-dance was that I had just turned fifty, was in much the same physical shape as Frank, and was taking a hard look at my life, narrowing my aspirations to realistic goals keyed to what little time I might have left. Two great dreams remained unfulfilled: (1) tap dancing, and (2) playing jai alai.

A week later, after work, Frank and I—each carrying a small bag containing a change of clothes, towels, and extremely brand-new black leather tap shoes from Capezio—entered a ratty old building west of Broadway in the Forties, went up in a creaking elevator to the fifth floor, and arrived at the Contemporary Dance Studio (Modern-Jazz-Ballet-Tap), where we had earlier signed up for ten lessons in Beginner Tap. The narrow hallway was awash with serious-looking, wonderful young women in spectacular condition, sparkling with sweat, bedecked in bright leotards, tank tops, T-shirts, shorts, leg-warmers; towels were around their necks, and their hair was in pigtails or ponytails. They stretched; they executed pliés; they bent, straight-legged, and touched the floor with their palms (something Frank and I might hope to do only while actually sitting on the floor). "Broadway!" cried Frank, glancing about eagerly. We were sent upstairs to a locker room to change, then we came clattering down the staircase in our noisy new Capezio's, feeling like Gregory Hines and Honi Coles. Our class marched into a studio—there were about twenty students, only two of the others men—and formed three lines. The instructor introduced himself. His name was Vince. He had slicked-down hair parted in the middle and wore high-waisted canary-yellow dancer pants with prominent pleats. Vince was extremely fit, and he had a brisk but kindly manner. His age was uncertain. He had a slightly preserved look, a certain doughiness of complexion; something about him, in fact, suggested Dorian Gray—as if somewhere, on a dusty stage, in a long-extinct vaudeville house, there might be another Vince, seamed beyond recognition, white-haired, rheumy-eyed, arthritic, tapping his ancient heart out to some forgotten Tin Pan Alley melody.

The studio was a narrow room about forty feet long, with floor-to-ceiling mirrors on three walls and a barre along the rear wall. It was nearly impossible not to see oneself in one mirror or another throughout the lesson; frequently—and lamentably—one was visible in several, with repeating front views, side views, and back views. Vince taught us how to stand, how to breathe, how to move. The students were grimly intent. Most of them probably hoped to dance as a career. (Frank and I were not opposed to a career change ourselves, but it did not seem imminent.) Soon Vince had us all doing the shuffle: weight on left foot; swing right foot back, then swing it forward so the sole of the shoe brushes the floor, then swing it back. We did it with one foot; we did it with the other foot; we did it to the side; we did it to the side and the front; we did it singly; we did it together, twenty people tapping in unison, the worn wooden floor ringing with the tintinnabulation of steel taps. It was glorious; it was thrilling. The hour vanished, and class was over.

Frank emerged from the back row. "This is easy!" he exclaimed, wiping his face with a towel. "I was just as good as any of the others! How about you?"

"Same here," I said.

"This is great!" said Frank.

In the weeks following, we learned flaps, stabs, digs, the heel drop, the ball change; an astonishing variety of things, it turned out, could be done with feet. Frank and I amazed ourselves by our swift mastery of the tap vocabulary. Heading toward Times Square after class, jubilant, Frank and I would test a couple of the newest steps on the sidewalk, seemingly heedless of passersby—just a couple of old Broadway hoofers.

But Frank and I had begun to slip behind. At first, it was barely perceptible: we didn't quite get the hang of this or that; it would all be fine once we practiced. Then, by the fifth week, our ineptitude was glaring. Each step, by itself, we might be able to execute, given enough time, but when the steps were put together in combinations to the relentless music Vince put on the record-player we soon got lost. Trying to copy nearby students was not useful; once you figured out what they were doing, and tried to duplicate it, everybody had long since moved on to something else. Frank and I would give a helpless little brush or shuffle from time to time, then stand immobile in the middle of the floor, two red-faced statues in a choppy sea of frenetic dancers. "Now, most of you did that very well," Vince would say, lifting the arm of the record-player and bringing "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head" to a merciful halt. Vince would move down the line until he came to Frank. "Now, Frank," he'd say. "Let's see you try that one more time." The class would stand waiting patiently as Vince worked with Frank, "Now the left foot . . . No, Frank, the *left* . . . That's right . . . Good! Now . . . Not yet, wait . . . Get your weight on the right foot now . . . *Right* foot, Frank . . . O.K., let's start over again, nice and slow. Ready? . . . Stand up, Frank, you're all bent over, O.K.? Now: Five, six, seven, *eight*—what are you doing? No! Stop! Why don't you just try it by yourself for a while, Frank?" Then Vince would go through the same thing with me while the other students shifted around and murmured to each other, or snapped their fingers, humming softly.

Frank and I would leave class in a sombre state, sweaty and silent. We no longer tap-danced on the sidewalk; we trudged, like defeated men. One evening, Frank spoke. "I don't think I *need* another failure in my life," he said, shaking his head.

At the next week's class, we ran headlong into the Waltz Clog (step on right foot; shuffle left foot; ball change left; right; then reverse), which was to be performed while progressing across the floor. Stumbling and tripping throughout the interminable class, crashing into our fellow-students like elderly slam dancers, Frank and I reached the same conclusion, and when the lesson was over we went up to Vince and submitted our resignations. Vince was gracious, understanding, and undoubtedly relieved; he made no effort to dissuade us. We shook hands, and Frank and I slunk out, saying goodbye to no one, made our terminal trek to Times Square, and went our separate ways.

Today, Frank has developed a keen interest in emerging growth funds. Great fortunes can be made sitting down, he claims. Where his tap shoes are, I don't know. Mine are in an attic, accumulating a powdery green patina. When I recently asked Frank about the possibility of jai-alai lessons, he didn't even look up from his market newsletter—just grunted and shook his head.

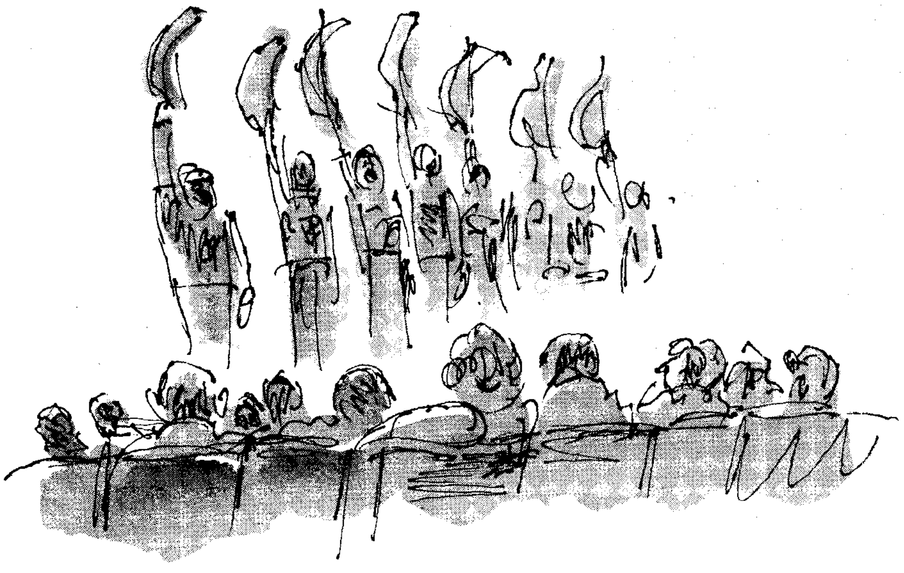
Milford, Connecticut

THE Milford Jai-Alai Fronton—a monumental, mauve-colored ziggurat of rough plaster, glass, and steel—occupies the high ground just south of Exit 40 on the Connecticut Turnpike, between Bridgeport and New Haven, overlooking a sprawling truck stop of gas stations, diners, and motels. It dominates the area the way the lofty abbey-fortress of Saint-Michel commands the village of Mont-Saint-Michel, in the Gulf of Saint-Malo. While a few of the visitors to the Milford fronton may come in order to admire a well-executed *cortada*, a crafty *carombola*, or a spectacular backhand *rebote*, and others may come simply to exult in the warm feeling of international brotherhood engendered by the sight of so many fine-looking Basques running and jumping in New Haven County, the majority are probably there to place bets. To this end, six evenings a week from May through October, a mighty tide—like the dramatic rush of the sea across the sands at Mont-Saint-Michel—sweeps in, this one of automobiles pouring off Exit 40 and encircling the fronton, then swirling out again a few hours later, leaving behind a flotsam of dashed hopes and hard cash.

On this night in May, I am part of this tide. However, I am not here to bet, or to salute the lively Basques (admirable though they are), but just to get a good look at the sport that, since the shattering of my tap-dance aspirations, has become my last great dream.* I arrive around eight o'clock, with a booklet entitled "Understanding Jai Alai," by Ned DeLoach and Lynn M. Skapyak. I park ($1), buy a Reserved Seat ($3.50), an Official Program ($1), and a chocolate ice-cream cone (85¢). Fairly light attendance. The interior of the huge building has many levels, stairs, escalators, snack bars, betting windows, uniformed attendants. There are soaring walls of concrete, wriggling neon, glittering metal, exposed beams high overhead—the last word in Luxurious, Color-Coördinated, Comfort-Controlled, Hi-Tech-Decorator-Sports-Palace Architecture. Fifth game about to start. I settle down in my seventh-row seat and open the booklet. The rules verge on the recondite. "A complete program has twelve matches," says the booklet. "An individual game lasts ten to fifteen minutes. In American frontons, doubles play is more common. Singles matches are a good change of pace and are featured at least twice in every program." Investment opportunities include Win, Place, Show, Quiniela, Exacta, Wheeling, Trifecta, Trifecta Rundown, Quiniela boxes, Trifecta boxes, and various other combinations. For those who think most clearly early in the day, there are Advance and Future Windows open at 8 A.M. "Watching a jai-alai match is exciting," the booklet notes, "but by simply placing a two-dollar bet the spectator becomes part of the action. This ticket buys ten thrill-packed minutes of uncertainty." Since I feel I have experienced my share of thrill-packed minutes of uncertainty in life, I stay put. The players are warming up.

"Jai alai is played on a three-sided court 180 feet long, 50 feet wide and 50 feet high," the booklet continues.

> The crescent-shaped reed basket acts as an extension of the player's arm, allowing the ball to be hurled forward with tremendous force. When thrown by a *cesta*, the ball has more speed and spin . . . than in any other game. Catches of the fast, rapidly spinning ball are made at the *cesta's* tip and immediately cushioned into the basket's box. . . . The reeds for the *cesta* are imported from the Pyrenees Mountains of Northern Spain. They are carefully woven around a steam-bent chestnut frame and its thin wooden ribs. A leather glove is sewn into the back of the *cesta*. . . . Jai-alai's game ball [the *pelota*] is the size of a tennis ball . . . but as hard as a golf ball. It is best known for the tremendous speed it travels (often in excess of 130 m.p.h.) and the sharp distinctive crack that echoes throughout the fronton each time it strikes the frontis (front wall). . . . Each is a unique handmade creation. It begins as a



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*I've seen jai alai only twice: once in Miami around 1942, once in Connecticut six or seven years ago. As an obsession, it has been remarkably quiet and patient; for thirty years, I scarcely gave it a thought. Now it has vaulted the decades and presented itself as a demand.

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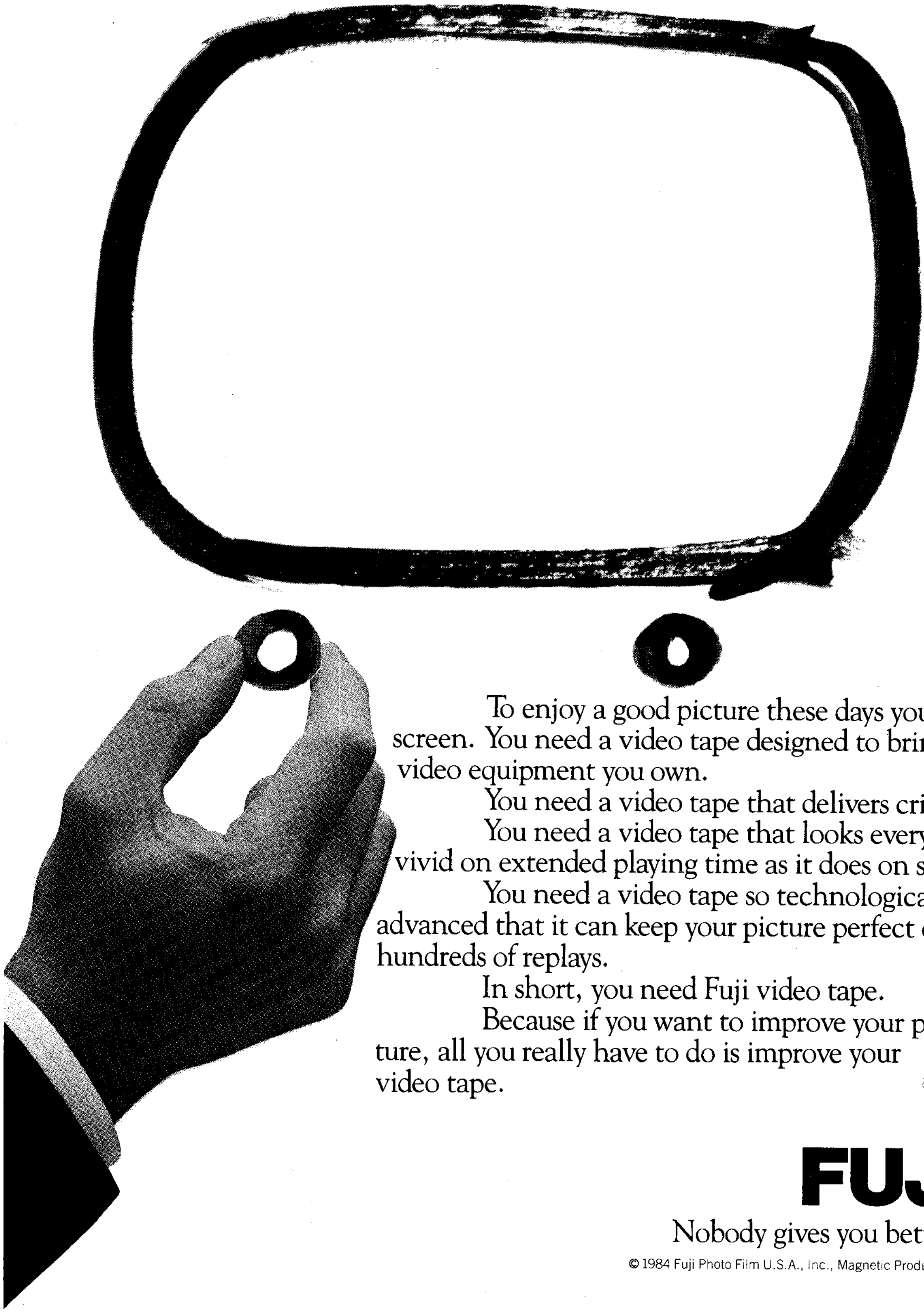

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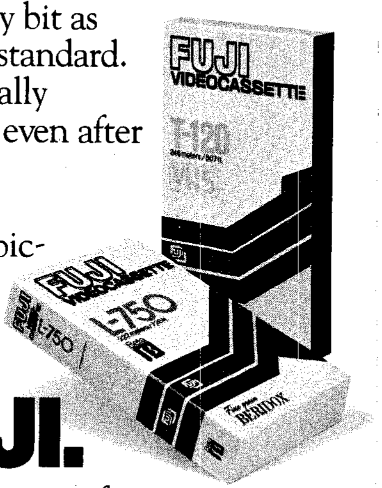

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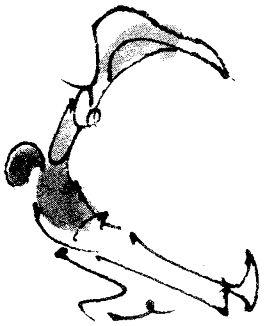
mixture of Brazilian rubber and ammonia. This is poured, paper-thin, over a glass sheet to harden. Half-inch strips are then cut, stretched, and carefully rolled between thumb and forefinger into a pea-sized ball. . . . Each tiny ball must produce a special "tic" sound when bounced. If the sound is wrong, it is discarded. One or two grams, two to three inches of rubber, is applied each day for fourteen days. . . . Nylon threads are added when the core weighs about one hundred grams. Each strand is wound tightly, hammered into place, and waxed to set the layers firmly. . . . The *pelota's* cover is made from goatskin, two layers thick, hardened and stitched into place. . . . Balls are expensive, each costing over one hundred dollars.

A quick study of the glossary: A *carombola* is a "hard shot that strikes the side wall inches from the front wall. This quick ricochet places extreme spin on the ball, making a return of the shot difficult." A *remate* is a "hard, backhand 'kill shot' thrown with an over-the-shoulder motion. The ball hits the side wall, the front wall, and then angles out toward the screen." A *rebote* is the "catch and return of a ball that rebounds off the back wall. . . . Often a player falls backward making a backhand catch and return of a low *rebote*. This action forces the player to crash violently to the floor, leaving him vulnerable to his opponent's return shot." And Game Five begins.



The four players, in white pants, colored shirts and helmets, and tan lobster-claw *cestas*, stand ready on the enormous court. The serve . . .

Once under way, the game suggests, from moment to moment, a variety of sports: baseball, lacrosse, handball, polo, squash, duelling, golf. It is cool and uncluttered. (The *cesta* may be the most elegant piece of sculpture used in any game.) The action is fast and dangerous. The sweeping proportions of the court, the looming volume of the playing space, the relation of player to architecture lend a classicism, a grandeur to the sport. Sometimes it is less a game than ballet on a vast scale, or theatre: the silence as the ball soars forward, a white comet cutting across the green side wall, then a *crack!* as it hits the front, and a silent return to the players. During these tense moments, the only sound may be the abrupt squeak of a sneaker as one of the players, anticipating the angle, velocity, and spin of the ball, turns and darts into position. The ball is caught in the *cesta* with a loud smack; the player contorts himself, coiling, uncoiling, slinging the ball forward. It flies in silence to the front wall—*crack!*—rebounds, and another player leaps to meet it, executing a jeté up the side wall, and, in a nearly continuous motion, sends it back again. The ball hits the front, then goes like a line drive all the way to the rear wall; a player snags it inches from the floor and throws it forward, falls to the floor, rolls over, and jumps to his feet again; a screech of sneakers . . . *crack!*

When Game Five ends, I pick up the Official Program and turn to Game Six. At the bottom of the page, beneath the list of players, is a small advertisement:

LEARN TO PLAY JAI ALAI FOR $5

Special Introductory Package with this ad includes:

*2 People for $5.00 (bring a friend)
*1 Hour Court Time
*1 Free Lesson
*Pro Cesta & Helmet Rental
*Call for Appointment
*A Full Size Pelota Court
*Pro Jai-Alai Instructors
*Women's Instructor
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*Leagues and Tournaments
*Spectator Viewing Area
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3 Indoor Courts with safe rubber ball used for beginners.

AMERICAN AMATEUR JAI ALAI
15 Research Drive, Milford, Conn.

RESEARCH DRIVE

The next day, I drive to the American Amateur Jai Alai building—a commodious blue cinder-block structure hard by the Tri-State Teamsters building and across the truck stop from the Milford fronton—and walk in. On the inside of the front door is a hand-lettered sign:

The AAJA Congratulates
"Augie Brozek"
This Club's Second Member
To Become a Professional
Jai-Alai Player.

Near the entrance are several video games, a pay phone, and a water fountain; then a long hallway, its walls posted with lists of leagues, players, and upcoming events. From somewhere around a corner comes the sound of a ball hitting a wall. Nobody is in sight. I walk down the hall and peer cautiously around the corner into a vast cavern with a thirty-foot ceiling. Within are three green-walled jai-alai courts behind wire fencing. The one to my right is a nearly full-size fronton; a walkway separates it from two smaller courts on the left. There are wooden bleachers facing each court, and a counter with a cash register and displays of shirts, helmets, and nests of *cestas* to buy or rent. A young man in a red T-shirt sits on a stool next to the counter, ruminating. In the large court, three teen-agers are flinging a ball. The detonations are fearsome, suggesting a billiard ball being whacked with a sledgehammer. (Is this the "safe rubber ball used for beginners"?) The young man gives me an are-you-lost-sir look.

"I was wondering about jai-alai lessons," I say.

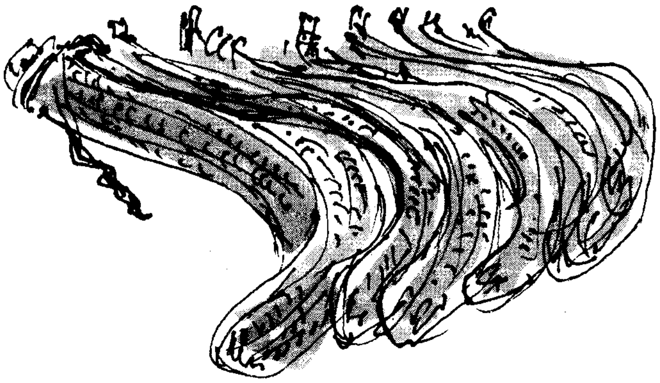
"Lessons," he repeats. He seems to be wondering, too. Lessons are given on Saturday afternoons, he tells me, finally. Two dollars and fifty cents an hour.

"I see," I reply. I study the *cestas* for a moment. "What if a person happens to be left-handed?" I ask. (I am left-handed.)

"No problem," he says. "You learn to use your right hand."

"Could I get a left-handed *cesta*?"

"There's no such thing," he says. He looks away, his sleepy eyes fol-



lowing the passage of some invisible bird or bat high up in the great cavern. Many great jai-alai players are left-handed, he assures me; all of them made the transition swiftly.

I ponder the challenge. Although I have learned to do a few things right-handed, they are slow and deliberate activities, such as using a fork; one is encouraged to take one's time. But relying on the wrong hand to deflect from one's face a ball travelling "often in excess of 130 m.p.h." is a different matter. Ungainliness at such a moment might have gloomy consequences. I move on to the next question—a painfully personal one. I ask whether any, uh, old, fat guys take lessons.

"Oh, yes," he replies. "There's a guy who just started. He's probably forty, forty-five."

I nod. No need to mention that I am fifty-three and weigh two hundred and fourteen pounds.

"Want to sign up?" he asks. He hands me a form.

"I'll think about it," I say, taking the form. "Thanks." I walk between the courts, heading for the exit. *Crack!* A ball comes angling off the front wall of the large court, moving directly at me at an appalling rate. I throw my arms over my face, turn sideways, and duck as the ball crashes, two yards short of me, into the wire fence. One of the players finds this amusing: "There's a fence there, you know." I nod stiffly and hurry out. *Crack!* Once I'm in the hallway, the detonations fade. *Crack!* . . . *crack* . . . *crack*. . . .

On the Road

DRIVING home, I reflect that my two terminal ambitions are peculiar, even masochistic, since I am neither particularly musical* nor athletic, and I don't like learning.† My life in sports peaked in high school, during my second year of Algebra I. As a promising but untried southpaw with an impressive windup and a blazing fastball, I was finally permitted by Coach Nearle, a laconic stringbean of a chemistry teacher from Maine, to start on the mound against the jayvee nine from a neighboring school. "Take it easy," advised the stolid coach, as I stepped trembling onto the diamond. "Don't get tense." After a successful warmup, I faced my first batter. I opened up with my fastball, which struck the ground several yards short of the plate, sending up a plume of earth. My next pitch—a corrected version of the first—went directly over the backstop and into the woods behind the field. Ignoring cries of "Pitcher's wild! Pitcher's wild!" I decided to try my curve, a baffling slider held in reserve for just such emergencies. Rotating slowly, the pitch sailed deceptively toward the middle of the plate, veering sharply at the last moment and hitting the batter smartly on the elbow. "Take your base!" cried the umpire to the wounded batter, who was crawling about on all fours, moaning. With a sense that time was running out (Coach Nearle was pacing now, arms folded, chewing gum rapidly, and looking stormy), I turned to my last remaining pitch—a moderately paced throw designed exclusively for the purpose of entering the strike zone. I let fly with it. The batter, having had ample opportunity to study the ball in flight and make appropriate calculations, slammed a home run. I remember watching the ball get smaller and smaller against the blue sky, so far from the familiar earth, with its bases, baselines, coaches, and uniformed players. At the end of four pitches, the score was 2–0 against my school, and I was sent to the showers. Coach Nearle later suggested that I investigate cross-country running as a spring sport, and my baseball career was over.

As for jai alai, I can't be sure why it has such a powerful appeal, but I resolve, as I drive away, that I will at least go back, come Saturday.

A Significant Phone Call

"OH DEAR," said my mother when I told her on the phone about the possibility of jai-alai lessons. "Do you think that's a good idea?" (She is eighty-three but still fascinated by separating the good ideas from the bad.) I assured her it was a splendid idea. My father—eighty-eight years old—was listening on the other phone. He said it sounded quite interesting to him.

"Do you remember we brought back one of those jai-alai baskets from Cuba when you were a little boy?" my mother asked.

"You did?" I said.

"Yes, it was a child's one—a souvenir, I suppose."

"For me?"

"Well, probably for Eric." (Eric is my brother, three years older.)

A flood of memory races in, carrying bits of the distant past bobbing on its waves: Dixie-cup lids with photos of Ramon Novarro, comic books, Melvin Purvis G-man badges, Big Little Books. Tinny voices are heard.

Me: "Hey, Errr-ric! Wait for me! Can I (play football, baseball, Monopoly) (go with you) (do whatever it is you're going to do), too?"

Eric: "No. You're (not big enough) (not smart enough) (not fast enough) (not good enough) (a bother)."

I see the *cesta* clearly now. It is attached to Eric's wrist.

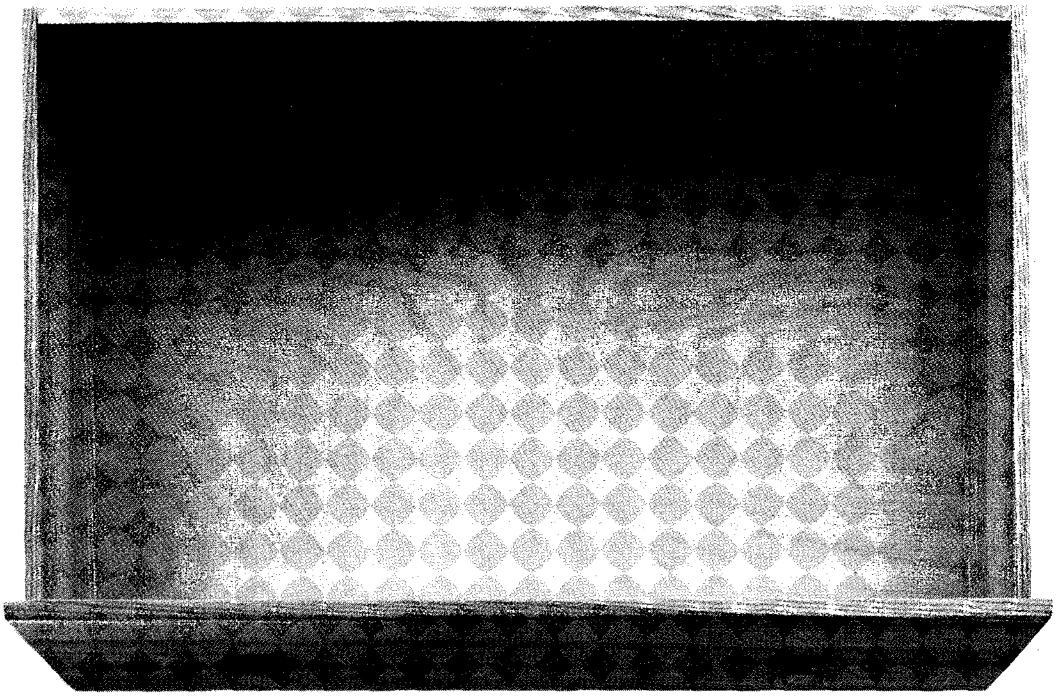
Me (*a piercing whine*): "Well, can I use your jai-alai basket?"

Eric (*booming, echoing*): "Not . . . now . . . ow . . . ow . . . ow."

In the caldron of childhood, an ob-

*When I was a child, I was taken to a Yehudi Menuhin concert at Carnegie Hall; subsequently, I studied the violin for four years. At the end of that period, I had mastered one tune, "The English Morris Dance." It is rarely performed, as far as I know. Years later, I became a great admirer of Jimi Hendrix, because he set fire to his instrument.

†I don't *mind* learning, but I can't stand explanations, which generally play a key role in the process. I can sense when an explanation is coming, and, by the time it arrives, I am effectively "out to lunch." I have little or no control over this shutdown. Sometimes, however, with tremendous personal effort, I can absorb up to fifty per cent of an explanation. In boot camp in 1951, for example, my platoon was taught how to take apart and reassemble a thirty-calibre machine gun—an extraordinarily intricate weapon, as I recall. I remember taking my machine gun apart quite briskly and putting the dozens of bits and pieces—nuts, bolts, washers, screws, springs, rods, pins, plates, latches, a barrel, a trigger, and a sight—in neat rows on the floor. It was only the remaining fifty per cent—putting it back together—that I had no idea how to do at all.



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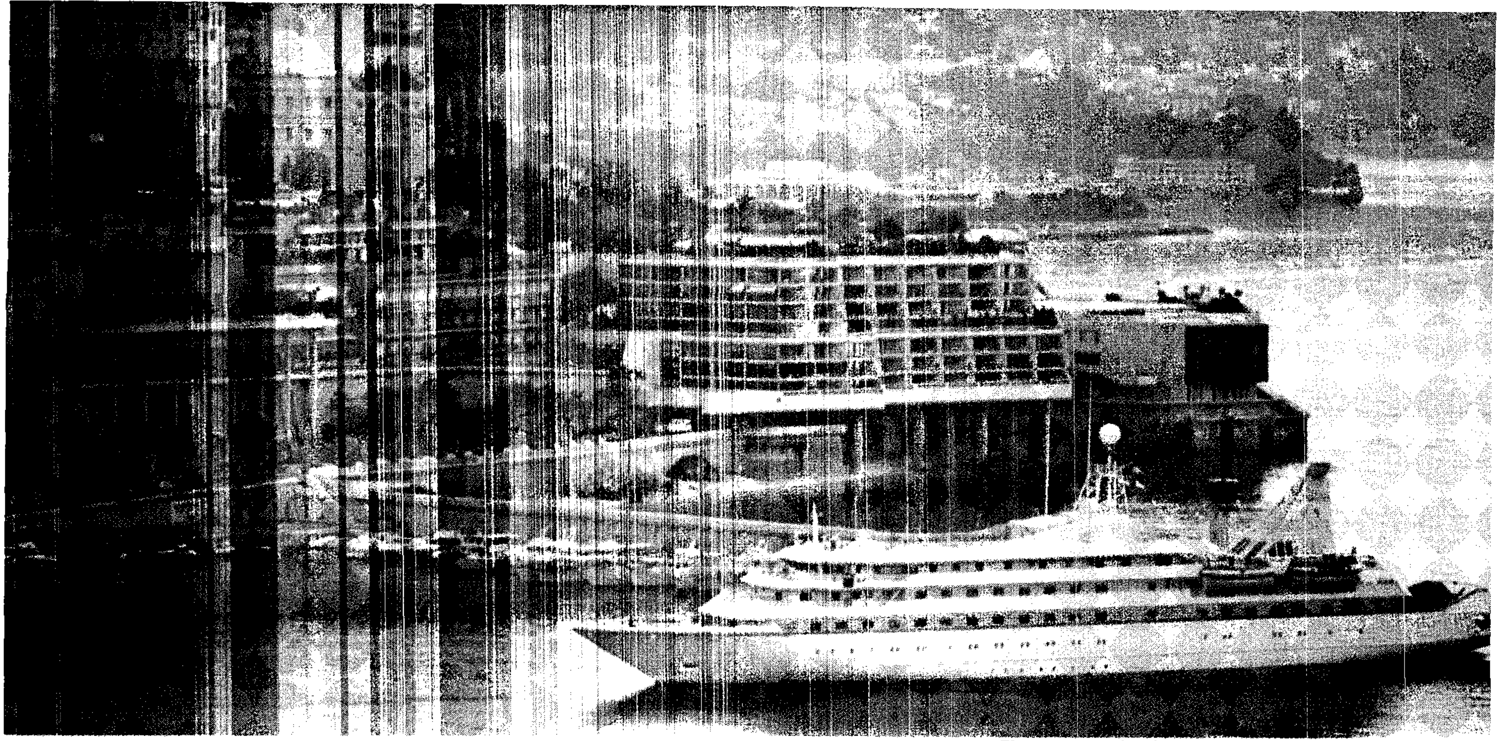

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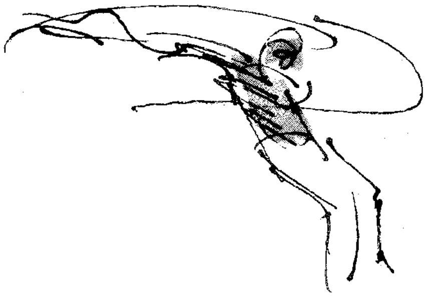
session comes bubbling and glopping to life.

SATURDAY—RESEARCH DRIVE

IN the Beginner Court, Ron, the instructor—a short, skinny, agile fellow who looks about seventeen years old—is giving a lesson to a student who appears to be in his twenties. They are vigorously dashing here and there, slinging the ball about in what seems to me a professional manner. I watch for a while, brooding that I am not prepared to begin at this level of beginning. I'm relieved to see a small boy come in, with a man who is probably his father. They pause to watch Ron and his student. This is more my speed—presumably the lad and I will be taking a lesson together. I amble over to join them. The boy is wearing his *cesta* and helmet. Just as I'm about to greet them, the boy and his father turn away from the Beginner Court, and walk past me to the Intermediate Court, where three burly men —two of them with prominent tattoos—are playing a violent-looking game. "We're not going to take it easy on you today, Albert," one of the men says, as the boy enters the court.



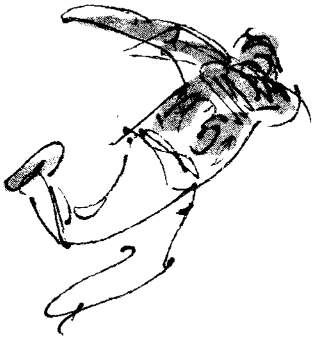
"Ha-ha," says Albert. A moment later, he is leaping up, catching a ball on his backhand, and sending a whistling return past the man's ear.

"How old is Albert?" I ask the boy's father.

"Eleven," he replies.

I go back to the Beginner Court. I talk for a while to some expert players who have just come off the big court. They tell me that they learned to play by throwing balls against the sides of large buildings, using Clorox bottles, cut in half, for *cestas*. Ron finishes his lesson and steps off the court. He welcomes me and says I can join the next lesson. I go to the desk, pay two dollars and fifty cents, and receive a white helmet and a *cesta*. Ron helps me attach the *cesta*. I put my hand in the glove, and Ron wraps a thin red ribbon that is attached to the basket around my wrist. We go through a cagelike entrance to the court, and then I am standing on the shiny concrete floor. The walls and ceiling seem very distant. It is exhilarating to be here at last. I swing the *cesta* this way and that, relishing its weight and shape, delighting in the grand space around me. Megalomania sets in: on this court, in my helmet, slashing about with my *cesta*, I am on the verge of being a *pelotari*. The rest of the world—abject non-players of jai alai—must remain outside the fence.

Ron demonstrates the forehand and backhand: deep backswing, then a scooping stroke forward; release the ball; then a big follow-through. Arm held straight. Two hands for backhand. "Try it," says Ron, tossing me the ball. I catch the ball with my hand (the ball is not as hard as I feared), bounce it a couple of times, then try to scoop it up into the *cesta* and throw it forward. The maneuver feels indescribably awkward. My first throw is short, weak, and on the bias, hitting the side wall a few yards away and never reaching the front at all. My backhand does the same thing, except that it goes in the opposite direction and hits the wire fence.



Ron attempts to correct my mistakes, then says, "Try to catch one," and flings the ball to the front wall. It comes bounding back. I reach up toward it; the ball glances off my *cesta*. We try it again. And again. Finally, I manage to catch it, but when I try to return it my shot goes diagonally across the court once more. "Your feet are in the wrong place," says Ron. There are too many things to remember: eye on ball; anticipate its bounce; move into position; keep arm straight; shift feet; reach out with *cesta;* catch ball; cradle it; make deep backswing; swing arm forward; release ball. Any one of these things may be forgotten, or go wrong. Backhand catches are

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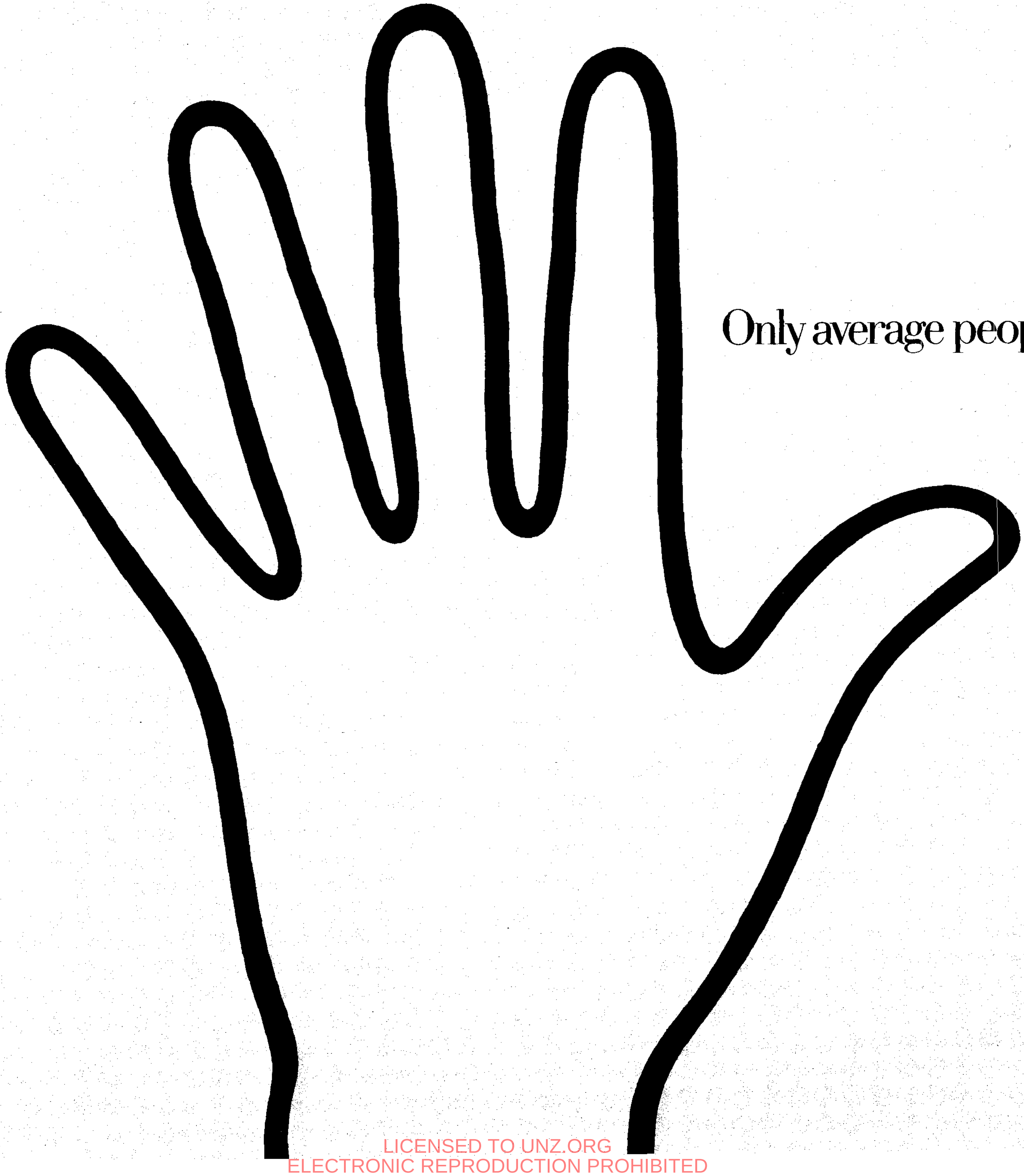

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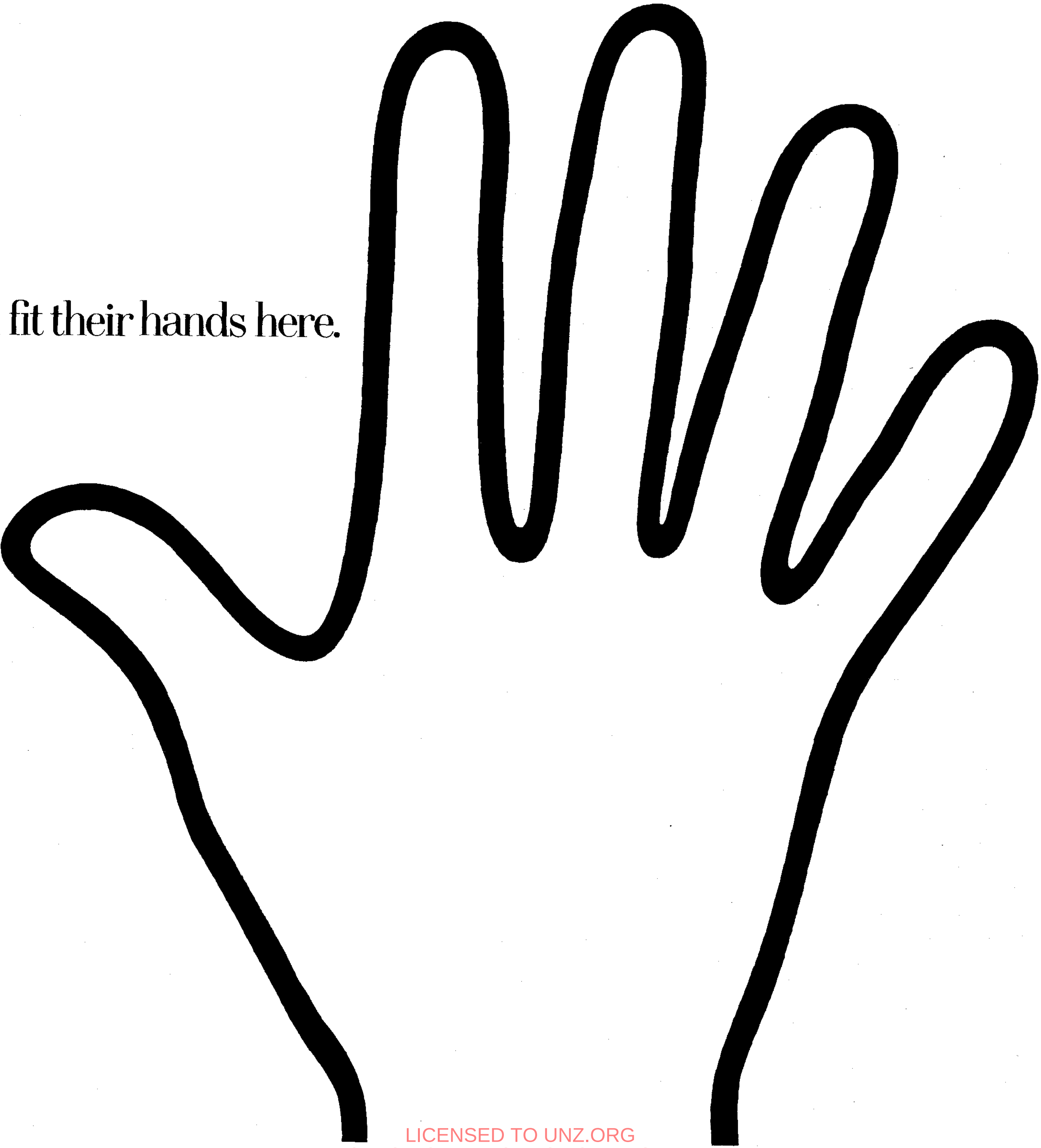
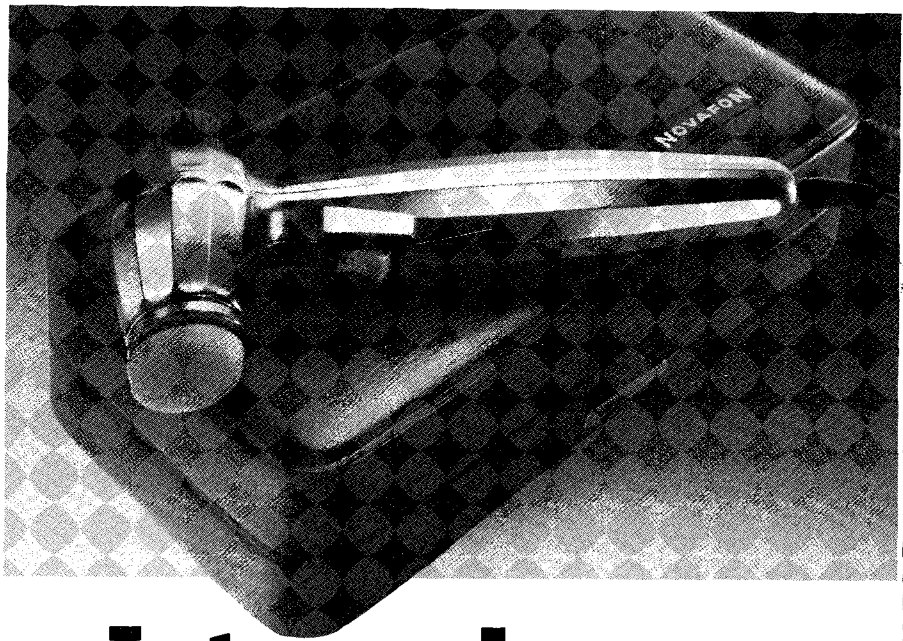

an fit their hands here.



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a little easier, but when I begin the backswing the ball invariably rolls out of the *cesta* and dribbles away across the floor.

We are joined by a rotund, amiable thirteen-year-old named Louie. He fires off shots with aplomb and makes good catches. Ron sets up a kind of round-robin for the three of us: the player who loses the point—by letting the ball bounce twice before catching it—walks off the court, taking shelter in the cage entrance, then returns to play the winner of the next point. I am indulged by Ron and Louie, and allowed a few extra bounces here and there. I still spend most of my time walking back and forth. Nevertheless, I am pretty worn out by the strenuousness of the game

Half an hour into the lesson, I finally make a crisp, respectable catch, a full backswing, and return the ball, sending it at a good clip to a spot low on the side wall only a few feet short of the front. The ball hits, angles sharply toward the front wall, hits that, spins away, bounces once, and goes out-of-bounds, slamming into the screen. Ron does not even make a lunge for it. "Good shot," he says, leaving the court and yielding his place to Louie. It dawns on me that I have just executed a classic *carombola*. I have won the point, won it with a *carombola!* I am overcome with feelings of prowess and power, of skill, grace, precision, and control. What a shot! What a rush! Dreams come true! Joy unfolding! I may make another great shot any moment! Why not? Why not indeed?

MILFORD—TWO WEEKS LATER

TWO of my sons—one twenty-four, the other twenty-three—have come home for the weekend, and have decided that they must try jai alai. (I have had two lessons by now.) They are running around the Beginner Court, grinning and flailing away. "Slow down!" yells Ron, laughing. "You're playing like maniacs!" They begin a round-robin with Ron. I watch from the bleachers. Walker, the older son, is powerful; Harvey, the younger, is very quick; both are panting when they go to the cage. Someday, I'm thinking, if nothing untoward occurs, these two exuberant souls will turn fifty, too, and trim their dreams. What will they aspire to? I don't know—will probably never know. One thing it will not be: jai alai. They're playing it.

—JAMES STEVENSON

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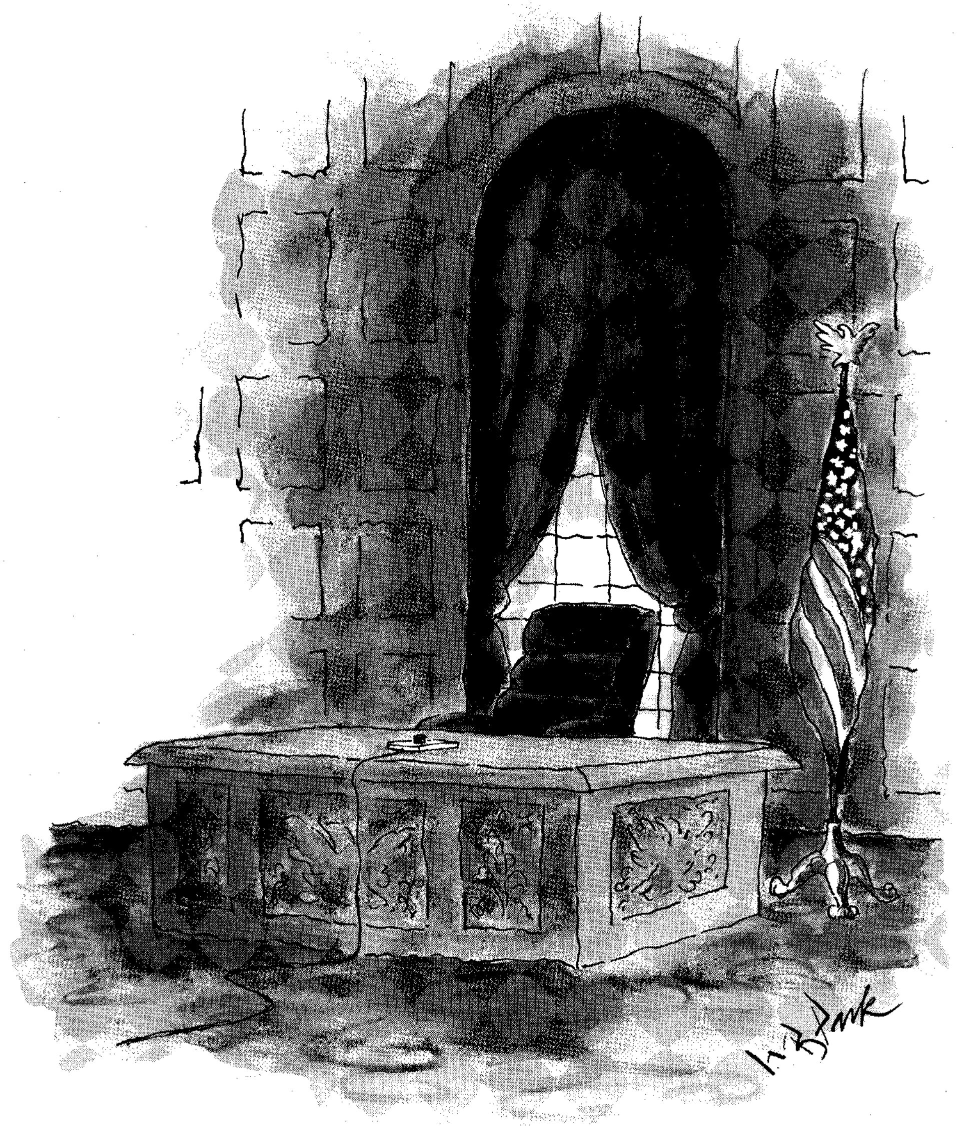
MUSICAL EVENTS

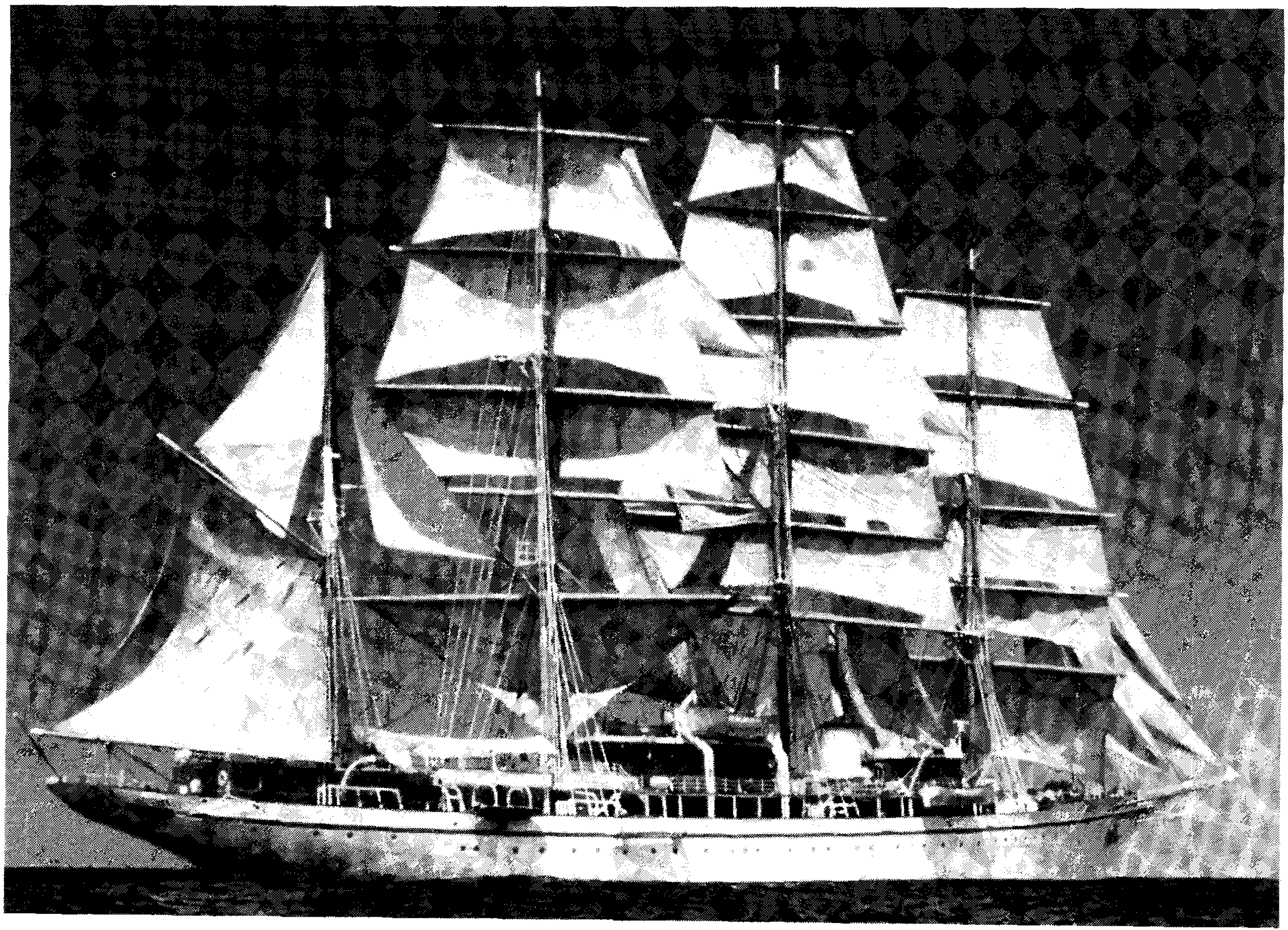
Chatter, Patter, and Rant

APRIL 5TH was Louis Spohr's two-hundredth birthday. In London, his opera "Faust" (1813) has been revived. In Carnegie Hall last month, his Third Symphony (1828), in C minor, was given what was billed as its American première, by the Youth Symphony of New York, conducted by David Alan Miller. It was hard to credit the first-performance claim: Spohr's name is prominent in nineteenth-century American orchestral history. The New York Philharmonic in its initial brochure, in 1842, announced that it would be performing "the Grand Symphonies and Overtures of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other great Masters, with a strength and precision hitherto unknown in this country." In 1844, it pressed Spohr to come over and conduct it. (He wanted to, but said his employer, the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, would not grant him leave of absence.) And, in fact, a glance at Krehbiel's published early annals of the Philharmonic (or a call to Avery Fisher Hall) could have saved the Youth Symphony from pretension: the Philharmonic played Spohr's Third Symphony on February 20, 1875. Well, that's unimportant—unless it was the glamour of a "première" that induced the orchestra to choose for revival the Third Symphony rather than the Fourth. One feels genuinely curious about the Fourth Symphony (1832), entitled "Die Weihe der Töne." It was the first of Spohr's four "program" symphonies. The Philharmonic played it in 1846, 1847, 1850, 1852, 1854, 1857, 1860 (two movements), 1870, 1875. It must have had something, to keep this hold on the repertory while Spohr's other compositions came and went. His first two symphonies (1811 and 1820; played by the Philharmonic in 1848 and 1844) are said to have left their traces on Beethoven. His Third, composed after Beethoven's death, bears traces—in the form of a recurrent *ta-ta-ta-tum* refrain muttered under the melodies—of a rather more famous symphony in C minor. Hearing the piece hardly modified what the textbooks have taught us to think about Spohr's music: "euphonious and amiable but lacking in energy and profile." The phrase, from Gerald Abraham's "Concise Oxford History of Music," can be paralleled in almost any history of music. Abraham also talks of, and illustrates in a page of music type, Spohr's "imaginative orchestration." That, too, was evident in this performance of the Third Symphony. Euphonious, amiable music; imaginative orchestration; aural confirmation of what the textbooks say—I mustn't sound ungrateful. There are worse ways of spending time. One might be—a critic often is—listening to discordant, disagreeable music ineptly scored. If I sound less than ardently appreciative, it is only because when there is so much music in the world waiting to be played one wants to feel sure that a work by a minor master has been chosen for revival as being an example of the best he has to offer. *Vita brevis . . .*



No-Frills Foreign Policy

Admission to the Youth Symphony's concerts is free. The programs are adventurous. (Last season, Schubert's marvellous Seventh Symphony in Brian Newbould's performing edition was a true première, and an important one.) The players, who range in age from twelve to twenty-two, play with an eagerness and spirit seldom heard at the Philharmonic, and they are accomplished. Mr. Miller, a gifted young conductor, led a supple, graceful performance of the symphony—one that made it seem closer to Mendelssohn than to Beethoven. There followed the first movement of Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for violin and viola, with Nicholas and Victoria



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Last summer, I went looking for the ideal itinerary for the SEA CLOUD. We zig-zagged across the Southern Aegean looking at the well known and little known islands like Mykonos and Chios, looking at villages and archeological sites, looking for a special restaurant, a picture-book anchorage, an undiscovered beach, to make our Greek Island voyage something more than all the others. It is the way the elements are linked together, the time of day we sail into the magnificent bay at Santorini, a volcanic archipelago of fabulous shape and striation. Or approach Delos at dawn so as to spend the morning wandering through unearthed mosaic floors and courtyards into the avenue of the lions, as one's imagination recreates this once-thriving island. Every place, like any living creature, has its better profile and I was determined to find it in every facet of this voyage.

We travel at an excellent time of year: late August and early September, when most visitors will have left the islands and when the winds are at their finest. Thus the SEA CLOUD will be under sail a great part of the voyage. This, then, must be the ultimate yachting experience through the Greek Islands for not only will you be on your own private yacht, but you will also have the benefit of all the expertise and experience of a trained crew and staff to brief and guide you.

Sailing the Aegean aboard the SEA CLOUD needed the right introduction and the right ending. I chose Venice and Istanbul. One is so completely European and one so Eastern in feeling that I felt they would round out a cultural dimension of the trip. Also, plain and simple, I adore Venice and welcome an opportunity for a three-day stay at the gracious Royal Danieli in this,the most magical of cities. The Pera Palas in Istanbul is full of history and on its 100th anniversary, makes staying there all the more meaningful.

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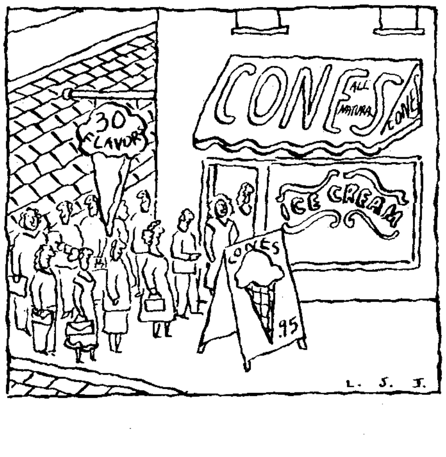
Eanet, aged twelve and seventeen, as the soloists. Master Eanet, who has already played with the Philharmonic, is an astonishing young fiddler; his tone is clear and true, and his phrasing had shape and character. His sister was able. The movement was conducted by Alan Kay, the orchestra's assistant conductor.

WILLIAM MOERSCH, a marimba virtuoso well known for his work in ensembles, gave his first New York solo recital last week, in Merkin Hall. He played six pieces, the oldest of them written in 1975, drawn from four continents. The marimba has come far both in esteem and in repertory since in the fifth Grove (1954) it was defined as "a curious instrument in use in the southern parts of Mexico." Well before then, Clair Omar Musser's hundred-piece marimba band had played in Carnegie and Milhaud had composed his Concerto for Marimba and Vibraphone. The New Grove traces the instrument's progress from light music to the regular modern orchestra. It was probably Messiaen, in works from "Chronochromie" (1960) on, who made the marimba a familiar sight on the concert platform. Peter Maxwell Davies' "Ave Maris Stella" is at times almost a marimba concerto. The marimba plays a colorful role in Elliott Carter's Triple Duo. It sounds in his Symphony of Three Orchestras, in Tippett's Fourth Symphony and "Mask of Time," in Davies' two symphonies, in Roger Sessions' later symphonies, "Montezuma," and "When Lilacs Last." It's established. But a whole evening of solo marimba? During Mr. Moersch's first piece, Irwin Bazelon's deftly made Suite for Marimba (1980), one began to wonder whether one might get bored with the sound of it. It's not exactly a versatile instrument. It has its specialties, and very striking and effective they are: the pattering tremolo of rapid repeated strokes which is its way, kin to the mandolin's, of sustaining long notes; four-part chords (two beaters in each of the player's hands); sudden flurries; melodies darting through the range of the instrument; a "mellow" timbre warmer than the incisive "wooden laughter" of the xylophone, less piercingly sweet than the vibraphone's. But once it's been put through its paces?

Well, the marimba was put through its paces again and again in this recital, and there was no boredom in the result. For one thing, each composer used its specialties for his own musical ends (and it was fascinating to hear him doing so). For another, Mr. Moersch is a performer who makes one listen—listen, above all, to a range of pianissimi within pianissimi that hold an audience rapt and silent. Much of the evening was as intimate as a clavichord recital. Both Hans Werner Henze in his "Five Scenes from the Snow Country" (1978) and David MacBride in his "As Before" (1978) employed the device of conjuring a note from silence to just the threshold of audibility—a sonic metaphor of rare charm. Mr. Moersch played a Rolls-Royce of marimbas—a four-and-a-half-octave Yamaha instrument, reaching up from low F. When it was whacked *very* hard, the tone was unpleasing: the chock of the beater on the bar overwhelmed the singing response of the resonator below it. Bazelon used the sound—deliberately, arrestingly, in "dead strokes," where the beaters, having hit, remain in contact with the bars—as a shock device, but elsewhere there were moments when it seemed that either the composer or the performer strove for bigger sounds than the marimba can lyrically provide. Most of the evening, however, was spent in enchanted landscapes created by fine distinctions of timbre and timing. The richest pieces were Henze's "Scenes," first played by Michiko Takahashi in Tokyo two years ago, and here given its American première, and Richard Rodney Bennett's "After Syrinx II" (1984), composed for Mr. Moersch, and here given its world première. Like Bennett's "After Syrinx I," which is for oboe and piano, "After Syrinx II" is a flight of musical thoughts inspired by Debussy's "Syrinx." It is a poetic and beautiful composition. On Yoshihisa Taira's "Convergence I" (1975) Debussy's music, a program note told us, was also an influence. In "For Marimba and Tape" (1982), by the Australian composer Martin Wesley-Smith, the tape sounds, created on Sydney's Fairlight CMI (Computer Musical Instrument), evoke a strange marimba world where instruments can skitter from side to side of the platform, glissade in chords, and sustain resonances without repeated beating. They provided a new, challenging "environment" for the live player in their midst.



THE Opera Orchestra of New York's concert performance of "Nabucco" in Carnegie Hall last month brought the local début of the Bulgarian soprano Ghena Dimitrova, who has sung with success in Dallas, London, Milan, Vienna and has been acclaimed as one of the few singers around today with voices big enough for Verdi's dramatic roles and for Santuzza, la Gioconda, Turandot. In an *Opera News* interview last month, Miss Dimitrova told of her realization about two years ago that "there was no one singing my roles with the vocal weight to cover, technically and with volume, this dramatic repertory." She later conceded that there are perhaps two other singers with the necessary physical equipment: "As a dramatic soprano, with the exception of Eva Marton and Angeles Gulin, I believe I am vocally without rivals in this repertory." She made it clear that she was talking about calibre of voice: "I'm not talking about artistry—that's quite another thing." And she has a point. Roles that in Verdi's day Teresa Stolz and in our century Rosa Ponselle, Elisabeth Rethberg, Eva Turner, Maria Caniglia, Zinka Milanov, Maria Callas, Renata Tebaldi sang (the list is easily prolonged) are often now sung by lyric sopranos pushed to—and beyond—the limits of their natural resources. Naturally huge voices have become rare. Miss Dimitrova has one. Her Abigaille in "Nabucco" was loud—excitingly loud. One must not underrate—or overrate—the dramatic force of sheer volume. In answer to Joseph Kerman's celebrated strictures on "Tosca" a prima donna can say "I refute him *thus!*" and cry the final "O Scarpia, avanti a Dio!" with a B-flat riding the orchestra's *fff tutta forza con grande slancio* outburst in a way

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to turn the "shabby little shocker" into Euripidean tragedy. When Callas sang Tosca at Covent Garden in 1964, the historian Wilfrid Mellers, as stringent a critic of Puccini as Professor Kerman, was sitting behind me. And like everyone else in the house he was overwhelmed by the drama enacted there. I then read with admiration his endeavor in the *New Statesman*, where he reviewed the performance, to reconcile accurate scrutinies of Puccini's skillful, meretricious opera and of Callas's tragic performance. Since opera began, both composers and critics have been at the mercy of singers, who can by genius magnify and by mediocrity obscure the merits of operas, distorting cool, sane judgment.

Commanding the right volume is important, but the sound should be beautiful as well as big—or when not beautiful, at any rate expressive. And the role of Abigaille, like that of Lady Macbeth, calls for much soft, dramatically intense singing. I was impressed by Miss Dimitrova but not "carried away." Mme. Milanov, cheered by the public as she entered the Carnegie lobby, attended this "Nabucco." I felt that those who rose later to cheer Miss Dimitrova to the skies either had short memories or were young and phonographless. Some of her notes were hard and ugly—notes that one flinched from. The sound was more forceful than full, shining, or generous. Her style was plain and energetic; Abigaille may be a two-dimensional character, but Verdi wrote phrases for her, especially in recitatives, that need subtle, imaginative handling. Miss Dimitrova, a tall, handsome woman, is due at the Met in 1987-88, says *Opera News*—and as Turandot, one hears. The Milan correspondent of *Opera*, reviewing her Turandot at La Scala last year, told of her success, regretted that "delicate singing does not excite the public as much as powerful, loud notes," and wrote of the soprano's "huge voice, her steely tone" and "a certain lack of refinement in her singing." But much can happen in three years. Miss Dimitrova is potentially an important performer.

The hero of the evening was Paul Plishka, the Zaccaria—a prophet apparently compounded of Jeremiah, who did not go to Babylon, and Ezekiel, who did. (The Biblical Zechariah was a post-Exile prophet.) On the Met stage, Mr. Plishka sometimes seems to lack character and authority, well though he sings. But here he was imposing: in the stirring cavatina; in the strange, beautiful prayer accompanied by the dusky glow of six cellos; in the fierce prophecy (with its violent dynamic contrasts) of a Babylon laid low, home of hyenas, serpents, and screech owls. By paying careful attention to Verdi's markings, by using the words, by singing in firmly focussed tones what other basses often boom out fuzzily, he made of Zaccaria as noble and dominant a figure as Moses is in Rossini's revised "Mosè." Allan Monk, a late addition to the cast (he stood in for Matteo Manuguerra), sang the title role cleanly but with no great dramatic force. The Spanish tenor Jesus Pinto made his American début in the small role of Ismaele, producing much sound from a slight frame, so fervently as to be at once winning and a little absurd. Fenena is also a small role; Patricia Schuman replaced the brief *preghiera* in the score with the somewhat grander setting of the same text which Verdi supplied for the Venetian première of "Nabucco," in 1842, when the soprano Almerinda Granchi (the Anaide of the Scala's 1840 "Mosè") was the Fenena. It is less touching, less dramatically apt than the original, but interesting to hear in context. Eve Queler's conducting was spirited and natural.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

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—*The Reader's Encyclopedia, Second Edition.*

Endians and Blefescu were a little off their form.

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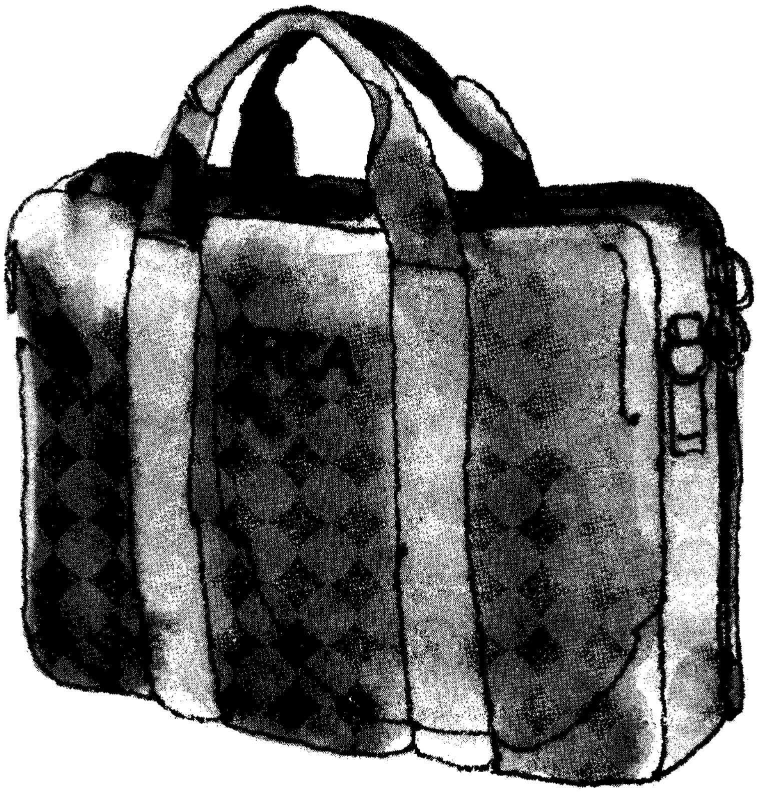

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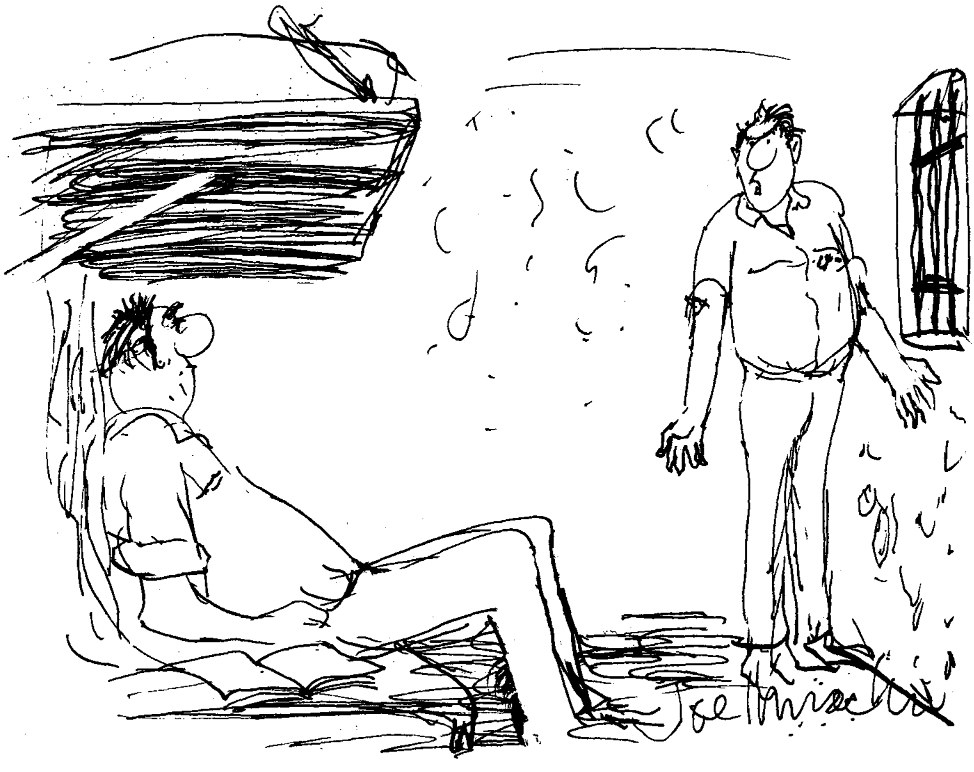
Love-Song Waltzes

AMONG Balanchine's masterpieces, there are those which are especially prized—not only admired but loved. It is easier to name the ballets than to define the qualities that have earned them this special affection. "Apollo" is loved in a way that its great descendant "Concerto Barocco" is not. I never saw "Cotillon," but from the way people still talk about this lost ballet of the thirties I recognize it as one of the magically affecting ones, with thematic connections to "La Valse." It might be supposed that people are more deeply moved by ballets with a story or the circumstances of one, but "La Valse," though extremely popular, isn't adored and "Divertimento No. 15" is. Balanchine's variety is such that one cannot even put together a theory of what makes people love some of his ballets and only revere others. And his complexity makes it impossible to understand more about the ballets that seize our hearts. They are no more simple, no more explicable, than the others; they are not necessarily warmer or more benign; they are not a genre—"Apollo" is not a "ballet of the sentiments." The lyrical tenderness of "Divertimento No. 15" or of "Serenade" involves something deeper and darker than a play of sentiments, and sometimes it seems that what beguiles us is the mystery that lies behind such seemingly guileless creations. Balanchine is never more inscrutable than when he's wearing his heart on his sleeve. All we can say about these most seductive, most enchanting, most lovable ballets of his is that they stir the feelings in some unfathomable way.

When people talk about "Liebeslieder Walzer," the hour-long ballet on Brahms' two song cycles, they use almost confessional language, but they also use words like "strange," "haunting," "ineffable." The same adjectives are often applied to "Serenade," which may be the most beloved Balanchine ballet of all. As dance compositions, "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Serenade" are lucid, robust, filled with exhilarating invention. But I think the quality that makes them deeply involving emotional experiences comes from something other than sheer dance invention; it comes from happenings that Balanchine's imagination sets up and converts into dances. There exists a kind of raw material that is integrated with the dance pattern, absorbed by the technical language, without ever losing its identity as Balanchine phenomena. I think of the moment in "Serenade" when five girls, holding each other around the waist, form a line and pick their way downstage, one arm lifted to shield their gaze. Later in the piece, a line of girls linked in the same manner bourrées laterally to the center of the stage and kneels; immediately another line, facing the first, appears from the opposite direction. A "phenomenal" moment has been integrated and made to produce a pattern. "Serenade," set to Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings, was Balanchine's first ballet in America. It is easy to imagine him contriving these simple reflexive movements to show inexperienced American dancers how the meagre technical vocabulary that they then possessed could be used to build interesting and consequential events on the stage. When, in 1940, Balanchine added the fourth section (the Tema Russo) to the three he had made in 1934, he began it with five girls standing in a row who slowly slide to the floor; each then turns her head and offers her hand to her neighbor. The organic process was continued. This continuity was so important to Balanchine that he made a little ceremony out of the offering of the hands; he didn't just relink the dancers. From the deliberate way the heads are turned and the hands are extended, and from the way the end girl, as deliberately and as graciously, offers her hand to empty space, we can tell that the dancers are saying "Let us go on with 'Serenade.' " Pattern is everything.



"I had a terrific alibi, but there's just no satisfying some people."

The Élégie, which Balanchine placed last, broke the pattern. It presented a new and virtually self-contained process and a new movement language—made up almost entirely of pure phenomena. Its link to the previous sections was its opening image: a girl who had fallen once before is lying in the center of the stage. The ballet continues with what appears to be a drama enacted around the fallen girl. At the end of this brief drama, she falls yet again, this time in a man's arms. As the man holds her body low to the ground, she rolls over between his hands and dies. Timed to hushed chords in the music, the final collapse and the stillness that follows stun us. In "Liebeslieder Walzer," in the midst of one of the slow waltzes of the ballroom scene a girl is dipped far backward and held in the same position as the girl in "Serenade." And, to the leisurely, hammock-like sway of the music, she turns herself completely over in the man's arms, just as if this were a normal thing to do in a dance. *That* stuns us, too. In its new context, the movement expresses a kind of logical continuity that we hadn't foreseen. But we had seen it before.

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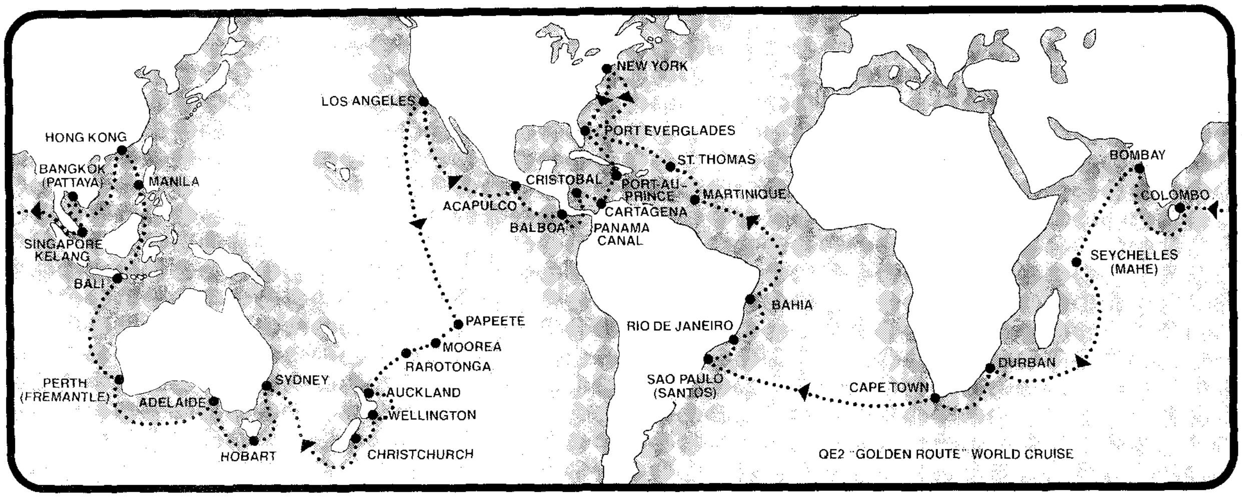
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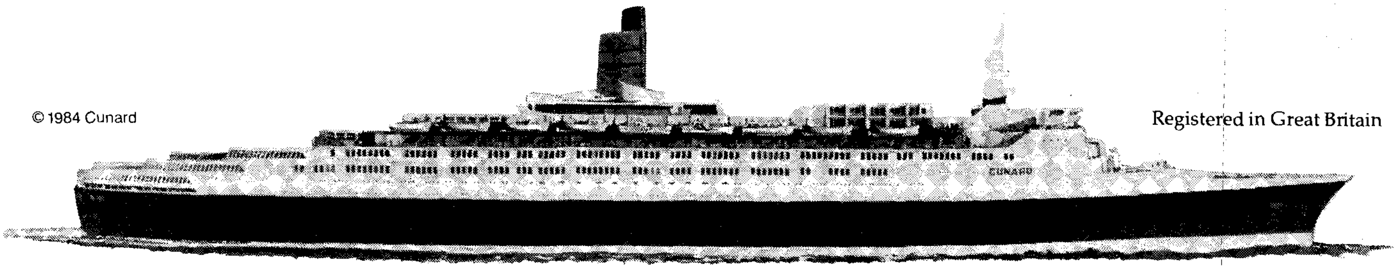

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June 10th. It was given a commemorative performance last month by the School of American Ballet and is on this season's bills of the New York City Ballet. "Liebeslieder Walzer," half the age of "Serenade," is being danced again, in a new production, ten years after its last performance in New York. When the two ballets are placed together, as they were one Sunday evening, it is tempting to see cross-references. Offering the hand in "Liebeslieder" is part of the elaborate Victorian etiquette of the ballroom. When the men line up four chairs and the women sit there swinging their arms to the music, we see more pretty behavior, but the fact that the end girl is swinging her arm in the opposite direction, so that she turns toward as well as away from the three others, endows the whole sequence with a meaning that belongs to "Liebeslieder." In "Serenade," the end girl's gesture continues the pattern that has created the ballet and aims it into uninhabited space; it lets us see all five girls generically as dancers. In "Liebeslieder," the end girl by going against the pattern makes her friends and her ballroom space that much more prosaically real.

Balanchine had used the chair business in "Cotillon." The gesture of shielding the eyes had occurred in that ballet also, in the passage called "The Hand of Fate." It crops up constantly in Balanchine; it's in "Liebeslieder." Like the gesture of turning and offering the hand, it probably has its origins in Slavic folk-dancing, but whether Balanchine is quoting a convention or expressing a meaning of his own is not always clear. It isn't clear in "Liebeslieder," where it becomes almost an emblem of the ambiguity that runs deep throughout the ballet. The gesture of shielding the eyes, performed in a duet by the male partner, seems more conventional when the ballerina is Valentina Kozlova; when it's Kyra Nichols it's as if there were something about her the man didn't wish to know—something sorrowful. In a later waltz, one of those that chill the air of "Liebeslieder" with an impalpable melancholia, the woman "dies": she falls back full length and is carried for several measures by her partner. Yet this moment doesn't recall any of the other swooning falls in the ballet, and it is related only distantly to the "death" in "Serenade." It's really a "Liebeslieder" phenomenon. "Liebeslieder" has its own organic process, its own dazzling pattern. When we see a woman, clasped by a man, roll completely over, we're more apt to be reminded of the ingenious way another woman ducked out from under a man's arm in an earlier waltz. The snug fit of the women in the men's arms and the easy, surprising things they manage to do there give us a cozy picture. Unlike the communicants in the Orphic mysteries of "Serenade," these are real women, with big feather beds and servants; they revel in the *Gemütlichkeit* of their salon world. More than any other Balanchine ballet, "Liebeslieder Walzer" is a depiction of manners, but most of the conventional side of that subject is dispensed with in the first ten minutes. After that, it's manners raised to the level of metaphysics. In another of the duets, a woman reclines peacefully on her partner's arm while he hunches over her with his other arm shading her body like the wing of a bird of prey. It's Balanchine in his E. T. A. Hoffmann mood. He loved the charged-up morbid atmosphere of German Romanticism—so much so that, in spelling out his characters' destinies, he created ambiguities. One wonders what he thought of these comfortable young aristocrats: were they half in love with death or just telling ghost stories?

Because we have lost many more significant early works besides "Cotillon," we will never know how Balanchine's poetic language came into being. But he lived and worked among us long enough to have established his methods of communication. We saw how he adapted this language of his to widely differing musical scores, to exigencies of repertory, to particular dancers. His three great waltz ballets are remarkably unlike each other. "La Valse" is about waltz intoxication, vertigo, and death. "Liebeslieder" is about love. "Vienna Waltzes" is the lore and repertory of the waltz. Of the three, it is "Liebeslieder," and not "Vienna," that is the most compendious. These "love-song waltzes," each no more than two or three minutes long, give us the complete anatomization of three-quarter time. Enlarging its subject through the scrutiny of detail, the choreography is never inflexible. It finds polkas and mazurkas buried within waltzes; it performs endless adagio variations on the waltz lullaby. It is a dictionary of movement, with more lifts in the second scene than in all the rest of Balanchine. The variety of "Liebeslieder" is a consequence of the intensity of "Liebeslieder." In its concentration and intricacy, the ballet surpassed everything that Balanchine had done up to that time, except "Agon" and "Episodes." It may well have been the pointillistic Webern scores for "Episodes" that conditioned Balanchine's musical technique for "Liebeslieder," and the succession of unthinkable events in the "Agon" pas de deux may have given him the idea of a duet marathon. Yes, "Liebeslieder" stirs the feelings; it is sensuously, at times voluptuously romantic, and yet—one does not speak of Balanchine's art without speaking paradoxically—it is austere. If he had made it any other way, it would not touch the heart at all.

In the slightly deranged climate created by the Stravinsky and Webern ballets of the fifties, the idea of making a dance to an hour of lieder, all of it in waltz time, did not seem impermissibly mad—just mad enough. There are two books of the Brahms songs, composed five years apart. The first book has eighteen numbers, the second fifteen. Four voices sing, accompanied by four-hand piano. Four couples, in ballroom dress of Brahms' period, dance the first book of songs. The curtain drops and there is a pause. The second book is danced in ballet costume and point shoes; the doors of the ballroom set are thrown open to the night, and the moonlight streams in. Brahms' text was lyrics of dance songs that had been translated into German, of no value as poetry. The choreography pays as little attention to the words as in "Who Cares?" (where they are not sung). For the last song, which is a setting of Goethe, the stage is cleared, and as the music is being performed the dancers return to listen. Gradually, the ballroom recovers its former aspect, with flickering candles and lighted chandelier, and we see that the dancers are dressed as they were in the first scene. When the ballet was new, much was made of its tour-de-force aspects. Balanchine followed Brahms' song sequence exactly. He staged only about a quarter of the numbers as trios, quartets, or double quartets; the rest are duets. He did not try to create drama by switching partners among the four couples. He did not assign special characteristics to the couples. All the drama was to be created by the instantaneous materializa-

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tion of dance shapes out of musical sounds. All the couples would be at various times merry, sad, tragic, poignant, mysterious, young, old. Part One would be domestic, Part Two theatrical, but—and here a major point has been overlooked in the excitement over the change in atmosphere—neither part would be more or less fantastic than the other. The Balanchinean mixture of fantasy and reality prevails in both sections of "Liebeslieder," as it does in all his other ballets. Just as he shows us ballet form in social dancing and social dance in ballet, he gives us fantastic emotions in "the ballroom" and heightened realism on "the stage." Everything becomes lighter, higher, larger, and more transparent in Part Two, but the intensity of the love relationship continues, the same as before. Balanchine presents love between men and women not as the signed-and-sealed pact of the traditional pas de deux but as an adventure—open, discontinuous, and unpredictable—and he implies that it is most magical when it is monogamous.

"Liebeslieder" is the grand apotheosis of the Balanchine pas de deux, and it is fertile territory for any student of Balanchine's view of women. The four women who hold the ballet together are like four planets revolving around each other; the four men are satellites. Originally, the ballerinas were Diana Adams, Melissa Hayden, Jillana, and Violette Verdy—a balanced cast that has been miraculously duplicated in Suzanne Farrell, Patricia McBride, Stephanie Saland, and Kyra Nichols. A second cast, consisting of Maria Calegari, Heather Watts, Judith Fugate, and Valentina Kozlova, is smaller-scaled and more evenly toned. In fact, when the ballet began I thought I was seeing four sisters, but soon contrasts began to emerge, and the joys and sorrows of "Liebeslieder" poured forth. In both casts, the women dance wonderfully and are wonderfully partnered. Out of the whole group, which includes two different male casts, only Farrell and McBride have danced their roles before. We cannot help seeing them through the lens of "Vienna Waltzes," in which Farrell dances the "Rosenkavalier" sequence and McBride re-creates an image of Fanny Elssler. Farrell's "Liebeslieder" role is much lighter, and she compensates for it by playing young. For McBride, no adjustment is necessary; she has grown back into the role but not past it, and she's as exciting to watch as Farrell. The most interesting casting had Nichols and then Kozlova in the Verdy part, to which Balanchine assigned the darkest fantasy as well as some passagework of extraordinary difficulty. It is the Verdy character who "dies" and from whose imminent doom her partner averts his eyes. When Kozlova dances the role, the fantasy is just that—an illusion projected with a touch of coquetry. It's "What if I were dead—would you miss me?" Verdy also played a gifted self-dramatist, whose emotion was no less real for being insincere. With Nichols, though, the tragedy is real. She sees and accepts her fate. She *is* going to die. The success of a revival is measured as much in roles joltingly reinterpreted as in roles smoothly sustained. Nichols is an enlivening jolt. So, in another way, is Kozlova, whom I had expected to see in the relatively uncomplicated role done by Saland or Fugate. New to the company as well as to the ballet, Kozlova has an "accent" that, like Verdy's, is becoming in this part. She resembles Verdy slightly, and Saland, who gives a lovely contralto-toned performance, resembles Jillana. Calegari is far more than a Farrell substitute, and so it goes. What other company could double-cast four such varied and distinguished ballerina roles, reviving after ten years the glow they had when they were new? The choreography was reconstructed by Karin von Aroldingen, who dances the Adams-Farrell role and who has staged revivals in Vienna, London, and Zurich. The remodelled State Theatre is a more hospitable setting for the ballet than it used to be, both visually and sonically. The handsome new silver-and-rose ballroom was designed by David Mitchell after a room, which Balanchine is said to have admired, in the Amalienburg pavilion at Nymphenburg, in Munich. The musicians are Jeanne Albee and Gordon Boelzner at the piano, and Karen Huffstodt (soprano), Cynthia Rose (mezzo), James Clark (tenor), and Scott Reeve (bass). The music sounded better to me than ever before.

The revival is also a tribute to Barbara Karinska, who died last year, six months after Balanchine. The pale satin "Liebeslieder" ballgowns and the tulle shadows of those gowns which appear in Part Two were among Karinska's most beautiful and original creations. Like the choreography, they are reproduced in every detail.

—Arlene Croce

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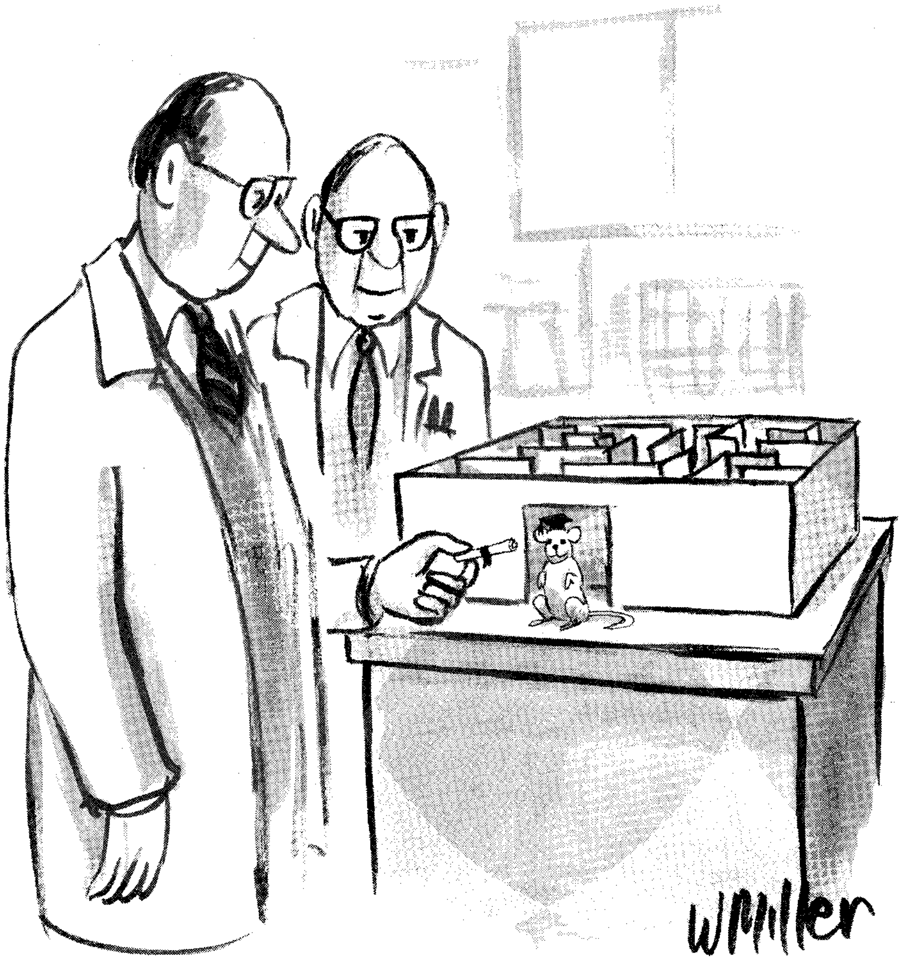
BOOKS

Emersonianism

THE critic Warner Berthoff, in his essay "American Literature: Traditions and Talents," concedes that "the American circumstance has indeed managed to yield its originating masters," then challenges himself to name them. As if slightly surprised, he responds, "I should speak at once of Melville, of Whitman, and of Emerson, who remain, in their several ways, the freshest of our writers, as well as the most provocatively intelligent; their wit, so to speak, is still the liveliest potential cause of wit in others."

One searches one's own wits, reading this. Melville and Whitman, of course. "Moby-Dick" and "Leaves of Grass," both published in the eighteen-fifties to a reception of mockery and indifference, are American classics if any exist. Or so, at least, we feel now, having inherited our high opinion from the modernist critics of this century, who in Melville's case had to perform a considerable work of resurrection. But our received opinion, tested against the texts themselves, does seem just: the words sing, burn, and live; they have the exciting difficulty of reality itself, and the pressure and precision of things that exist. With something like rapture, each author's voice makes solid connections, and however widely their raptures range Melville and Whitman persuasively strive to give us the substance promised by their titles: grass and a whale, earth and the sea are delivered.

But Emerson? Is there not something cloudy at the center of his reputation, something fatally faded about the works he has left us? When, I ask myself, did I last read one of his celebrated essays? How much, indeed, are Emerson's works even assigned in literary courses where the emphasis is not firmly historical? I sometimes receive in the mail anthologies designed for instruction in colleges and high schools, and a check of their indices reveals little Emerson, and then often no more than one or two of his shorter poems, or a paragraph or two quoted in explication of "Walden," or a footnote explaining how the black writer Ralph Ellison's middle name came to be Waldo. "An Approach to Literature," a massive double-column anthology edited by Cleanth Brooks, John Thibaut Purser, and Robert Penn Warren, contains not a word by Emerson, nor does Donald Hall's fifteen-hundred-page assemblage "To Read Literature." The countercultural wave that lifted Thoreau and Whitman into renewed fashionability left Emerson scarcely touched; he was not revolutionary, or ecological, enough. Recessive, fantastical Hawthorne is an indispensable anthology presence in a way Emerson is not; even Longfellow and Whittier, it may not be reckless to say, left texts more vivid in the communal memory than the literary remains of Emerson, who, so dominant and dignified a presence among his contemporaries, now clings to immortality almost because he cannot be extricated from them.



For, however great a cause of wit he has proved or will prove to be among ourselves, he was undoubtedly in his living prime a most fertile cause of wit in others. He was a great encourager and inspirer—a center of excitement in Concord and Boston and a bestower of boldness and energy wherever he spoke. In 1842, the twenty-three-year-old Walter Whitman heard him lecture in New York: "I was simmering, simmering, simmering," the poet later said. "Emerson brought me to a boil." And when, in 1855, Whitman sent the busy Emerson a privately published sheaf of poems, a booklet in its eccentric appearance begging to be tossed aside as the work of a crank, Emerson astoundingly read it and recognized its epochal worth, as the answer to his platform prayers for a new literature and an untrammelled new consciousness. "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass,' " he wrote Whitman. "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit & wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . It has the best merits, namely, of fortifying & encouraging." The unstinting tone of this praise, volunteered to a stranger, is magnanimous; the terms of the praise are indicative. Emerson was too bent upon the business of encouraging and fortifying others to feel envy. His long and patient patronage of Henry David Thoreau is well known. Less well

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known is Emerson's kindness to the half-mad, religiously obsessed Jones Very, of Salem; for all the young man's eccentricities, Emerson not merely held frequent discourse with him but edited and saw to the publication of his "Poems and Essays" in 1839. The volatile, brilliant Margaret Fuller also presented a troublesome friendship to Emerson. "I want to see you, and still more to hear you," she wrote him in 1838. "I must kindle my torch again." She taxed him with "a certain inhospitality of soul" toward her and provoked him to address her in his journals with an imaginary rebuff that began, "You would have me love you. What shall I love?" But he fended off her appeals for more than he could provide and made something positive of their intellectual association in the so-called Hedge's Club and her editorship of the Transcendentalist magazine *The Dial*. Many others, men and women, basked in the Emerson circle at Concord; though he complains in his journals of the constant infractions upon his time, it was not only his nature but his mission to be encouraging. His address in Boston on "Man the Reformer" proclaimed a "new spirit" and called upon men to "begin the world anew." Books, he had asserted in his famous address on "The American Scholar," "are for nothing but to inspire." In his call for renewal, in his capacity for appreciation and for generating excitement, Emerson stands in catalytic relation to the classic period of American letters much as Ezra Pound does to the modernism of the early twentieth century. "A village explainer," Gertrude Stein called Pound, and the Sage of Concord was that par excellence. He lectured everywhere, and knew everybody. In New York, one of his best friends was the senior Henry James, and on his last European jaunt, in 1872, the young Henry James was one of his escorts in Paris. Twenty years earlier, having tediously travelled by railroad and steamboat to speak in St. Louis, he especially enjoyed the companionship of the Unitarian minister William Greenleaf Eliot, the grandfather of T.S. Our impression that Emerson laid benedictory hands upon all the heads of at least the Northeast American literary tradition is compounded by the fancy that Emily Dickinson is Emerson's spiritual daughter: like him, she wrote poems to bumblebees and felt herself drunk upon the intoxicating light of the divine sun. Her accomplishment proves the truth of his assertion, in "The Poet," that "day and night, house and garden, a few books, a few actions, serve as well as would all trades and all spectacles." What better encapsulation of his doctrine of "Self-Reliance" than this stanza of hers:

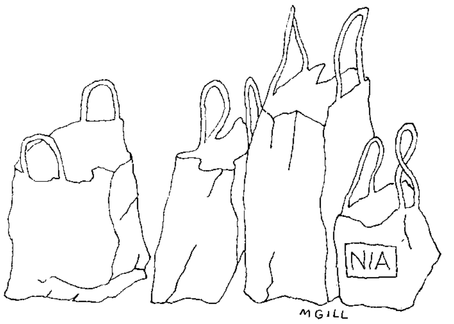
> The soul selects her own society,
> Then shuts the door;
> On her divine majority
> Obtrude no more.

In the two great poets Emerson's influence seems to bifurcate: his boastful all-including optimism trumpeted by Whitman, his more playful, skeptical quizzing of God and Nature carried further by the Amherst recluse.

We should not, however, imagine that all the great names of the American Renaissance obediently constellate around Emerson. Hawthorne, a year younger than he, and of the same Yankee stock, shared Concord and a long acquaintanceship with him, and lies buried in Sleepy Hollow a few paces away, but in life there was always between them a certain distance and coolness of appreciation. When the author of "The Scarlet Letter" died, in 1864, Emerson wrote in his journal:

> I have found in his death a surprise & a disappointment. I thought him a greater man than any of his works betray . . . Moreover I have felt sure of him in his neighborhood, & in his necessities of sympathy & intelligence, that I could well wait his time—his unwillingness & caprice—and might one day conquer a friendship. It would have been a happiness, doubtless to both of us, to have come into habits of unreserved intercourse. It was easy to talk with him—there were no barriers—only, he said so little, that I talked too much, & stopped only because—as he gave no indications—I feared to exceed.

Amid the quiet ghosts of Salem, Hawthorne had worked out his artistic and personal credo with no assistance from Transcendentalism; he took a generally satiric view of enthusiasm, public lectures, Unitarianism, *The Dial*, and Margaret Fuller, and remained at heart loyal to the Puritan sense of darkness, guilt, and intrinsic limitation which Emerson so exultantly wished to banish. Melville loved Hawthorne and took fire from him; he is the second great member of what we might call the anti-Emerson party. "I do not oscillate in Emerson's rainbow," he wrote. After reading some essays by "this Plato who talks through his nose," he pronounced, "To one who has weathered Cape Horn as a common sailor what stuff all this is." In that scarcely coherent voyage of rage called "The Confidence-Man" Melville planted a caricature of Emerson called Mark Winsome, who is travelling on the Mississippi with a Thoreau-like disciple called Egbert. Winsome is portrayed as "with such a preternaturally cold, gemmy glance out of his pellucid blue eye, that he seemed more a metaphysical merman than a feeling man." As "coldly radiant as a prism," Winsome spouts Plato and mocks consistency. The author, represented by his hero "the cosmopolitan," seems to find double fault with Winsome: he is too mystical and also too practical. His philosophy is unreal, yet at the same time it serves the world's base purposes. "Mystery is in the morning, and mystery in the night, and the beauty of mystery is everywhere," Winsome is made to say, "but still the plain truth remains, that mouth and purse must be filled." "Was not Seneca a usurer?" he asks. "And Swedenborg, though with one eye on the invisible, did he not keep the other on the main chance?" The disciple Egbert appears "the last person in the world that one would take for the disciple of any transcendental philosophy; though, indeed, something about his sharp nose and shaved chin seemed to hint that if mysticism, as a lesson, ever came in his way, he might, with the characteristic knack of a true New-Englander, turn even so profitless a thing to some profitable account." In the end, the two are dismissed as professors of an "inhuman philosophy"—"moonshine" suited to "frozen natures."



EMERSON's first book, "Nature"—published in 1836 and the only one of his major prose writings that did not first exist in the form of public utterance—proposed some remarkable inversions of the common way of seeing things:

> Nature is the symbol of spirit. . . . The use of natural history is to give us aid in supernatural history: the use of the outer creation, to give us language for the beings and changes of the inward creation. . . . Man

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> is conscious of a universal soul within or behind his individual life, wherein, as in a firmament, the natures of Justice, Truth, Love, Freedom, arise and shine. This universal soul, he calls Reason: it is not mine, or thine, or his, but we are its; we are its property and men. . . . That which, intellectually considered, we call Reason, considered in relation to nature, we call Spirit. Spirit is the Creator. Spirit hath life in itself. And man in all ages and countries embodies it in his language, as the FATHER. . . .There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, preëxist in necessary Ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections, in the world of spirit. A Fact is the end or last issue of spirit. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world.

Such thought is called Idealism, and has long roots in Plato and the Neoplatonists, in Christian metaphysics, in Berkeley and Kant and Swedenborg. Hegel, whom Emerson read only late in life, and then without enthusiasm, made Idealism the dominant mode of nineteenth-century philosophy; it came to America through the writings of Coleridge and Carlyle and Goethe, whom Emerson did read. This way of construing reality awakens resistance in us, but a hundred and fifty years ago the men of Christendom were imbued with notions of an all-determining, circumambient invisible Power around them. Insofar as Idealism expresses the notion of repeating laws and analogies and interchanges permeating the universe, it is modern, and scientific; and Emerson was quite scientific-minded. In "Nature" he wrote:

> Not only resemblances exist in things whose analogy is obvious, as when we detect the type of the human hand in the flipper of the fossil saurus, but also in objects wherein there is great superficial unlikeness. . . . A rule of one art, or a law of one organization, holds true throughout nature. So intimate is this Unity, that, it is easily seen, it lies under the undermost garment of nature, and betrays its source in Universal Spirit.

Except for the use of the term "spirit," this search for a Unified Field Theory is familiar enough. And Idealism does locate a real cleavage in our consciousness: "Idealism acquaints us with the total disparity between the evidence of our own being, and the evidence of the world's being." The two types of evidence, indeed, are so disparate that only moments that savor of mysticism fuse them:

> In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life,—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes), which nature cannot repair. Standing on the bare ground,—

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> my head bathed by the blithe air, and uplifted into infinite space,—all mean egotism vanishes. I become a transparent eyeball; I am nothing; I see all; the currents of the Universal Being circulate through me; I am part or particle of God.

Now, our concern is less to explicate Emerson's philosophy than to test whether it, and the elaborations that followed from it, still might serve as the cause of wit in others. That the Idealism set forth in "Nature" served to guide Emerson himself through a productive life of exceptional serenity is a matter of biographical record. In 1871, when he was late in his sixties, he visited Northern California, descending even into the opium dens of San Francisco. A travelling companion, Professor James B. Thayer, wrote this of a trip to Yosemite:

> "How *can* Mr. Emerson," said one of the younger members of the party to me that day, "be so agreeable, all the time, without getting tired!" It was the *naïve* expression of what we all had felt. There was never a more agreeable travelling companion; he was always accessible, cheerful, sympathetic, considerate, tolerant; and there was always that same respectful interest in those with whom he talked, even the humblest, which raised them in their own estimation. One thing particularly impressed me,—the sense that he seemed to have of a certain great amplitude of time and leisure. It was the behavior of one who really *believed* in an immortal life, and had adjusted his conduct accordingly; so that, beautiful and grand as the natural objects were, among which our journey lay, they were matched by the sweet elevation of character, and the spiritual charm of our gracious friend.

Though he never again stated the tenets of Idealism at such length and with as near an approach to system as in "Nature," they remained at the core of his thought, and all his lectures circle around the reassuring assertions that spirit is the author of matter and that our egos partake of the benign unity of Universal Being. "I have taught one doctrine," he wrote in his journals, "the infinitude of the private man."

The year after publishing "Nature," Emerson was invited to give the annual Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, since the society's first choice, a Dr. Wainwright, had declined. Emerson's address that last day of August made his fame. Oliver Wendell Holmes was present on the platform, and called it at the time "our intellectual Declaration of Independence." In it Emerson told the young scholars of his audience that "we have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe," and that "if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him." Not books but nature—with which America, amid many deficiencies, was well supplied—shall be the foremost shaper of these indomitable instincts. Emerson describes education by osmosis, out-of-doors:

> Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested, that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein.... He shall see, that nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal, and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind.... So much of nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, "Know thyself," and the modern precept, "Study nature," become at last one maxim.

Can this, we wonder now, and his audience then must have wondered, be true? In what sense can nature, that implacable *other* which our egos oppose, whose unheeding processes make resistance to our every effort of construction and husbandry, and whose diseases and earthquakes and oceans extinguish us with a shrug, be termed identical with our own souls? Is not a world of suffering scandalously excluded from such an equation? Emerson's next address, to the graduating seniors of the Harvard Divinity School in July of 1838, takes up again the theme of nature as the end and means of education:

> The child amidst his baubles, is learning the action of light, motion, gravity, muscular force; and in the game of human life, love, fear, justice, appetite, man, and God, interact. These laws refuse to be adequately stated . . . yet we read them hourly in each other's faces, in each other's actions, in our own remorse.... The intuition of the moral sentiment is an insight of the perfection of the laws of the soul. These laws execute themselves. They are out of time, out of space, and not subject to circumstance. Thus; in the soul of man there is a justice whose retributions are instant and entire.... See how this rapid intrinsic energy worketh everywhere, righting wrongs, correcting appearances, and bringing up facts to a harmony with thoughts. Its operation in life, though slow to the senses, is, at last, as sure as in the soul.... Character is always known. Thefts never enrich; alms never impoverish; murder will speak out of stone walls.

Do we, in the year 1984, believe this? I suggest we do not: it is part of our received wisdom to believe that stone walls often conceal murder very well; that character is obscure and deceptive; that whatever harmony we enjoy with nature is the cruel and monstrously slow haphazard work of adaptive evolution; that our moral dis-

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positions are bred into us by the surrounding culture; and that no great soul is shared by our own greedy egos and the ravenous natural forces at bay around us. In so believing, if Emerson is correct, we differ from all mankind hitherto, which has conceded the "facts" of indwelling moral sentiment. "These facts," he claims,

> have always suggested to man the sublime creed, that the world is not the product of manifold power, but of one will, of one mind; and that one mind is everywhere active, in each ray of the star, in each wavelet of the pool; and whatever opposes that will, is everywhere balked and baffled, because things are made so, and not otherwise. Good is positive. Evil is merely privative, not absolute: it is like cold, which is the privation of heat. All evil is so much death or nonentity. Benevolence is absolute and real. So much benevolence as a man hath, so much life hath he. . . . Whilst a man seeks good ends, he is strong by the whole strength of nature.

These assertions, too, we tend to doubt, though our popular arts, as recently exemplified by the "Star Wars" saga, join Emerson in proposing that a good man is naturally strengthened and evil is in the end an illusion that dissolves. To many of Emerson's audience (raised, after all, not only in the hard world but in a religious orthodoxy whose central figure was a suffering God), his optimistic cosmology must have seemed moonshine, to use Melville's word. The assertion that nature and our souls are one is a deliberate affront to our common assumptions, as is Jesus's that the meek shall inherit the earth, or Luther's that men are saved by faith alone, or Buddha's that the craving for existence and rebirth is the source of pain; such affrontive assertions mark the creation of a new religion. And Emerson certainly thought a new one was needed. He was, we must remember, a radical, whose negative views of the Christian church were considered extreme even in Transcendentalist circles. In middle life, he told a visitor, "I cannot feel interested in Christianity; it is deplorable that there should be a tendency to creeds that would take men back to the chimpanzee." Even the mild and minimal Unitarian faith—"the ice house of Unitarianism," he called it in his journals—had so strained his credence that he had resigned the ministry. He did not mince words to the Harvard Divinity School students:

> It is my duty to say to you, that the need was never greater of new revelation than now. From the views I have already expressed, you will infer the sad conviction, which I share, I believe, with numbers, of

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the universal decay and now almost death of faith in society.

To those moderns whose religious views have been formed by the crisis theology of Kierkegaard and Barth, which predicates a drastic condition of decay and collapse within so-called Christendom, it is a sombre sensation to apprehend, in the young life and thought of Emerson, the collapse arriving, as the geology, the paleontology, the astronomy, the Biblical criticism of the early nineteenth century pile in upon thinking men with their devastating revelations. Emerson was well aware of the historical situation: "The Puritans in England and America," he said in his Divinity School address, "found in the Christ of the Catholic Church, and in the dogmas inherited from Rome, scope for their austere piety, and their longings for civil freedom. But their creed is passing away, and none arises in its room. I think no man can go with his thoughts about him, into one of our churches, without feeling, that what hold the public worship had on men is gone, or going. It has lost its grasp on the affection of the good, and the fear of the bad. In the country, neighborhoods, half parishes are *signing off*,—to use the local term."

Yet there is, he feels, great need for *a* religion:

> What greater calamity can fall upon a nation, than the loss of worship? Then all things go to decay. Genius leaves the temple, to haunt the senate, or the market. Literature becomes frivolous. Science is cold. The eye of youth is not lighted by the hope of other worlds, and age is without honor. Society lives to trifles, and when men die, we do not mention them.

What is to be done, then? Emerson invokes the soul: "In the soul, then, let the redemption be sought." What does this mean, exactly? It means, I think, what Karl Barth warned against when he said, "One can *not* speak of God simply by speaking of man in a loud voice." Emerson defined "the true Christianity" to the divinity students as "a faith like Christ's in the infinitude of man." An infinitude, in Emerson's if not Jesus' terms, based upon an understanding of each man's soul as a fragment and mirror of the Universal Soul, the Over-soul, whose language is nature. A special beauty of this new religion is that, new wine though it is, it can be poured into the old bottles of the existing churches. Emerson concludes with a peroration that touches upon practical concerns:

> The evils of the church that now is are

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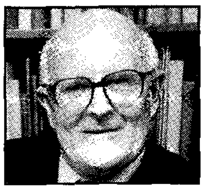

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> manifest. The question returns, What shall we do? I confess, all attempts to project and establish a Cultus with new rites and forms, seem to me vain. Faith makes us, and not we it, and faith makes its own forms. All attempts to contrive a system are as cold as the new worship introduced by the French to the goddess of Reason,—to-day, pasteboard and fillagree, and ending to-morrow in madness and murder. Rather let the breath of new life be breathed by you through the forms already existing. For, if once you are alive, you shall find they shall become plastic and new. The remedy to their deformity is, first, soul, and second, soul, and evermore, soul. . . . Two inestimable advantages Christianity has given us; first; the Sabbath, the jubilee of the whole world . . . And secondly, the institution of preaching,—the speech of man to men,—essentially the most flexible of all organs, of all forms.

And so the young divinity students of the class of 1838, shaken but, let us hope, inspired, were sent forth to take their places behind the rotten pulpits, to fill the hollow creed and exhausted forms of Christianity with the life of their own souls, somehow; the Harvard faculty did not invite Emerson to speak at Harvard again for thirty years.

EMERSON had renounced his own ministry in 1832. At that time, the secular profession of lecturer was making its beginnings with such speakers as Edward Everett, Daniel Webster, and Horace Mann; within a decade Emerson was a star of the lyceum circuit. His lectures, many of which became the essays collected in two volumes in 1841 and 1844, from their titles could seem to be about anything—"History," "Heroism," "Circles," "Gifts," "Manners," "Experience"—but all were sermons of a sort on behalf of the Emersonian religion, "the speech of man to men," demonstrating in themselves and urging upon others the free and generous action of a mind open to the inspirations and evidences of the Universal Soul. They were all exhortations to be brave and bold, to trust the universe and oneself. Their supernaturalist content in general, after "Nature," tends to fade, but is never disavowed, and is always the final recourse of the exhortation. "Let a man fall into the divine circuits, and he is enlarged," ends Emerson's disquisition on "New England Reformers." "We are escorted on every hand through life by spiritual agents, and a beneficent purpose lies in wait for us," states the short essay that also bears the title "Nature." "Nature is the incarnation of a thought, and turns to a thought again, as ice becomes water and gas. The world is mind precipitated, and the volatile essence is forever escaping again into the state of free thought. . . . Every moment instructs, and every object: for wisdom is infused into every form."

Of all the essays, the one entitled "Self-Reliance" is perhaps the best known, and has entered most deeply into American thinking. It offers a curious counsel of fatalism couched in the accents of activism:

> Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being.

The society of one's contemporaries, however, would seem not to be entirely acceptable, for, we learn a page later, "Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. . . . The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. . . . Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist."

Emerson had refused to conform when he resigned the ministry that his ancestors had honored, and did so furthermore at a moment when his widowed mother and a quartet of brothers were all looking to him for stability. At the price of breaking up their Boston home, and with no financial prospects but his eventual inheritance from his recently dead young wife, Ellen, he set sail for the first of three excursions to Europe. Frail as a young man, he had developed the gift of taking it easy on himself; unlike his three brilliant brothers William, Edward, and Charles, he compiled a mediocre record at Harvard, and he outlived them all, into a ripe old age. His third European trip was undertaken as he neared seventy, in order to escape the renovation of his house in Concord, which had suffered a fire. There was something a touch cavalier about his second trip, too—nine months of lionization in England and elsewhere while his second wife, Lidian, coped in Concord with three small children and exiguous finances. Emerson's great discovery, amid the ruins of the Puritan creed, was the art of relaxation and of doing what you wanted. In "Self-Reliance" he proclaims:

> I shun father and mother and wife and brother, when my genius calls me. I would

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write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation.

The importunities of philanthropy—a real menace in the New England of this time, especially for the foremost proponent of Idealism—must be repelled:

> Do not tell me, as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent, I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong.

A doctrine of righteous selfishness is here propounded. The Biblical injunction "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is conveniently shortened to "Love thyself":

> I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. . . . I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me, and the heart appoints.

As the Yippies were to say: "If it feels good, do it." Or, in the nineteenth-century idiom of William Henry Vanderbilt, "The public be damned." The American Scholar being advised to "plant himself indomitably on his instincts" shades, in "Self-Reliance," into the entrepreneur; the great native creed of Rugged Individualism begins to be heard. Having derided feckless college men who lose heart if "not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston," Emerson proclaims:

> A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles,* keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not "studying a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already.

Emerson wished to give men courage to be, to follow their own instincts; but these instincts, he neglected to emphasize, can be rapacious. A social fabric, he did not seem quite to realize (and in the security of pre-Civil War America, in the pretty farm town of Concord, what would insist he realize it?), exists for the protection of its members, as do the laws and inhibitions such a fabric demands. To be sure, he did not create American expansionism and our especial exploitive verve; but he did give them a blessing and a high-minded apology. Are we

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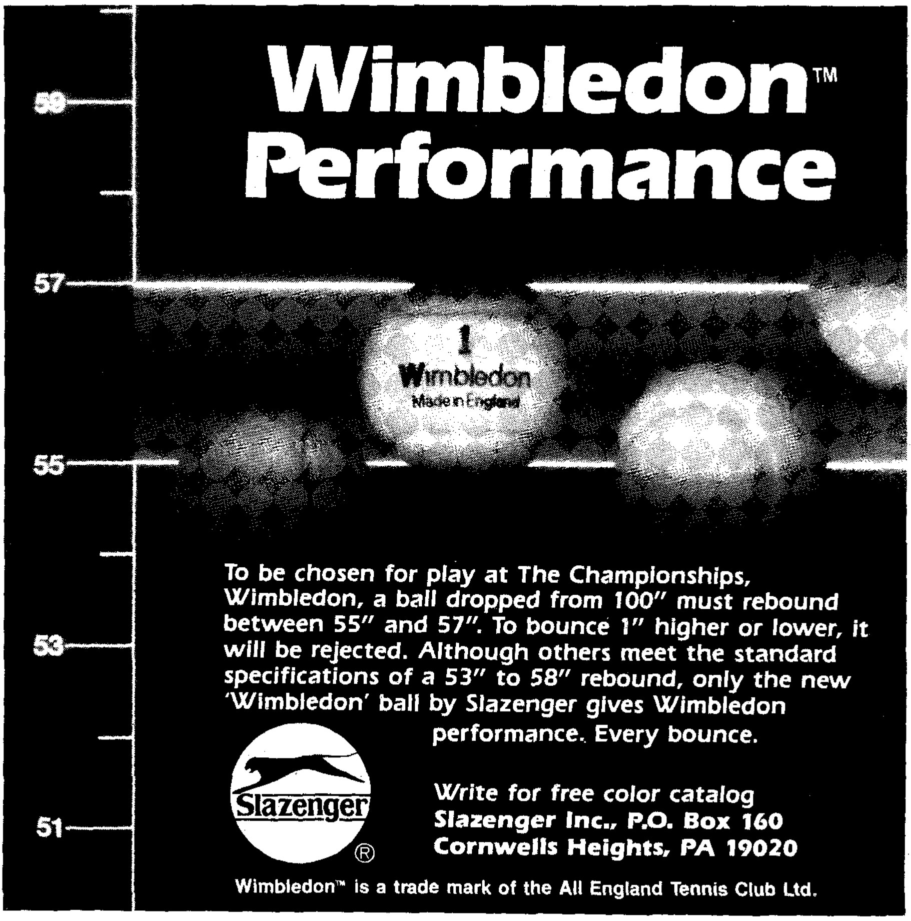

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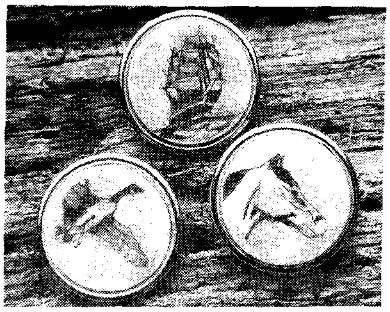

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afraid the rich will oppress the poor? *In his essay on* "Compensation" Emerson assures us, "There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on the same ground with all others." Do our hearts bleed for the manacled slave? "Most suffering is only apparent," he informs us in his uncollected but fascinating essay upon "The Tragic." "A tender American girl doubts of Divine Providence whilst she reads the horrors of 'the middle passage:' and they are bad enough at the mildest; but to such as she these crucifixions do not come: they come to the obtuse and barbarous, to whom they are not horrid, but only a little worse than the old sufferings." *Do the blackness and* noise of the railroad and factory affront us? "Readers of poetry," Emerson says in his essay on "The Poet," "see the factory-village, and the railway, and fancy that the poetry of the landscape is broken up by these; for these works of art are not yet consecrated in their reading; but the poet sees them fall within the great Order not less than the bee-hive, or the spider's geometrical web." Are we afraid, in a land so carelessly given over to youth and its divine instincts, of growing old? No problem, says Emerson in effect, in his essay on "Circles": "Nature abhors the old, and old age seems the only disease . . . I see no need of it. Whilst we converse with what is above us, we do not grow old, but grow young." Death, too, is eloquently fudged away: "And the knowledge that we traverse the whole scale of being, from the centre to the poles of nature, and have some stake in every possibility, lends that sublime lustre to death, which philosophy and religion have too outwardly and literally striven to express in the popular doctrine of the immortality of the soul. The reality is more excellent than the report. . . . The divine circulations never rest nor linger" ("Nature"). Are we vexed, depressed, or indignant? Emerson tells us "that there is no need of struggles, convulsions, and despairs, of the wringing of the hands and the gnashing of the teeth; that we miscreate our own evils. We interfere with the optimism of nature . . . Nature will not have us fret and fume" ("Spiritual Laws").

Understood in relation to Emerson's basic tenets, these reassurances are not absurd. Further, amid the fading of other reassurances, they were urgently useful, and are woven into the cre-

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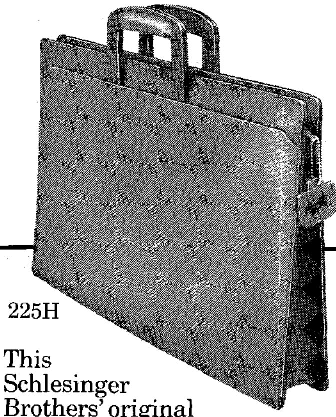

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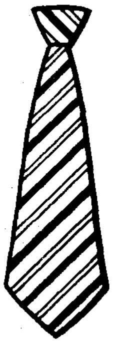

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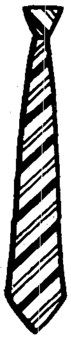

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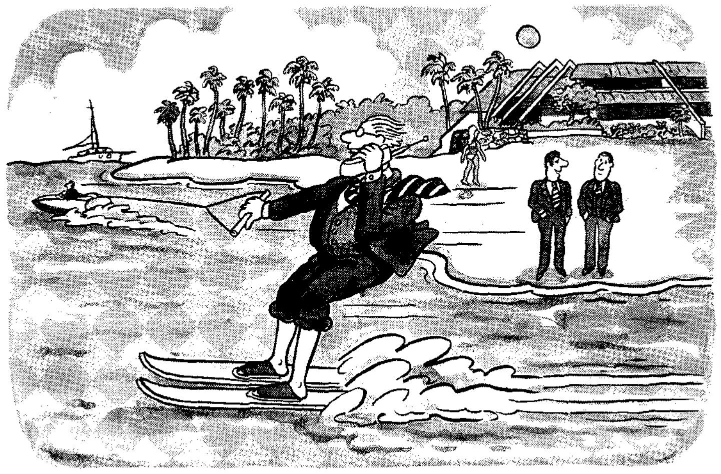
ated, inherited reality around us. The famous American pragmatism and "can do" optimism were given their most ardent and elegant expression by Emerson. His encouragements have their trace elements in the magnificent sprawl we see on all sides—the parking lots and skyscrapers, the voracious tracts of single-family homes, the heaped supermarket aisles and crowded ribbons of highway: the architectural manifestations of a nation of individuals, of wagons each hitched, in his famous phrase, to its own star. Like balloon-frame house construction—another American invention of the eighteen-forties—Emersonianism got the job done with lighter materials. In his journals he struck the constructive note: "It is greatest to believe and to hope well of the world, because he who does so, quits the world of experience, and makes the world he lives in."

And, reading Emerson, one wonders if the American style is a matter so much of energy and enterprise as of insouciance, of somewhat reckless relaxation into the random abundance of opportunities which an optimistic Nature has provided. The American accent is a drawl, and Emerson, in his collection "English Traits," more than once marvels at the vigor and force and ruddiness of the English, as if in contrast to a languid, lazy, and pallid race he has left behind. Can it be true that, along with our sweet independence and informality, there is something desolate and phantasmal, a certain thinness of experience which goes with our thinness of civilization? As an introspective psychologist, Emerson is nowhere more original than in his baring of his own indifference. "I content myself with moderate, languid actions," he wrote in his journal of November 3, 1838. "I told J[ones] V[ery] that I had never suffered, & that I could scarce bring myself to feel a concern for the safety & life of my nearest friends that would satisfy them: that I saw clearly that if my wife, my child, my mother, should be taken from me, I should still remain whole with the same capacity of cheap enjoyment from all things." This was written before the death of his beloved five-year-old son, Waldo. After it, in his uncharacteristically sombre essay "Experience," Emerson confessed:

> Grief too will make us idealists. In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate,—no more. . . . It does not touch me: some



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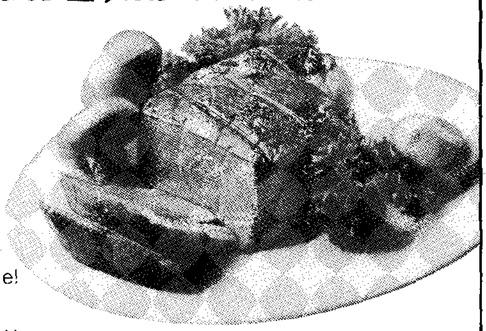

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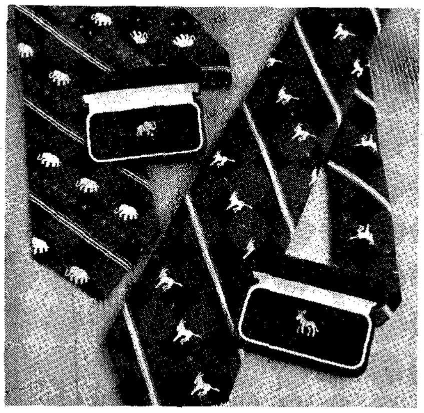
thing which I fancied was a part of me, which could not be torn away without tearing me, nor enlarged without enriching me, falls off from me, and leaves no scar. . . . The Indian who was laid under a curse, *that the wind should not blow on* him, nor water flow to him, nor fire burn him, is a type of us all. The dearest events are summer-rain, and we the Para coats that shed every drop.

Which brings us back to Melville's charge of coldness, his picture of Mark Winsome "coldly radiant as a prism." Emerson in his lifetime was accused of coldness, by Margaret Fuller and Thomas Carlyle among others, and in "Experience" addresses the issue: "The life of truth is cold, and so far mournful; but it is not the slave of tears, contritions, and perturbations. It does not attempt another's work, nor adopt another's facts. . . . I have learned that I cannot dispose of other people's facts . . . A sympathetic person is placed in the dilemma of a swimmer among drowning men, who all catch at him, and if he give so much as a leg or a finger, they will drown him." The practical ethics of Idealism, then, turn out to be seclusion and stoicism. "We must walk as guests in nature,—not impassioned, but cool and disengaged," Emerson says in "The Tragic." Is there possibly, in this most amiable of philosophers, a preparation for the notorious loneliness and callousness and violence of American life which is mixed in with its many authentic, and indeed unprecedented, charms?

EMERSON was the first American thinker to have a European influence; Carlyle sponsored him, and Matthew Arnold once said that no prose had been more influential in the nineteenth century than Emerson's. He was, in German translation, a favorite author of Friedrich Nietzsche, who copied dozens of passages into a notebook, borrowed the phrase "the gay science," and wrote of the "Essays," "Never have I felt so much at home in a book, and in *my* home, as—I may not praise it, it is too close to me." The closeness, upon reflection, is not so strange: both were ministers' sons exultant in the liberation that came with the death of the Christian God, both were poets and rhapsodists tagged with the name of philosopher. Almost certainly, Emerson's phrase "Over-soul" influenced Nietzsche's choice of the phrase "*Übermensch*," even though "Over-soul" in the edition Nietzsche read was translated "*Die höhere Seele*," the higher soul,



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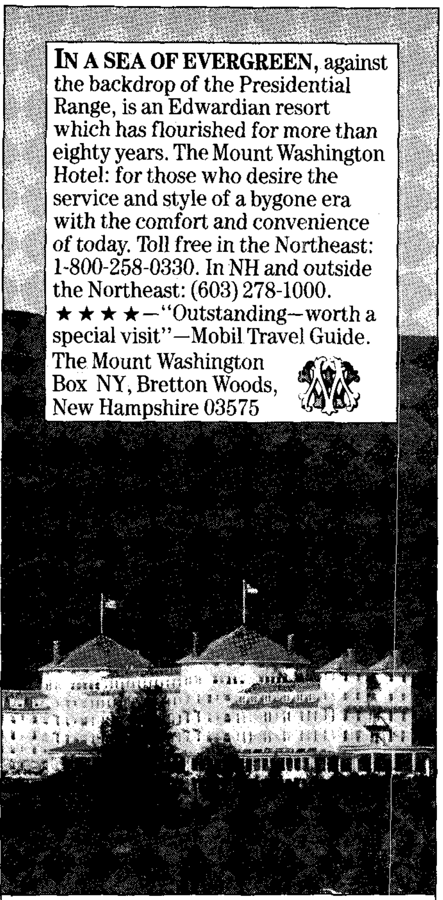

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which is echoed by Nietzsche's talk of "the higher men." From the Oversoul to the *Übermensch* to the Supermen of Hitler's Master Race is a dreadful progression for which neither Emerson nor Nietzsche should be blamed; but Emerson's coldness and disengagement and distrust of altruism do become, in Nietzsche, a rapturous celebration of power and domination and the " 'boldness' of noble races," and an exhilarated scorn of what he called "slave morality." Not just the mention of Zoroaster seems Nietzschean in this passage from "Self-Reliance":

> Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide: him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him, because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him, because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster, "the blessed Immortals are swift."
>
> As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect.

The essay quotes approvingly Fletcher's "Our valors are our best gods" and bluntly states, "Power is in nature the essential measure of right." Totalitarian rule, with its atrocities, offers a warped mirror in which we can recognize, distorted, Emerson's favorite concepts of genius and inspiration and whim; the totalitarian leader is a study in self-reliance gone amok, lawlessness enthroned in the place where law and debate and checks and balances should be, and with no obliging law of compensation coming to the rescue. The extermination camps are one of the things that come between us and Emerson's optimism.

Another is modern science, as it has developed. "Our approach now," my dermatologist told me the other day, "is that nature is utterly stupid." The same chemical mechanisms, he went on to explain, will destroy as blindly as they heal, and a trend of medicine is to block the witless commands that unleash harmful reactions in the body; where, in this molecular game, can we find indication that "acid and alkali preëxist in necessary Ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections, in the world of spirit"?

Also, we find aesthetic difficulty in a disconnected quality of Emerson's discourse which in the actual lectures must have been greatly masked and smoothed by his handsome manner and appealing baritone voice. We are

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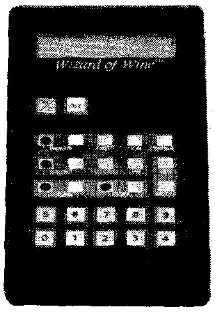

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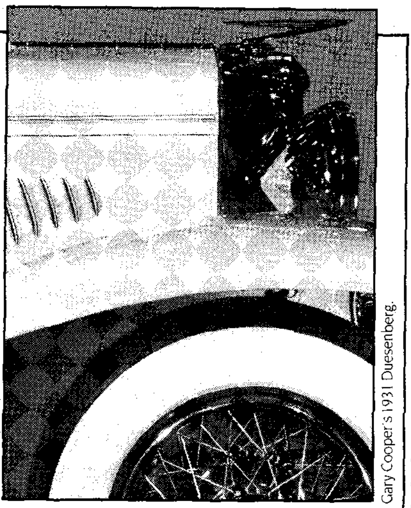

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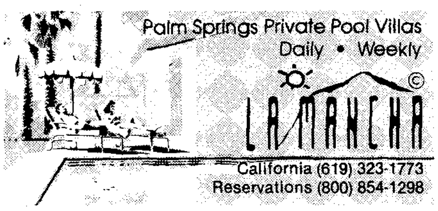

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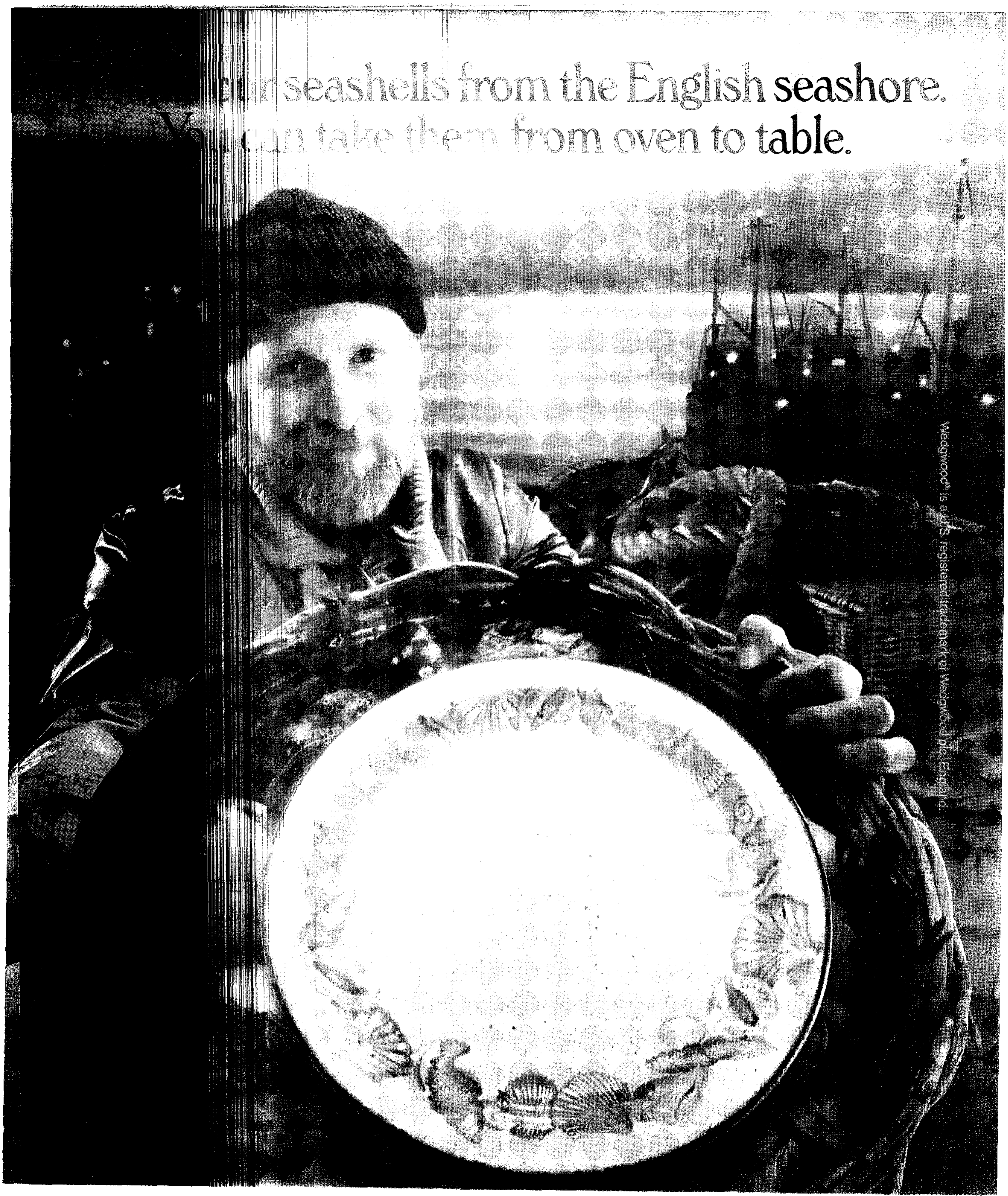
left with his literary voice, which (unlike Thoreau's similar voice) seems pitched a bit over our heads, toward the back rows, and too much partakes of what he himself called "the old largeness." Knut Hamsun, in his own lectures on "The Cultural Life of Modern America," expressed what many a student has groped to say since:

> One reads all his excellent comments; one reads while awaiting a conclusion relevant to the subject itself. One awaits the third and final word that can draw a figure or cast a statue. One waits until the twentieth and final page—one waits in vain: at this point Emerson bows and departs. And the reader is left with a lapful of things said; they have not formed a picture; they are a brilliant welter of small, elegant mosaic tiles.

I myself have found that the essays melt and merge in the mind; so exciting in their broad attack and pithy sentences, they end, often, disconcertingly in air, and fail to leave an imprint of their shape. This need not have been so: one sermon of Emerson's has survived, the one he gave in the Second Church of Boston explaining why he could not in good faith administer the Lord's Supper and therefore must resign. It moves dramatically from careful examination of the relevant Biblical and patristic texts to the speaker's own conclusions and thence to his beautifully understated but firm farewell. We remember it; its segments are articulated in a single gesture of argument. Of few of his essays can this be said. With his belief in inspiration and what he called "*dream* power" and in patterns that all nature would conspire to express once a sufficiently pure surrender to the Over-soul was attained, Emerson read in his Concord study as his whim and his interest dictated and wrote in his celebrated journal, maintained since his college years, such quotations and paragraphs of independent thought as struck him. He assembled his lectures from this lode of intellectual treasure and, though the joinery is cunning and the language often brilliantly concrete, the net effect is somewhat jumbled and vague. We have been superbly exhorted, but to what effect? A demonstration of wit has been made, but somewhat to the stupefaction of our own wits. Modern critics, my impression is, are additionally embarrassed by the Neoplatonic, supernaturalist content of the early essays, and prefer the later, more factual considerations, and the journals themselves, where the discontinuity is overt and the tone is franker and more intimate. Yet the question is: Would the journals and even the excellent "English Traits"—the centerpiece of Mark Van Doren's "Portable Emerson"—make a major claim on our attention had they not been hoisted into prominence by the celebrated, evangelical early addresses and essays? There is this awkwardness, I believe, in Emerson's present reputation: what we like about him is not what is important, and what *is* important we do not much like. Emerson the prophet of the new American religion seems cranky and dim; what we like is the less ethereal and ministerial Emerson, the wry, observant, shrewd, skeptical man of this world. Emerson was always such, of course; as Oliver Wendell Holmes said of him, "he never let go the string of his balloon." The founder of Emersonianism was not its ideal practitioner; his extraordinary loyalty to the exasperating Bronson Alcott must have resided, it seems to me, in his awe of Alcott's greatly superior impracticality. Thoreau, too, appeared to Emerson a kind of saint, who, he said in the beautiful eulogy delivered at Thoreau's funeral, in 1862, "lived extempore from hour to hour, like the birds and the angels." Thoreau even worked miracles: "One day walking with a stranger who inquired, where Indian arrowheads could be found, he replied, 'Every where,' and stooping forward, picked one on the instant from the ground." More amazing still, "from a box containing a bushel or more of loose pencils, he could take up with his hands fast enough just a dozen pencils at every grasp." No such magical sureness, his self-doubting journals reveal, had been granted Emerson; he felt skeptical about his own enthusiasms, mocking himself, in the essay "Illusions," as susceptible to any new style or mythology. "I fancy that the world will be all brave and right, if dressed in these colors, which I had not thought of," he wrote. "Then at once I will daub with this new paint; but it will not stick. 'Tis like the cement which the peddler sells at the door; he makes broken crockery hold with it, but you can never buy of him a bit of the cement which will make it hold when he is gone."

So, too, the subject of these reflections. As I was reading Emerson, a hundred stimulated thoughts would besiege me, but all in the nature of paint that would not stick, of crockery coming unglued. What notes I took became scrambled; seeking to refer back to a key passage, I would find the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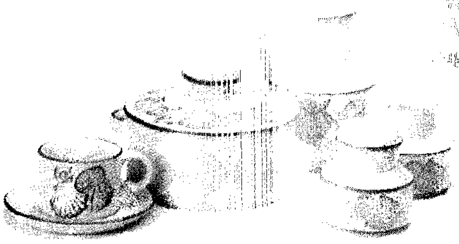

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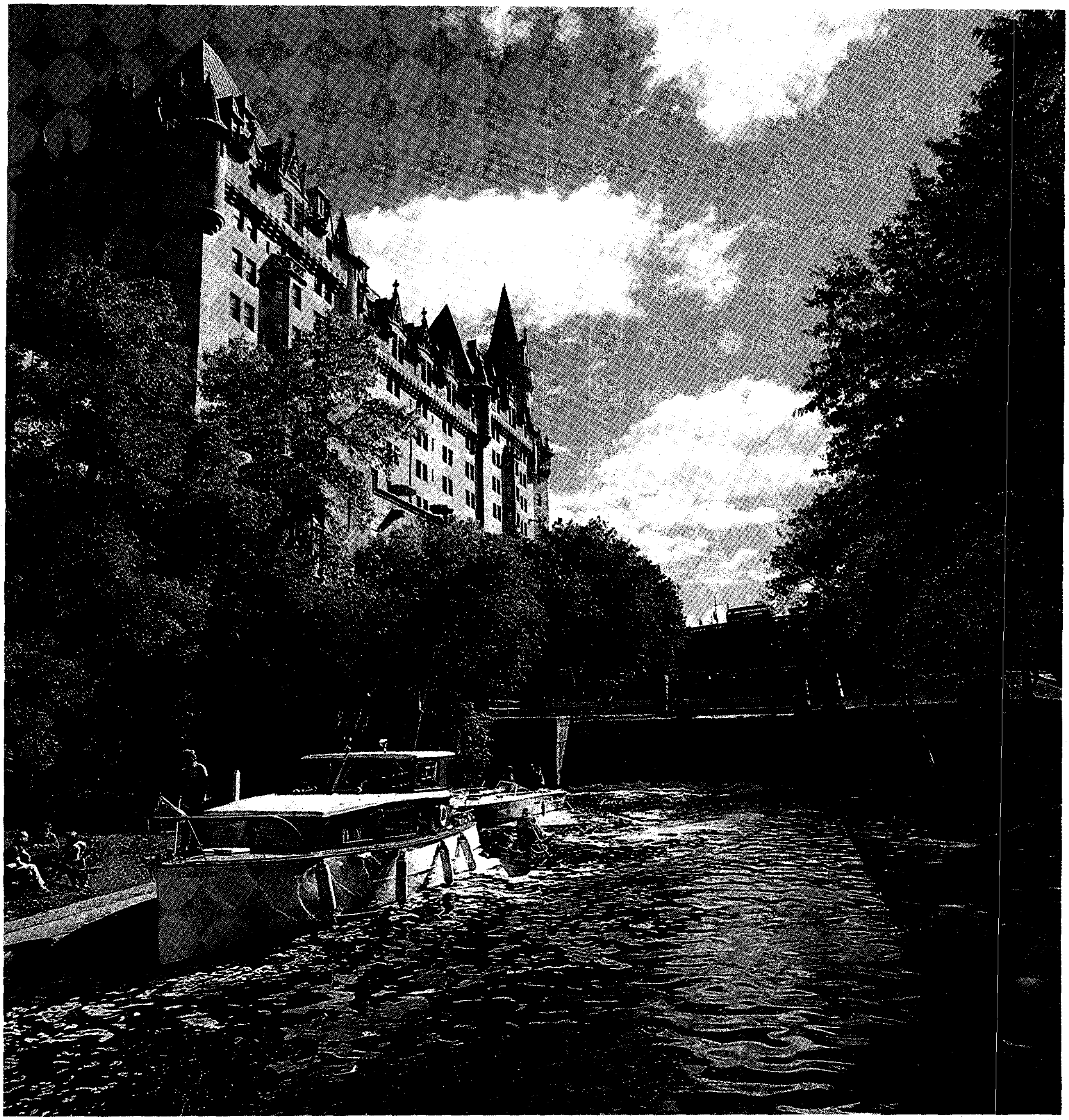

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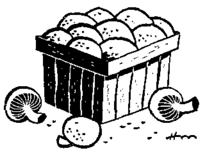
words had quite vanished from Emerson's pages. So one morning I decided to take leave of my bookish responsibilities and work in my cellar upon some modest carpentry project that had been long left hanging. While happily, brainlessly planing away, I turned on the radio, an "educational" station to be sure, and was treated to a lengthy "Earth Mass" employing not only human voices and conventional musical instruments but tapes of howling wolves, whales conversing in their mysterious booms and groans, and the rushing sound of the Colorado River. How very Emersonian, I thought: and felt his ghost smile within me. For have we not late in this century come to believe in spite of ourselves that "the mind is One, and that nature is its correlative"? Amid all our materialism, have not sheer crowding and shared peril merged nature with our souls?

Then I had to make haste, for I was to take a train from my suburban town into Boston; I was to have a painless session at Massachusetts General Hospital, where anesthesia was first demonstrated in this country and where my dermatologist stood ready to tell me that Nature was utterly stupid. I walked down to the tracks through my own woods, and in my transcendental humor saw the oddity of owning woods at all, of legally claiming a few acres of woods which are so plainly the property of the trees themselves, and of the invisible creatures that burrow and forage among the trees and will not mark with even a minute's pause their ostensible owner's passing from this earth. Emerson, expanding his holdings in Concord, in 1844 bought fourteen acres by Walden Pond; but it was Thoreau who built a cabin and lived there, and Thoreau who wrote the masterpiece. We possess, that is, by apprehension, not by legal fiat; the spirit does create matter, along its circumference of awareness.



Emerging from my own neglected woods, I bought at a so-called Convenient Food Mart a can of ginger ale and, after much hesitation, a bag of peanuts in the shell. Most of my life has been lived with women who find peanut shells a trial, especially those papery inner husks that elude every broom; I have associated shelling peanuts with the exercise of personal freedom ever since, as a boy, left alone to wander for an hour in the Pennsylvania city three miles from my home, I would buy a half-pound bag and eat the peanuts as I wandered, dropping the shells into what trash cans and gutters and hedges and sewer grates occurred during my irresponsible stroll. Buying and eating so whimsical a lunch as peanuts and ginger ale appeared, by the light of my recent reading, a peculiarly national opportunity and an appropriate celebration of the American insouciance that Emerson had labored to provide with a philosophical frame.

The train, I should say, was equipped with plastic windows, since younger Americans than I had been long celebrating their own insouciance and yielding to their own inspirations by tossing rocks at the windows that flew past and shattering them if they were glass. Substituted plastic solved that problem, but in time it has clouded to near-perfect opacity, so that as I hurtled to Boston the trees and houses and vistas on the way were vaguer and less to be guessed at than the shadows flickering in Plato's famous cave, the womb out of which both Emersonianism and the Gospel of St. John were born.

I arrived, still cracking peanuts, at the hospital. What better exemplifies modern-day America than a hospital! Here a true cross-section of colors and creeds, ages and classes mingles, united by our physical fallibility and our hope that science will save us. Though it was autumn, the weather in New England was still warm, so the crowd summoned to the hospital was lightly dressed, in bright colors, in sandals and jogging shorts. Nubile, merciful nurses and brisk, sage physicians moved in angelic white through the throng of the infirm and their visitors. There were limping young athletes called in from their game by some injury they would forget in a week, young women pushing delicate bug-eyed babies in strollers or lugging them on their hips, elderly couples with an air of having long harbored a single complaint between them. "Life is an ecstasy," Emerson tells us in "Illusions." "Life is sweet as nitrous oxide; and the fisherman dripping all day over a cold pond, the switchman at the railway intersection, the farmer in the field, the negro in the rice-swamp, the fop in the street, the hunter in the woods, the barrister with the jury, the belle at the ball, all ascribe a certain pleasure to their employment, which

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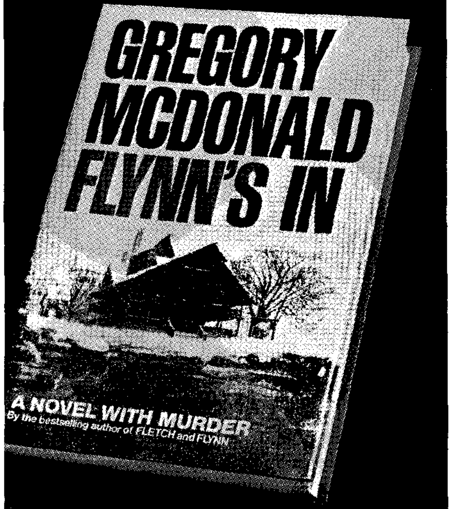

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they themselves give it." Now a multitude of such as these had been fetched here, with the smells and auras of their lives and employments still on them; to be among them was happiness.

I noticed a man about my age with a bald head—not a healthy luminous baldness but the unnatural gauzy baldness that chemotherapy induces. On Emerson's advice, I checked the presumptuous motion of pity in my heart, my officious inner attempt to adopt and dispose of other people's facts; for, sitting there in the waiting lounge somewhat like a sultan, the man was not asking pity but instead was calmly wrapped in his own independent and perhaps triumphant thoughts. I sat down myself and read—who else?—Emerson, Emerson it was my own whim to peruse in the little old uniform edition of brown leather and marbled endpapers I had bought at a church fair for five dollars and most of whose pages had never been cut. To slit these pages I used my bookmark, the joker of an old deck of cards—another whim, and yet efficient. "The way of life is wonderful," I read. "It is by abandonment." Looking up, I noticed a man in a chair opposite me reading a book also. He was reading a fanciful novel called "The Coup," which I had once written. He was a stout cigar-smoking man who slowly turned the pages with a terrible steady frown; he was not at all my image of the Ideal Reader. Yet there he was, in front of me; who was I to doubt now that, as Emerson promised, "every proverb, every book, every byword that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages"? And that, as the same page of "The Over-Soul" states, "the heart in thee is the heart of all; not a valve, not a wall, not an intersection is there anywhere in nature, but one blood rolls uninterruptedly an endless circulation through all men, as the water of the globe is all one sea, and, truly seen, its tide is one." Was not this day of mine demonstrating at every emblematic turn that "a thread runs through all things: all worlds are strung on it, as beads: and men, and events, and life, come to us, only because of that thread"?

A man within unavoidable earshot was making a call on a pay phone. His side of the conversation went: "Stella? Any news?" A pause, and then, "Isn't that great? It so easily could have been different. I'm so happy for him." How much, indeed, I could not help thinking, of the news we receive *is* good. "We are natural believers," Emerson says in his essay on Montaigne. "Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul; unbelief, in denying them." It was Emerson's revelation that God and the self are of the same substance. He may have been wrong, too blithe on Mankind's behalf, to think that nature—what he called the "*other me*"—is possessed of optimism and always answers to our soul; but he was immensely right in implying that the prime *me*, the ego, is perforce optimistic.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A TIME FOR JUDAS, by Morley Callaghan (St. Martin's; $12.95). Mr. Callaghan has imagined the recent discovery in an ancient sealed Greek jar of a reminiscence written by one Philo of Crete of a tour of duty in Jerusalem as scribe to Pontius Pilate. The work is studied and authenticated by Vatican scholars and immediately ordered destroyed. The reasons for this panicky ultimatum come slowly, teasingly, most interestingly clear as Philo recalls his meeting with the wellborn, well-educated Judas Iscariot, the lovely whore Mary of Samaria, the thief called Simon, and others in the city's Jewish community. Mr. Callaghan's writing is clear and cool, even when Philo's story rises to a *cri de coeur.* His account of the arrest of Jesus the Galilean (a slender young man in a plain brown coat), the trial, and the crucifixion and its aftermath is as vivid as a story never told before. And its essence is bold and darkly persuasive.

BRIDGE OF BIRDS: A NOVEL OF AN ANCIENT CHINA THAT NEVER WAS, by Barry Hughart (St. Martin's; $13.95). "Ox," says Master Li, in a rare moment of relative calm, "we have an evil duke who reads minds and laughs at axes, treasure troves that are hidden in labyrinths that are supposedly guarded by monsters, flutes that tell fairy tales, an incomprehensible ghost who might have come from one, an ancient children's game, and a ghostly message from Dragon's Pillow. If you're wondering about the wicked stepmother, just wait, because she's bound to turn up." Master Li is a spry private eye from Peking; Number Ten Ox is a husky young peasant, about ninety years Li's junior, from a silk-making

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village; and a spell that has bound some of the village's children leads to Li's and Ox's adventures in search of a cure. Barry Hughart, whose first novel this is, has festooned their path with such an enchanting array of inventions, dangers, temptations, and distractions—a two-thousand-year-old Sword Dance, the Desert of Salt, the Castle of the Labyrinth, the Elixir of Eighty Evil Essences, an archaic helicopter called the Bamboo Dragonfly, a deity called the Star Shepherd, the Hopping Hide and Seek Game, the Cavern of Bells, scuba gear devised from wild-pig parts, and tons (literally) of pearl and jade—that the reader may be too happily bedazzled to notice that no wicked stepmother turns up.

THE DEER AT THE RIVER, by Joseph Caldwell (Little, Brown; $15.95). Noah Dubbins, his mother a runaway and his father a drunk, was an unruly boy, a pariah almost, in a small town in New Hampshire, but when we meet him, in his early thirties, he is happily married and the father of three young children, and happily working as a cabinetmaker. None of this information comes easily to us, however, for Mr. Caldwell is a laconic writer and a subtle one, and his meanings are full of mystery. Noah's wife goes suddenly insane and is removed to a hospital. Noah attempts to take care of his children. He is pressured by the wife of a friend, his young apprentice sings at his work in a voice of angelic intensity, he lusts for a girl of his high-school days, his debts increase, he finds an unsettling contentment in wearing (in secret) one of his wife's old maternity dresses. Mr. Caldwell's purpose here is entirely enigmatic, but, taken scene by scene, his novel has enormous tension and emotional power.

THE RETREAT, by Aharon Appelfeld, translated from the Hebrew by Dalya Bilu (Dutton; $12.95). "Frivolous, nimble, shifty;" "pampered, sensitive, slow, argumentative": these are the adjectives of anti-Semitism. "Loafers, cheats, liars, money-grubbers, and gamblers": these are the nouns of anti-Semitism. "To reform your character, correct your defects, straighten your distortions": these are the goals of a group of anti-Semitic Austrian Jews who have banished themselves to a mountaintop retreat where they mean to work on their accents, their posture,

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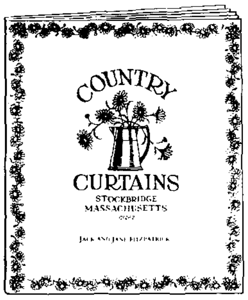

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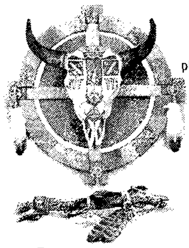

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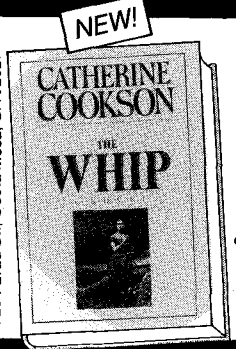

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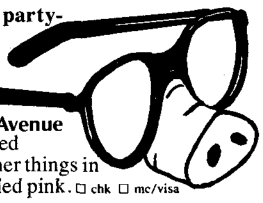

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and other "hereditary defects." At the center of the story, which begins in 1937, is a prickly ex-actress who arrives just as the retreat begins to change from a reformatory (the residents are referred to as "inmates") to a ghetto. Like "Tzili," the author's last book, this one can only end unhappily, but this time the heroine slowly becomes a vague, dim sort of survivor, until there is not much about her to root for or to lament.

GENERAL

ENTHUSIASMS, by Bernard Levin (Crown; $12.95). A new series of essays by the English journalist and critic. Among his enthusiasms are walking for pleasure, cities, Beethoven, food (not necessarily "cuisine"), Rembrandt, Shakespeare, cats, opera, and fire. Discussing cities, he records his astonishment that, having applied "the city-lover's most searching test—does the heart lift or does it sink?," Los Angeles comes out "on the side of the angels it was named after." His reasons for liking cats are not everyday ones, nor are his preferences for some operas over others. As he walks the streets, he wonders why the great proportion of graffiti one sees in modern cities consists of the names of the graffiti writers and their friends. "It is as though they are desperate to prove to themselves . . . the one thing that, with good reason, they doubt: that they exist."

INDIAN COUNTRY, by Peter Matthiessen (Viking; $17.95). In this well-organized and integrated collection of reports on Amerindian life and the natural environment, Mr. Matthiessen takes us on a continental tour of Indian lands that have been or are being despoiled—by dams and by mines, by overbuilding, by overcutting of forests, and by industrial pollution of air, water, and soil. Some sites are in Eastern states—Florida, North Carolina, and New York—but most are in the West. He describes the protests and the personalities of Indian leaders. His feeling for natural beauty and for the variety of wilderness scenery is intense. The book's plea for ecological sanity is tied to the case for the "traditional" Indians, who reject any part of white civilization. But surely a modern culture can learn to clean up its old messes and stop making new ones. "Tradition-

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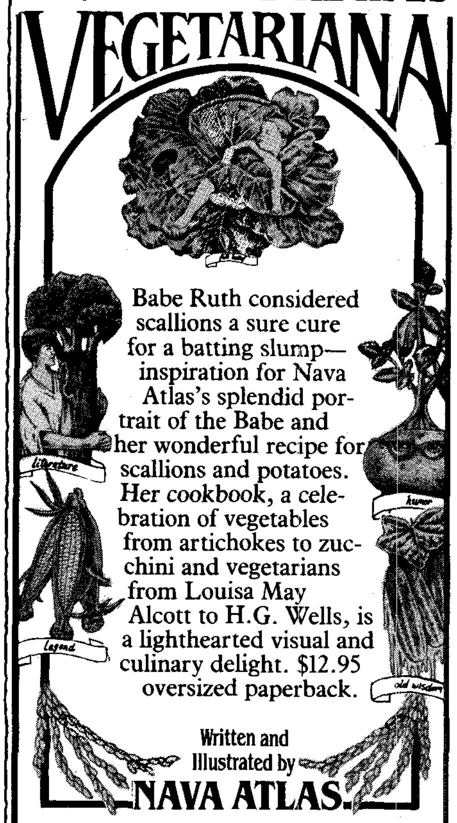

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al" Indians, who wish to live off their land, might perhaps be thought of as a distant early warning to all of us who will suffer, sooner or later, from radioactive waste, chemically poisoned water, smoggy air, and eroded soil.

VOICES FROM THE GREAT WAR, edited and with an introduction by Peter Vansittart (Franklin Watts; $14.95). An anthology of comments, exhortations, maledictions, and jubilations by the leading statesmen, generals, and litterateurs of the time. There is Hermann Hesse in 1914: "I esteem the moral values of war, on the whole, rather highly." The London *Daily Mail:* "Readers should refuse service from a German or Austrian waiter." C. E. Montague: "Hell hath no fury like a noncombatant." D. H. Lawrence in 1915: "Prussia is not evil through and through. Her mood is *now* evil. But we reap what we have sowed." Admiral Lord Fisher in 1917: "Can the Army win the war before the Navy loses it?" Max Weber in 1917: "This war, with all its ugliness, is great and wonderful." C. J. Pennethorne Hughes in 1917: "During the 'Turnip Winter' in Germany, Krupps declared a dividend of 12 per cent." Marshal Foch in 1919, on the Versailles Treaty: "This is not peace, it is an armistice for twenty years."

SPORT SCIENCE: PHYSICAL LAWS AND OPTIMUM PERFORMANCE, by Peter J. Brancazio (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). A book that is as delightful as it is instructive. Peter Brancazio is a forty-five-year-old physics professor at Brooklyn College and obviously a sports nut. He describes his obsession with basketball playing, and confesses that his real ambition was to be not a physicist but a baseball player. Be that as it may, what he does here is bring classical science to bear on understanding sports. The result is both an explanation of the familiar (how aerodynamic forces cause a pitched baseball to curve) and a revelation of the unfamiliar (it turns out that a discus can be thrown farther against the wind than with it). The writing is wonderfully clear and often very funny. At the end, the reader realizes that he has been in the hands of a master teacher.

CINCINNATUS: GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE ENLIGHTENMENT, by Garry Wills (Doubleday; $18.95). This discerning and diverting essay

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links art and history in discussing how Washington's contemporaries saw him and other important men of the period. The contrast between the pretentiousness of representations of Napoleon and the persistent simplicity of those of Washington suggests both the quality of the first President and the qualities Americans admired in him. Mr. Wills tells us that the earliest efforts to express admiration of Washington took the form of a search for Biblical comparisons (Moses, for example) but ultimately the taste of the period, Americans' own psychological needs, and Washington's repeated renunciations of power fixed on the parallel with Cincinnatus, the Roman general who left his farm and returned to it after saving his country. Mr. Wills' own tributes include appreciations both of Washington's political acumen and of his genuinely noble character. He also demonstrates how the Victorians began to misunderstand and sentimentalize Washington's greatness. As a counterpoint to portrayals of authority, Mr. Wills adduces representations of philosophy and the philosopher—Franklin and Jefferson. Still, Washington is the star, and his image is awesome. The illustrations are appropriate and plentiful.

NOTE: "In the Freud Archives," Janet Malcolm's report on three scholars whose disagreements over Sigmund Freud's early work rocked the psychoanalytic community, has been published by Knopf ($11.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Modern Meat," by Orville Schell, a study of the effects of pharmaceutical additives used in raising livestock, has been published by Random House ($17.95). Some of the contents first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A., by Gerald Petievich (Arbor House; $14.95). In Mr. Petievich's L.A.—the L.A. of counterfeiters and U.S. Treasury agents—the living is precarious and the dying is a violent commonplace. The counterfeiters and their lawyers dine at Ma Maison and drive Porsches and Rolls-Royces; the agents eat in Chinatown and drive battered Detroit iron. The counterfeiters (especially Rick Masters, the chief representative here) are cautious and very clever, and the agents

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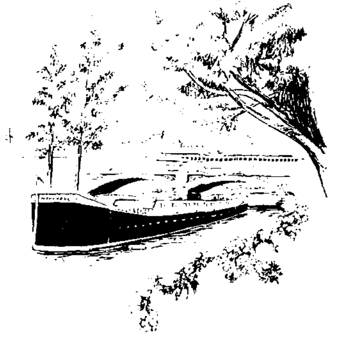

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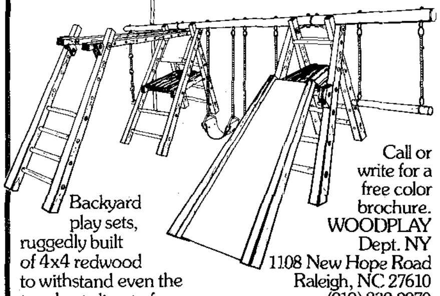

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(John Vukovich and his reckless, corner-cutting partner, Richard Chance) are dedicated and determined. This is Mr. Petievich's fourth novel in this genre, and it shows him at his gritty, gripping best—strong on plausibility and character and vigorous storytelling.

A MATTER OF HONOR, by William P. McGivern (Arbor House; $16.50). Durham (Duro) Francis Lasari is a Vietnam combat veteran who deserted the Army ten years ago, not from the field but from an Army hospital in Denver, where he was being treated for leg wounds. When we first meet him, he has come to Chicago to turn himself in and try to get straight with Uncle Sam. Instead, he finds himself in the clutches of a monster called First Sergeant Karl Malleck, who, with the help of some Army cronies in Chicago and abroad, is operating a heroin-importing scam. The heroin is delivered by black soldiers returning home, and, upon its delivery, the soldiers are killed. Meanwhile, a Chicago police lieutenant gets wind of the scheme, and is killed for his trouble. But then the police officer's father, old General Tarbert (Scotty) Weir, U.S. Army, ret., swears vengeance; and, with the help of a lavish providence and of young Duro Lasari, he gets what he wants. Duro makes an attractive hero. Scotty is also a hero (at least, in Mr. McGivern's intent), but he is a caricature, too. The scene is Chicago, Washington, and West Germany, among other places, and these settings are well done. The pace is quick, and the action is pure action, and the general tone is that of a superior book for boys.

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[*From the United States Law Week*]

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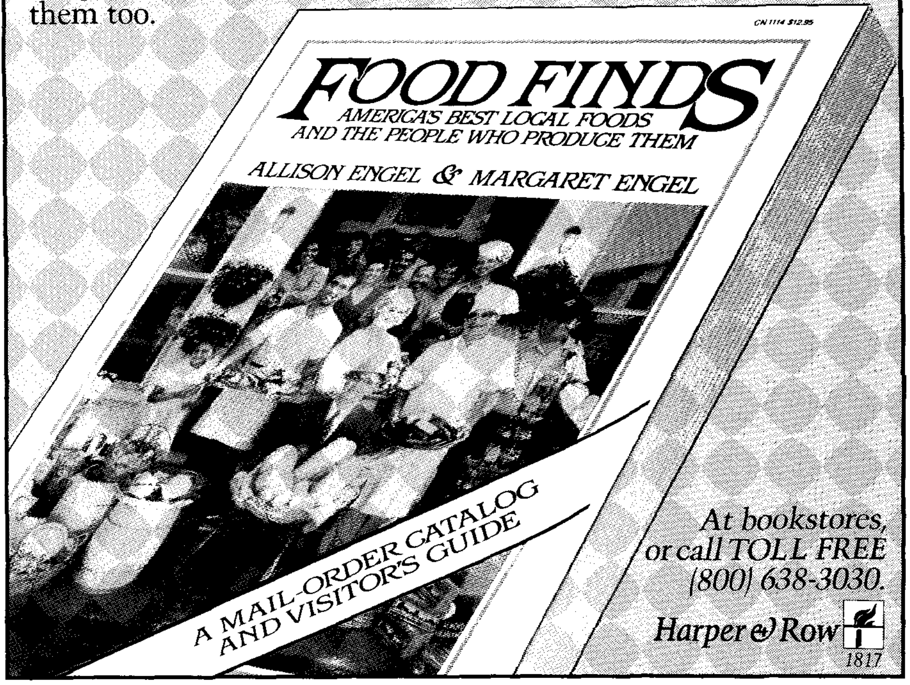
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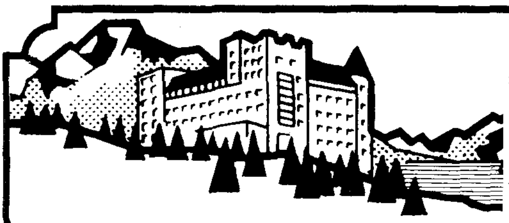

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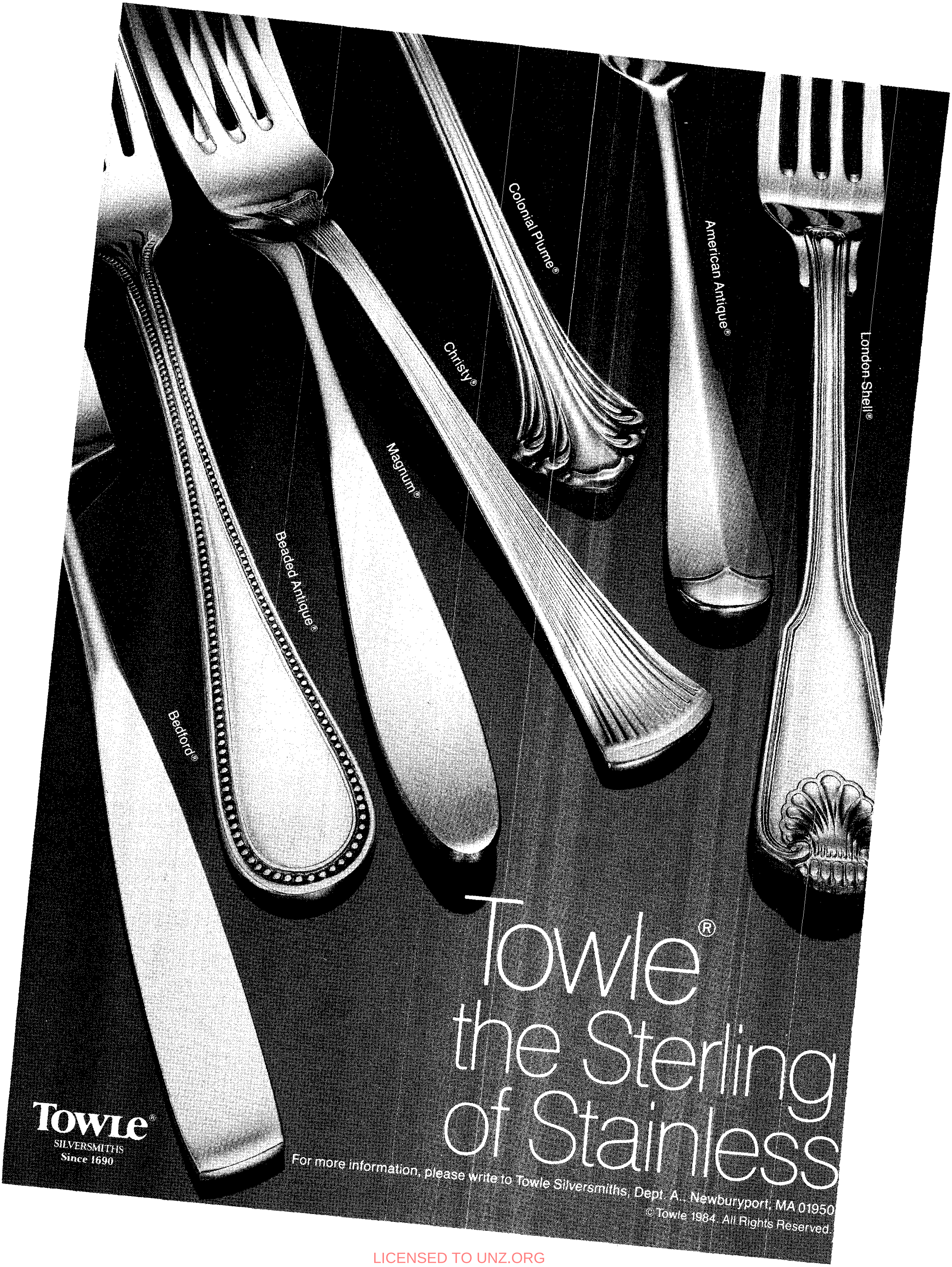
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